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ONLY A FIDDLER.

A DANISH ROMANCE.

BY

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AUTHOR OF "THE IMPROVISATORE," ETC.

Author's Edition.

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ONLY A FIDDLER!

CHAPTER I.

"Among those ruins, which occupy a circuit of two miles, the great temple is prominent over all the others, having almost completely preserved its portico. It produces an almost startling effect, on the very top of the pediment, straight over the head of the golden eagle, to see now a stork's nest. It is a pity that its inhabitants just now should have moved to their summer country-seat in Europe, so that perhaps some of my friendly readers may have seen the proprietor stalking solemnly about, while for me the empty nest only was left to contemplate."—*Semilasso in Africa.*

WHEN the snow melts and the woods again become green, the storks return from their long journey. They have been in far Africa, have drunk of the waters of the Nile, and rested on the pyramids. The inhabitants of the Sicilian coasts and of the promontory of Messina relate how, at a certain time every year, the storks come over the sea in great flocks to rest themselves on the slopes of the mountains, which are then wholly covered by these creatures. Suddenly they again arise, and wing their way toward the north, over the snow and clouds of the Alps, where the great multitude divides itself into smaller companies. The smallest knows, as well as the largest, how to direct itself toward the land where it has its home: and it is not the smallest band which flies toward little Denmark. Each one knows the bay whither he must direct his course, knows the clump of trees, and the white chimney on the indented gable of the hall, where the empty nest awaits him. Strange, mystical bird! Upon thy back rides spring into the land; the forests become green, the grass grows more joyously, the air becomes warmer.

Such a pair had returned; their nest stood on a farm-house

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situated on a road leading from the town of Svendborg. They were both in the greatest activity, carrying into their nest, which needed repairs, a long straw band, three yards in length, which they had found in a field. Their industry was observed, and occasioned some talk in a little neighboring court-yard. The only peculiarities about the man in the court were a dark mustache and a cap, the top of which, like that of the Neapolitan, hung to one side. He leaned against the frame of an open window. In the room sat an equally powerful form upon a table; a tschako would have suited better with the dark hair than the white cap, a sabre better in his hand than the needle which now figured between the fingers. The man before the window was a sergeant; the figure on the table a master-tailor. A little boy pressed his nose against the window to see the storks.

"Droll creatures!" said the sergeant, curling his mustache; "not for a whole month's pay should I like to shoot one of them! They bring good luck wherever they build their nest; therefore the Jew has them also."

"Certainly," replied the tailor, "they build on the Jew's house, but we have the advantage. Year after year they give their tithe: one year, an egg; the next, a young one. They stick their pointed beaks through his neck, and then hoist him out of the nest. Otherwise, it is quite fun, when they feed their young, or teach them to fly. The old ones, especially at feeding-times, play curious pranks. They stand straight up in the nest, bend their necks over their backs, their beaks over their tails, just as when a juggler bends backward to pick up a piece of money from the ground. First of all, they draw in their necks, and then dart them out again, to present nice little frogs and snails with which the young ones are feasted. But the most amusing thing to see is when the young birds are taught to fly. The maneuver generally takes place on the roof. The little ones go along, balancing themselves with their wings, like rope-dancers on a rope, and commence with little springs, for they are very heavy. Every time when I see the storks returning from their long journey, it seems to me no other than if I myself had returned from my long wandering. Then I have all kinds of thoughts: I remember the

high mountains up which I climbed; the beautiful cities where the houses were palaces, and where the churches were filled with wealth, like the emperor's treasures. Yes, it is glorious abroad!" sighed he; "there, it is summer the greater part of the year. The dear Lord has made us pretty much his step-children. But what was I going to say? We were speaking of the storks. People are not yet able properly to understand the peculiarities of these birds. Before they depart, they regularly assemble at certain places in the country. I have seen them by hundreds at Quärndrup. It was a thorough maneuver which they had there. They all struck their bills together at once, so loudly that one could not hear a single word for them. No doubt they were chattering about the journey which lay before them. They deliberated among themselves; and suddenly the greater portion fell upon the few remaining ones, and killed them. There lay ten dead on the spot. People said it was the weak ones, which had not strength sufficient for the long journey, that they had killed. Then the whole band rises toward heaven, making spirals in the air like a cork-screw. Good Heavens! how high these birds can soar! They resemble, at last, a swarm of bees, and then they vanish. The yolk in their eggs is blood-red; one can see that it is a summer-bird which has laid them."

"Did the stork bring me also out of the hot countries?" asked the little boy, who still lay with his nose against the window, although he had heard every word which was spoken.

"He picked thee out of the mill-dam," replied the father. "Thou knowest that little children are brought out of the mill-dam."

"But they have no clothes on," said the boy: "how can the stork, then, know which are boys and which girls?"

"Yes, on that account he often brings up a wrong one," returned the sergeant; "he brings us a boy when we expect a girl."

"Shall we not pass from the stork to the lark?" observed the tailor, jestingly, whilst he took a blue bottle down from the cupboard, which was decorated with cups and cans; and amidst which sat a doll, just such as in Catholic countries one sees the Mother of God represented by.

"Mother Maria sits there very nicely," said the sergeant, pointing toward the doll. "You have dressed her yourself, doubtless?"

"The head is out of Austria," answered the tailor; "the clothes I have sewn myself. Such things remind me of the journeys of my youth. Such a figure as this the children had placed on the table before the door; little candles burned near; and they begged from the passers-by. It is the Madonna's birthday, said they. But you should see my changing-picture! I have made it myself." He pointed to a badly painted picture in a large frame. "It represents Dr. Faust, as he sits in the middle of his study. On one side stands a clock; it is twelve o'clock at night: on the other side lies the Bible. Pull the string, there, on the left. See! the clock changes into a devil, who leads Faust into temptation. Now, we will pull this string on the right, and the Bible opens, an angel comes forth from the leaves and speaks words of peace." As he had said, so did it happen; and near each figure came, at the same time, a motto to view, containing the temptation of the devil and the warning of the angel. The tailor again pulled the string on the right hand; the angel returned into the Bible and vanished; the devil only remained with Faust.

"Zounds!" cried the sergeant; "have you contrived that? You ought not to be a tailor; you have a head-piece!"

"I have put this picture together in imitation of a similar one I saw in Germany: the machinery I invented myself. Neither is the history of Faust my invention: I saw it, during my travels, in a puppet-show. The angel rose out of the Bible to warn Faust; but the clock changed into Satan, who gained power over the doctor, when the angel retired and the book closed. This same Faust had an amanuensis. He knew the whole compact, and was himself on a dangerous path, but he drew back at the right time. Poor and miserable, one sees him in the last act, where he is a watchman in the town in which Faust lives. He knows that the devil will come to fetch his master so soon as he shall have announced twelve o'clock. One hears it strike twelve. The amanuensis, folding his hands, calls out, 'The bell has ——,' he dare not pronounce 'twelve,' but merely lisps 'tolled.' But that does

not help him ; Faust is borne away on red flames through the window."

"You are not made to sit upon a table," said the sergeant ; "you only live in travelling and marching. In the field, that would be the life for you! Forward! March! The badge of honor on your breast! Before a year is past you will be a sergeant!"

"And my wife and child?" asked the tailor. "The lad must then follow as piper, and she as a sutleress! That would be no life for them! No, one must be free and alone, and then the whole world is open before one! Those were beautiful days when, for five whole years, I was my own master! You see, sergeant, I was then just nineteen, and had neither father nor mother, nor any sweetheart either. Faaborg is a pretty little town, and there was I born and apprenticed. The neighbor's Marie was already woman grown, whilst I was still called the lad ; therefore was I no little proud when the pretty girl, whom so many wooed, often extended her hand, and smiled upon me in a friendly manner : but that she should become my bride, my thoughts never rose so high! I wished to travel as soon as I became a journeyman ; the world, about which I had heard and read so much, I wished to see and become acquainted with. Therefore, when the master-piece had succeeded and my savings had been counted, my knapsack was strapped together, and I bade adieu to all my friends. Now, in Faaborg, the church is at one end of the town, the tower at the other. In the evening before my journey, as I was passing the tower, Marie met me. She threw her arms round my neck, and kissed me on the lips. It was like fire, and never again did a kiss from any girl so penetrate to my heart ; I wished that the whole world had seen how Marie kissed me. The town has no watch, and only on the tower wall stand two painted watchmen, the size of life : they still stand there, for they are painted up every year. How I wished they had been alive! I could not avoid saying to myself, in my heart. 'You have seen how the most beautiful girl in the world has kissed me!'"

"So, doubtless, you were engaged to each other?" observed the sergeant.

"By no means," returned the tailor. "I was as if born again, and my journey was commenced with a joyous mood. Five long years I travelled from one country to another, agreeable people, excellent masters I met with, but nowhere had I peace."

"And Marie's kiss was a bait to you; you took pleasure in the company of girls!"

"Now, I will not make myself out better than I am; but it is true that the first time when I abroad flung my arm round another girl, and received a kiss from her, my thoughts returned to Marie; it was to me as if she saw us, and the blood rushed to my face. I never felt myself forlorn among strangers, and often when I had worked a few weeks in a town it seemed to me as though I had always worked there, as though I had always sung songs with my companions. Only when I saw anything which made me feel completely away from home, such as the old Church of St. Stephen's in Vienna, or the lofty mountains shrouded in clouds, did Faaborg stand before my eyes, and all my old acquaintance; and whilst my eyes became moist at seeing all this splendor of the world, I thought involuntarily of the tower in my native town, and of the watchmen who had seen how Marie kissed me, and it seemed to me that it would be still more beautiful in these foreign countries were the old tower with its painted watchmen there, and Marie beside it in her gay bodice and green skirt. But I whistled a little song, and my gayety soon returned. Huzza! thus I wandered with my companions further into the world!"

"But here with us it is also beautiful!" interrupted the sergeant.

"Yes truly, sergeant, there you are right! When the fruit-trees are in bloom, the corn-fields are as odorous as a pot-pourri! But you should only see how it is yonder, when one passes those mountains — the Alps, as they call them! It is just as though a large garden lay before one, a garden which completely cuts out the Glorup garden, and leaves all royal gardens completely behind it. Marble, white as sugar, they hew out of the mountains, and grapes hang there as large as our plums. Three years I remained there. Once a letter

reached me from my sister's child out of Horne, and on the margin stood the words, 'Marie greets thee, and begs not to be forgotten:' they were from her own hand. Then my heart became tender. I knew well that it was love which I felt for Marie, and I had no longer any rest. A mighty yearning came over me, and I must away. Many nights I wandered solitarily along the road, past convents, through narrow village ways, over hill and dale. At length I heard again the Danish tongue, saw the spires of Horne, the heath-hills at Faaborg; and when I sought Marie's hand she said 'Yes!' Since then I have travelled no more; I look at the storks when they depart and rejoice in their return. Yet, sometimes, I am not quite cheerful; but then Marie has her own way of consoling one. Once a year we sail to Thorseng, and take a little exercise there. That is also travelling! The longer journeys the lad can take when he is grown up! There is courage in the lad, sergeant!"

"Therefore he shall drink of this clear stuff," replied the sergeant, and gave the little boy a half-filled glass. The lad seized the glass with both hands, and drank out of it till the tears ran out of his eyes.

"Here we have our little mistress!" cried the sergeant, as the mother entered the room at that moment. The full form and large brown eyes might have well recalled a heart from out the south.

A somewhat severe glance was cast on the husband; a short, but friendly greeting given to the sergeant, who tapped her in a friendly manner on the shoulder. "The whole love-story I have heard," said he; "have been with the master in the east and in the west."

"Yes, he has nothing else to do," replied she rather shortly, took off her shawl, and laid it in the drawer. "He should have remained there if it was so splendid. God may know what he sought for here! Now it is too cold; again it rains too much! Therefore I say to him so often: 'Travel! no one keeps thee back. I can again go into service, and I shall earn bread enough for the boy.'"

"Marie," said the husband, "that thou dost not really mean! Had I not returned thou wouldst, perhaps, still have had no husband."

"I might have had three for one. The farmer's son from Örebäk courted me; but I was then such a fool as we women are, alas! only too often."

"Thou hast not repented!" said the husband, with a friendly manner, and laid his cheek against hers. She gave him a kiss, smiled, and went into the kitchen, where soon the fish was cooking for their small meal.

CHAPTER II.

"So they walked among flowers, embraced each other, and trembled with joy." — OEHLENSCHLÄGER

IN country towns, generally, each house has a garden, but the tailor's house had none. Yet one must have some sort of a garden, if it be only to grow a little garlic in, and this they had managed. It was, if we may be allowed to say so, a kind of hanging garden, such as the poor in northern countries possess. A large box filled with earth was their garden; it was fastened up high on the roof of the neighboring house, so that the ducks might not get to it.

Is green stuff wanted for the kitchen, a ladder must be put up to the box; and this had to be done out of the kitchen. Between the shelves, ornamented with their pewter-plates and dishes, and the hearth, was the ladder fixed; one person held the unsteady stairs whilst the other ascended to the ceiling, and, with half their body protruding through the opening, reached the garden. It was, indeed, a joy for the little lad when his turn came to climb up the ladder! Once he had been permitted, swinging in his mother's arms, to ascend out of the opening, and even touch the edge of the box with his feet.

"We have, perhaps, more enjoyment in our box," said Marie, "than the Jew has in his beautiful garden.

"But we should very well like to have his garden," replied the husband. "Beautiful flowers are said to grow in it — splendid plants, which grow in no other garden here in Svendborg. On summer evenings, when the wind blows in this direction, we can smell the jasmine. Often the desire has seized upon me to climb up to the stork's nest, so that I might look down into the garden. Marie, that proud poplar which rises high over the house can stir strange thoughts within me. When in summer the full moon shines, it stands out so strangely

contrasted against the blue heaven ; it is then as if I saw the large cypresses in Italy. Then, often when thou hast slept, I have got up and opened the window, and if a gentle breeze has borne to me the scent of the jasmine I have fancied myself in Italy."

"Am I again to hear these speeches?" said Marie, and turned her back ; but the little boy listened with open ears to his father's accounts. How willingly would he also have flown with the storks to strange countries! Yes, how happy would he have felt, could he only once have sat on the roof so as to see the Jew's garden! A mysterious world moved there. Once he had been with his mother in the house, and had seen the Feast of Tabernacles. Never could he forget the beautiful vaults of fir-trees, the heads of asparagus, the splendid pomegranates under the ceiling, and the fine unleavened bread. In the long winter evenings the father read aloud out of the "Arabian Nights ;" his father's own travels sounded to him equally full of adventure ; the stork was in his imagination a mysterious creature, like the roc ; and the Jew's garden, which he had never seen, was like the home of Scheherazade with the golden fountain and the talking bird.

It was in the month of July. The little fellow played in the turf-shed which formed the boundary between his home and his fairy-land. At one end of the little house some stones had got displaced. The boy knelt down to spy through the crevice in the wall, but he could only see a few green leaves which were shone upon by the sun. With a trembling hand he ventured to loosen a stone ; those that lay upon it tumbled down ; his heart beat, he did not dare to move. After a few moments he again summoned courage. The opening in the wall was become larger, but still he could only overlook the domain of a strawberry-bed ; but to the boy's imagination there lay in this a feeling of wealth, such as a grown-up person experiences at sight of a fruit-tree overladen with fruit, when the branches, bowed by the rich weight, bend toward the earth. The leaves were large and full, though a few shone in the sun ; others, on the contrary, retired into the shade ; and in the midst of this luxuriant abundance hung two ripe berries, so fresh and red! The grapes of Canaan could not have excited more glowing

ideas of fruitfulness than did those two strawberries! But in the contemplation lay also the temptation of gathering them; but that was not to be attempted: to have loosened a stone was sin enough for *one* day.

The following afternoon the stones still lay as ever. The green leaves quivered before the opening from the air, and the berries yet hung there! Then did the little hand move with fear and touch the berries, but without gathering them. But when the little hand a second time touched the enchanting fruit, and the fingers had already surrounded the stems, did another little hand touch his, and he drew it away so quickly that another stone fell out. He hid himself in fear, and only after a few minutes of expectation did he venture to glide forth and look through the opening. A pair of large brown eyes met his glance, but they vanished again as quickly; soon, however, showing themselves again. They were the eyes of a sweet little girl; full of curiosity waited she, at a prudent distance from the opening.

It was Naomi, the child of the Jew's daughter, who was only a few years younger than the boy, and who was already known to him. He had seen her standing at her grandfather's windows; she had then little yellow laced boots on, and these had made an inextinguishable impression on him.

For some time the children gazed at each other without moving. "Little boy!" said Naomi, after some time, "thou mayest come into the garden to me; make the hole larger!"

And, as though a powerful fairy had commanded it, down slid two more stones.

"What art thou called?" asked she.

"Christian," answered the boy, as he thrust out his head into the garden, which was warmly shone upon by the sun. Naomi pushed aside the vine-leaves which shaded the wall, and Christian stood in the land of his dreams, forgetting himself in contemplation.

An older person would only have seen here a pretty little garden full of rare flowers, vines trained along the walls, a poplar, and at some distance two acacias: but we must see things as the one who had just entered saw them; we must, like him, breathe the strong odor of flowers, feel the warm sunbeams, behold the rich splendor.

Luxuriant, broad-leaved vines, the odorous honeysuckle, and blue and red convolvuli crept over the wall, and formed a kind of tapestry. A crescent-shaped thicket of moss-roses closed around splendid stocks of unusual varieties of color, from a deep purple to snow-white ; their fragrance seemed to overpower all other odors. Beside the poplar, round which twined the dark green ivy with its firm leaves, stood Naomi, the lovely child with the gazelle-eyes, and the brown complexion which betrayed her Asiatic extraction ; but the blood shone fresh and beautiful through her round cheeks, shaded by her raven hair. A dark dress, confined by a leathern girdle, enveloped her slender little form.

She drew him to the bench under the acacia, where the pale red blossom hung down in thick bunches. The most beautiful strawberries were gathered. The boy looked around him, and imagined himself transported into another world, which lay far from his home. Then the stork on the roof clattered with his bill, and Christian recognized the nest and young ones which stood in it, and which seemed to observe him with their wise eyes. And he thought of his parents' little courtyard, of the box with the garlic, and of the eaves of the neighbor's house ; and he was astonished to be so near them : the stork could overlook all.

Naomi now took him by the hand and led him into the small garden-house, which could scarcely have contained four people, but to the children it was a splendid hall. The imagination of children can form castles and palaces out of sand.

A single window of dark-red glass threw a magical light over the dark hangings of the walls, which represented all kinds of animals with flowers ; an ostrich-egg, which from the ruddy light assumed a peculiar color, hung under the arched roof. Naomi pointed to the window ; Christian hastened within, and there lay everything without in the most wonderful light. He was obliged to think of the burning mountain, about which his father had told him. All objects lay as in a sea of flame ; every bush and every flower glowed ; the clouds appeared fire upon a fiery ground ; the stork itself, the nest, and the young ones all glittered.

"It burns!" cried the boy ; but Naomi laughed at him,

and clapped her little hands. As soon as the children looked at each other through the open door, everything assumed its natural hue ; nay, the green grass seemed to them still more lovely than before. The flowers had again their varied colors ; the stork was again white, and had red legs as always.

"Shall we play at selling money?" asked little Naomi, drawing a straw through two leaves. This was to represent the scales ; yellow, red, and blue leaves meant gold.

"The red are the best," said she. "Thou must buy, but thou must give me something ; that is the pledge. Thou canst give me thy mouth ; we are only playing, I will not really keep it. Then thou wilt give me thy eyes, also." She made a motion with her hand, as though she would take them both, and Christian received red as well as blue and yellow leaves. Never had he played so gloriously!

"Good Heavens, Christian! art thou there in the garden?" suddenly cried his mother through the opening in the wall.

Terrified, the boy let go Naomi's hand, and crept back through the hole to the paternal domain, where his reception consisted in several rather heavy blows on his shoulders. The stones were then replaced, and similar tricks, as Marie called them, forbidden in future. Over her work, however, she delayed a little, looked at the garden, gathered the nearest straw berries, and put them into her mouth.

The following morning on the garden side a wooden wall was placed against the opening. Probably Naomi had mentioned the visit. In vain did Christian press the stones against the boards, dared even to knock at them ; the entrance to the beautiful flower-land was closed.

The whole splendor, the trees and the flowers, the red windows, and the beautiful Naomi, stood before his eyes ; in the evening he thought of them so long that sleep overpowered him.

CHAPTER III.

"The pillars of smoke like whirlwinds appear,
And shrieks for help salute the ear."
GAUDY'S *Songs of Empire.*

IT was night when Christian again woke ; a strange ruddy light, like that which he had seen through the colored glass, illuminated the room. He stretched his head out of bed: yes! the window-frames had the same fiery color, the heavens the same burning brightness ; the dark poplar appeared to glow ; it was indeed a joy to him to see these fiery colors once again.

Suddenly there resounded a cry ; his parents sprang out of bed, the call of fire was heard. The whole of the Jew's house stood in flames ; a shower of sparks fell in the neighboring courts ; the heaven was of a red hue, and the fire shot upward in long tongues of flame. Marie gave her boy over to the care of her opposite neighbor, and busied herself in collecting together, in the greatest haste, her most valuable possessions, for the fire had already seized upon the neighboring house with the stork's nest.

The old Jew had his sleeping-room on the ground-floor, but he still slept, whilst the flames had already spun around him their deadly net. With the aid of an axe the tailor broke a hole through the wall, and went in, accompanied by some neighbors. There it was hot like the glow of an oven, but the wind bore the dazzling sparks over their heads.

Still the fire-bell did not sound ; the watchmen shouted, but their whistles were silent. One had left his at home, because he had never used it ; the other carried his about with him, but when he was about to whistle it had, as he himself said, lost its breath.

The door was now broken in, but still no one showed himself. Suddenly a window sprang open: a cat, wild and

screaming, made itself a passage, rushed up a tree, and vanished on the nearest roof.

Three persons, it was well known, were in the burning house: the old Jew and his granddaughter, the little Naomi (who composed the family), and old Joel, the peddler Jew, as he was called, who formed the *corps* of domestics. It is true that there was a female who belonged to the house, Simonia, who assisted Joel, but she did not pass the night there.

"Break in the window in the roof!" shouted several voices, and the ladder was directed toward it. The smoke rushed thick and black through the window, the tiles already sprang with the heat, and the flames burst more boldly through the burning laths and rafters.

"Joel!" cried all, as he rushed out from the door, with an old dressing-gown thrown over his dry, yellow limbs. His long fingers grasped a silver cup, and beneath his arm was a box of papers. This was all which, as though instinctively, he had saved upon his flight.

"The grandfather and the child!" stammered he, as, overpowered by terror and heat, he leaned against the wall and pointed with his hand toward the room on the ground-floor. At this very moment the window there opened, and the old Jew, half naked, and with little Naomi in his arms, descended. The child clung fast to him; several persons near sprang toward them, and held the ladder.

The old man already stood with one foot on the ladder; he stooped over it with the child, when he suddenly hesitated, heaved a strange and dismal sigh, stepped back again, and vanished in the room. Black smoke and flames enveloped the window for a moment.

"Lord Jesus!" exclaimed the people below, "where will he go to? He will be burnt with the child! It is the money which he has forgotten!"

"Make way!" cried a powerful voice; and a man with dark and expressive features pressed through the crowd, sprang up the ladder, and with a firm hand seized hold of the window-frame, the upper portion of which was already wreathed with flame. The fire illuminated the room, the light quivered on the tottering floor: the man climbed up and entered.

"Was not that the Norwegian out of the Hollow Lane?" asked several voices.

"Yes, it was he! He is a daring fellow!"

The fire lit up every corner of the room in which he stood. Naomi lay on the ground; the old grandfather was nowhere to be seen; but a thick, stifling smoke burst forth from a neighboring room through the open door. The man seized the child, and sprang out upon the tottering ladder. Naomi was saved, but the grandfather lay already stunned in the chamber whither he had penetrated to the well-filled money-chests. The roof, cracking, fell together; a column of sparks, innumerable as the stars in the milky way, rose high into the air.

"Jesus, have mercy!" was the short *miserere* for a soul which in this moment through the flames passed over to the life of death.

It was impossible to save any of the property, for everything stood in flames. Simonia stretched forth her arms, sobbing, and full of despair, toward the burning house, where her master had died the death of fire, and where but yesterday she had found a friendly shelter. Marie had taken in Joel, and thither was Naomi also taken.

"The stork! the poor stork!" suddenly cried all the spectators. The approaching flames shone upon the nest, on which stood the mother-stork, and extended her large wings over her young ones to protect them from the increasing heat. The little things pressed against each other, and were too much terrified to flutter out of the nest. The mother beat with her wings, and stretched her neck far out. "My stork! my dear bird!" cried the tailor; "the poor thing must not be killed!"

Immediately he placed the ladder against the roof, whilst others endeavored, by shouts and the flinging of stones, to drive the stork from the nest; but the bird remained standing there. A thick, coal-black body of smoke drove, at this moment, along the wall; so that the tailor was obliged to hold back his head, whilst fire and smoke flew over him. The flames seized the dry sticks of which the nest was woven; it blazed up, and in the midst of the fire stood the faithful stork, and was burnt to death together with its young ones.

The next day was the fire extinguished. The Jew's handsome house was now only a smoking heap of rubbish and ashes, among which were found the remains of his disfigured corpse.

Toward evening the tailor and his little son stood on the place of the burning. The smoke, which arose here and there, was a sign that the fire was still burning beneath the ashes. The whole of the beautiful garden was now a trampled wilderness; around lay black, half-burnt beams; the vines and the lovely convolvuli were torn down from the garden-wall, and lay flung upon the ground and trodden under foot. The beautiful stocks had vanished, the rose-bushes were broken and covered with earth, one side of the acacia was singed, and, instead of the refreshing breath of flowers, you now only breathed the smoke of desolation. That sweet little garden-house had also been pulled down. A little piece of the red window was, so to say, all that Christian discovered of his old memories; he looked through it, and the heaven glowed again as it had done when he looked through the red window with Naomi. Upon his parents' house he saw a stork; it was the father-stork, that had returned, and could neither find his nest nor the house on which his nest had stood.

"The poor bird!" said the tailor, affected; "the whole day has he been flying above the spot. Now he is going again. I will have a cross set up there, and then perhaps he will build his nest there again. How he looks about for the mother and the young ones! They will never again fly together to the warm countries."

In the almost empty hovel stood old Joel, near to where the hole was in the wall. He supported himself against the wall, whilst his dark, moist eye was riveted upon an object which, imperfectly covered, lay on an empty bedstead. His thin, pale lips moved convulsively, and in a scarcely audible voice he spoke the following words to himself: —

"A box, then, shall be thy coffin, thou rich son of the race of Solomon! the apron of a poor woman thy pall! Ah! no daughters of Israel will wash thy body; the red flames have done that. The fire was more dry than the herbs, more red than the roses which we cast into the bath of our dead. But

thy tombstone shall stand at *Bet achaim*,[1] even should poor Joel be thy only follower. Thou shalt enter thy consecrated grave, where the black underground stream will carry thee to Jerusalem."

He removed the apron, and raised the lid from the box in which lay the consumed remains of his master; his lips quivered convulsively, tears streamed down over his wrinkled cheeks, but his words were hollow and not to be understood.

"Lord Jesus, be merciful to him!" exclaimed Marie, as she entered; but a blush overspread her countenance when she had spoken these words: she feared to have wounded the mourner by pronouncing the holy name in which he did not believe. "God may," repeated she, therefore, quickly and with emphasis, — "God will be merciful to him."

"His tombstone shall stand near his daughter's," said Joel, and again covered the melancholy remains.

"She lies buried in Frideritz," said Marie; "you must be taken a long distance to find a grave. I remember very well the night she was removed: her coffin was packed in straw, and her father, who now lies there in coal and ashes, and you, Joel, were with it. The rain fell in torrents from heaven. The poor child is the only one remaining. The old grandfather was Naomi's sole support."

"Her mother was of our people," pursued Joel; and then added, in a somewhat proud tone, "Our community allows no one of its body to perish. I, old man as I am, shall receive my bread, and I will divide it with her, if she find not a place at a more wealthy table. In the house of the Christian belongs the Christian child," added he, but in so low a tone that Marie could not hear.

"The child is with us," returned Marie; "for God's sake let her remain here until something better offers: where the pot cooks for three, a fourth can eat his meal."

Late on the following evening, when it was become dark and quiet in the streets, there moved along a little band through the town toward the bridge of boats: first went the tailor, with a little lantern in his hand; Joel followed him, his

[1] "*Bet achaim*," *i. e.* the house of the living; the name given by the Jews to their burial-grounds. — *Author's Note.*

bundle on his shoulder, the box under his arm ; Marie, with Christian and Naomi, brought up the rear. The little girl wept bitterly ; Joel kissed her hand and brow, and went on board the yacht which was lying under weigh. But few words were exchanged. Silently stood the rest of the party on the bridge, where the cables were loosened.

And by the light of the rising moon did Christian see how the sails unfolded themselves, and the vessel glide slowly along over the mirror of the sea, for all outlines showed themselves distinctly in this moon-twilight.

Poets tell us of the Gypsies who took down their chief from the gallows, placed a crown upon his head, and clothed him in a purple robe, thus to lay him in the stream which should bear him to Egypt, where he would rest in the pyramids. A similar thought filled the boy's soul ; it seemed to him as if Joel were travelling with the dead into a distant land of fancy, which, perhaps, was not far from the Jewish city, Jerusalem.

" How similar to the Rhine scenery near Mayence ! " exclaimed the tailor, pointing across the straits to the island of Thorseng.

" Good heavens ! " exclaimed Marie, " how is it possible for thee to think of such things now ? We ought to be in a graver mood, even though it be a Jew whom we bury. Poor people ! even in death they have no rest ; they must even travel to be laid beneath the earth ! "

She looked sorrowfully after the vessel, which slowly glided along the waves, and every moment removed itself from the eyes of those who remained behind.

CHAPTER IV.

"To-day, my dolly, there's no time for sorrow;
But O, my dolly, to-morrow, to-morrow!" — *Lullaby.*

HOW easily and soon does a child forget its sorrows! — perhaps as easily and soon as we forget this earthly life when once we breathe in the other world.

Naomi had wept much at first over her grandfather; now a childish smile took the place of her early tears. The great blooming world had already turned on its axis, and that influences the sorrow of a child more than weeks and months are able to influence us, grown-up people. In the tailor's little room she soon made herself at home with her friendly playfellow. A pretty mourning dress had been sent her, and she had a deal of delight in it.

"May I wear it every day?" asked she; "must not I take care of it? else it will be no longer new when I go into mourning again." She did not inquire less after her pretty toys, her doll, and her little kitchen-ware, than after her grandfather. This should not appear singular to us: she spoke as all children speak. Quite delighted sat she on the high door-sill, with a large cabbage-leaf in her hand, which must at the same time be to her fan, arbor, and garden! The whole destroyed flower-garden, with all its odors, was supplied to her by this one leaf!

Ill-shapen, carelessly heaped-up stones, formed the steps of the street-door. Naomi sat on the steps; the apertures between the stones she called her mills, the sand which Christian poured into them was the corn which should be ground. They were forced to play as well as they could, for Christian had no playthings except a top, which must constantly spin round before Naomi; and certainly this top was very pretty: a brass nail was seen in it, and it was painted with red and blue rings.

"That is a dancing flower," said Naomi.

"No," cried Christian, "let it be our enchanted man who must serve in the mill, but who only does good when he receives many stripes. Listen, how he grumbles! — see, how he springs!"

"Now he shall die!" said Naomi; "then we will bury him, like the grandfather; and then we will play at mourning, and holding a funeral — that is so amusing!"

And Christian acted as both the chorister and sexton. The children laid the top in a hole, and scattered grass over it. They then played at the alarm of fire; the bells were rung, and people came to extinguish it. Some neighbors' children joined them, and the game assumed quite another character; they soon came to an understanding, and they were all soon friends and old acquaintance, although Naomi had never before seen these strange children. But the child has the same feeling toward the companions of his own age that we older people have when we see flowers with which we are acquainted: we greet them all as old friends, although each flower which is thus presented to us we see for the first time.

The game which the children next fixed upon no grown person would so easily have guessed: they took off their shoes, reared them up along the wall, and then walked up and down before them. This was an illumination which they were looking at.

It was then the custom in Svendborg, at weddings, for the guests to accompany, by torch and lantern-light, the bridal pair from the bride's to the bridegroom's house; therefore the children now seized upon the shoes, which were to represent lanterns, to conduct the bridal pair, Christian and Naomi. How glorious this game appeared to Naomi! and what were dolls, pictures, and flowers, in comparison with these living playfellows? Tenderly she leaned toward Christian, who threw his arm round her neck and kissed her lips. She gave him the locket which hung upon her breast; with this she would adorn him, and then he would be a count; and they kissed each other again, and the other children stood round them and lighted them with their shoes.

This was indeed a singular picture of still life. The little

swallows busily adorned the nests above them ; the bridal chambers under the eaves, and the clouds in the blue heavens, seemed to meet and melt into each other : but they separated, the lower ones moved toward the east, the upper ones toward the west, even as the laws of nature governed these currents of air.

The children's game was suddenly interrupted : a kind of calash, such as was used twenty years ago, a clumsy machine of wood, painted blue, and lined on the inside with gray woolen stuff, rolled past them, over the uneven stone pavement. One may still see such vehicles in the country and in small towns ; well-to-do clergymen drive about in them ; but the vehicle itself, the coachman, and the harness refer to another generation : they seem to have overlived themselves. The horses were in good condition, and had toupets ; the coachman, in an antique livery, made a genteel face, which clearly betrayed how well aware he was that it was a noble family whom he drove. The carriage drew up before the apothecary's shop, where a vast number of pill boxes, medicine bottles, and ointment boxes were exchanged for others, but all in the greatest haste. The carriage now drove on, but soon paused again before the tailor's door. Beside the coachman and footman, the carriage contained two ladies — a young one who seemed an inferior (perhaps a lady's maid), and an elder one, a tall and high-born lady of a sickly appearance ; she was well wrapped up in shawl and cloak, and held from time to time a silver smelling-bottle to her nose.

It was the work of a moment for Marie to stand before the carriage and courtesy, then kiss respectfully the hand of the old noble lady, and assure her that her wishes should be immediately fulfilled.

The windows in the neighborhood opened forthwith — nay, even several dames looked out from their doors, not, as now, in silk and gauze, but in red bodices, and their hair covered with caps. The children, who had ceased playing, stood looking on ; they had arranged themselves along the wall, and stood with their arms flung round each other. Christian understood of all this, only that in great haste an apron was wrapped round Naomi, and that she was then lifted up to the

strange lady in the carriage; and in all this it seemed as though nothing unexpected were taking place. Marie courtesied, and the tailor stood at the door with his cap in his hand.

"I do not wish to ride," said Naomi, as they placed her in the carriage: but this she was forced to do, whether she wished it or no; and therefore she wept aloud, and stretched forth her arms toward the other children, whilst the carriage rolled away. Then the boy burst into tears, the separation was so sudden and unexpected.

"Now wilt thou be silent?" said Marie to him; "or else I will give thee something to cry for!"

"Where shall my wife go to?" asked he.

"Far away, to learn what the world is. Thank thy God that thou art neither fatherless nor motherless! Yes, some time thou wilt know what that is. How would it be with thee, if thou must travel away with strange people?"

She sank into a strange, grave fit of meditation, whilst she gazed at the boy, and then pressed him violently to her bosom. "Now thou mayest go and visit thy godfather in Hollow Lane," said she; "make haste, and use thy legs!"

She drew the boy with her into the room.

CHAPTER V.

"L'archet allait toujours, comme le balai au sorcier qui apporte de l'eau dans notre ballade allemande. Le violon et l'archet allaient toujours, toujours de nouveaux sons, de chants inconnus." — *Contes fantastiques, par* JULES JANIN.

THE town of Svendborg still bears the stamp of a little country town of the last century: irregular houses, the upper stories of which protrude beyond the lower and rest upon isolated props; gable-ends which deprive the neighbor of all view at the side; broad flights of steps leading to the doorways, with stone or wooden benches placed on either side the door, are still everywhere to be found there. Many a door is still adorned with its Danish or Latin inscription, carved in wood. The uneven streets are like a paved chain of hills, over which, in a broken line, the way leads now up, now down. In some places one fancies one's self in a mountain city, especially in the Hollow Lane, which nowadays is well known as the forum of smugglers and low adventurers. When one looks down from the elevated High Street into this lane, the view is certainly very picturesque. Huge blocks of freestone piled one upon the other form the ground-floor of the nearest houses, and these, owing to the precipitate declivity, lie in a direct line with the second stories of the adjoining houses. In this manner, one sees from the High Street down upon the roofs and chimneys of the little neighboring street, and overlooks a considerable portion of the Svendborg Sound, the whole wood-garlanded coast of Funen, together with portions of the islands of Langeland and Thurö.

In this street lived Christian's godfather. The boy had already reached the corner of the street, and looked over the houses toward the three-masted vessel, which even now seemed to be sailing over the chimneys.

As was always the case, the street-door of the godfather's

house was locked, but in the room resounded the tones of a fiddle. Every one who has a feeling for music would have been astounded at the sounds. It was that melancholy lament which gave rise to the legend about Paganini's violin, that the *virtuoso* had killed his mother, and that it was her soul which spoke out of the strings.

Soon the tones passed over into melancholy. Ole Bull, the Amphion of the North, called the same thema the lament of a mother over the death of her child. Certainly not so perfectly as these two masters in the art of Jubal, yet in the manner of both did the godfather play; in the same manner that the green branch in all its minute parts resembles the tree to which it belongs.

Like Ole Bull, he was a Norwegian, and we have already heard him called so at the conflagration, when he rescued Naomi. His cradle had stood among the rocks and ice-mountains. He often told Christian about his home, and of the Neck who lives in the mountain torrents, and who sits in the moonlight on the waterfalls with his long white beard, and plays so enchantingly that one is tempted to precipitate one's self down to him. The poor son of Oceanus! when he played his very best the boys would only jeer him, and cry, "Thou canst not be saved!" and then would the river-god weep clear tears, and vanish in the stream.

"The Neck has, no doubt, taught thy godfather how to play," had a neighbor once said to Christian; and, from that time forth the boy, each time he heard his godfather's violin, must think of the Neck in the roaring waterfall, and then he became quiet and thoughtful.

Therefore to-day he seated himself on the door-sill, leaned his head against one of the door-posts, and listened to the extraordinary tones: not until the fiddle ceased did he knock.

The man, whom we already know, and who had scarcely passed his best years, opened the door. His brown countenance and his raven-black hair seemed to announce an inhabitant of the South, or Jewish extraction; which, however, the bright blue eyes strangely enough contradicted, so entirely indicating a dweller of the North, and so strangely contrasting with his bushy, black eyebrows. For a moment one could

have imagined that the countenance and hair belonged to a mask, and that only a very fair person could have such clear eyes.

"Is it thou, Christian?" asked he, casting a squinting glance at the boy.

With feelings which were a mixture of fear and reverence did the boy regard him, for the presence of this man inspired something of that sentiment which is ascribed to the playing of the Neck and the glance of the serpent. If he were at home, he unceasingly yearned after his godfather, and it was his greatest wish to go to him; and yet, when he was once there, that strange feeling fell upon him which overpowers us when either we step alone in a fearful vault or find ourselves in a dark wood where we have missed our way. Each time that he visited his godfather he received two small pieces of money as a present; yet it was not this money that attracted him thither, but his godfather's tales about the immense pine-forests and glaciers of Norway, about the magicians and spirits; but, above all, it was the music, for his godfather's fiddle in its way related equally as wonderful things as his mouth.

When Christian had entered, the door was closed again. Upon the walls of the little room hung several pictures which had a peculiar interest for him: there were representations of the "Dance of Death," in colored prints, after the paintings in the Church of Maria at Lubeck; all must here take part in the dance, from the Pope and the Emperor to the child in the cradle, which exclaims in astonishment, —

"O Death, this art how can I know?
That I must dance, yet cannot go!"

Christian looked at the figures in the pictures, and it occurred to him that they all turned their backs to him; he inquired what this could mean.

"They have moved in dancing," answered the godfather, and arranged the figures. "Hast thou stood long outside the door?" he then asked.

"No, not long; thou wast playing on the fiddle, and I listened. If I had been here should I have seen how Death danced, and how the puppets moved? for it is all true which thou hast told me of them, is it not?'

"They shall be thine," replied the godfather, and took down the pictures from the wall. "Tell thy father that I have given them to thee; the glass and frames, however, I shall keep myself. They are pretty figures, are they not? Thou canst like them? Am I not good? Speak!"

The little fellow replied in the affirmative, at the same time terrified at his godfather's sharp looks.

"Why hast thou not brought thy little playfellow with thee? She is called Naomi, is she not? You might both of you have come."

"She is gone," replied Christian; "she was driven away by the grand coachman." And then he related as well as he could all he knew of Naomi's sudden departure.

The godfather listened with a certain excitement, and then smiled. The fiddle-bow again danced away over the strings, and if they sang what passed through the godfather's mind whilst he smiled, his must have certainly been feverish and bad thoughts.

"Thou must also learn to play the fiddle," he suddenly broke forth; "that may make thy fortune: thou canst win money by playing, and drive away thy sorrows when thou hast any. Here, thou shalt have my old fiddle, for the best I cannot give thee yet. In this manner place thy fingers;" and, saying these words, he laid the violin on the little fellow's arm, and guided himself the bow in Christian's hand.

The tones rejoiced the little fellow; he had made them himself! His ear caught up each one, and his little fingers passed easily over the strings.

Nearly a whole hour did the first lesson last. The godfather then took the instrument himself and played; that was fiddling! He trifled with the tones as a juggler who plays with his golden apples and sharp knives.

"Ah, only play how Death dances!" besought the boy, and the godfather drew forth some sharp tones so that the bass-strings still vibrated, whilst the quinte hissed in soft tones.

"Dost thou hear the Emperor? He appears amidst the sound of trumpets; but now comes Death, he drives along like a whistling wind! Dost thou hear the Pope? He sings psalms; but Death shakes his scythe! Beautiful maidens

float along in a giddy dance; but Death — yes, thou dost hear him? — he sings like a mourning cricket!" And the godfather closed his eyes; upon his brow stood large drops of sweat.

He then laid aside the violin, and opened the door of the garden which led down to the sea, where swam the wood-garlanded island in the quiet ocean. It was now the hour of sunset.

The whole garden consisted of one single cabbage plantation. Christian observed the plants attentively; they were just forming heads.

"The executioner would like them," said he.

"What art thou saying, boy?" asked the godfather in a severe tone.

"I mean that the executioner would, no doubt, like to have these cabbages," pursued Christian; "for last year mother told me so, when we passed by his garden. She said, if I went apprentice to him, I must, every time cabbage was wanted, exercise myself in striking off the cabbage-heads with an axe, and hit just where my master had made a mark on the stem."

"Silence!" cried the godfather in unusual excitement, and pushed the boy so violently that he tumbled among the cabbages. By this means the locket came to view which little Naomi had given him.

"What hast thou there?" asked the Norwegian, assisting the boy to rise, and looking at the locket. He cast a glance at the lock of hair it contained, and distorted his countenance to that smile which the head of a dissected corpse is capable of displaying when the galvanic bar touches its tongue. Suddenly he turned back to the house, but soon again returned with the rolled-up pictures, and the two pieces of money wrapped in paper. He then opened the garden-door which led to the Hollow Lane, and the visit was at an end for to-day. But Christian heard not how the godfather's fiddle sounded in the gayest measures. It was the merriment of a slave-ship, where the poor slave, in order that he may enjoy exercise, is driven on with the whip.

The following day the Norwegian paid a visit to Christian's

father. He brought cabbage-leaves and fresh grass for the canary-bird, and changed the cage of the natural musician into a green tabernacle. The little bird commenced a song of jubilee, and the Norwegian godfather listened with an attentive air to these bold, exulting tones, as though he would learn them from the bird and breathe them into his violin. The tailor listened with pleasure to the godfather's playing, for it awoke his recollections of distant lands. But Marie found something ghostly in his music, and we might almost grant that she was right.

In Paris there is a kind of engraving with the inscription *Diabolique*, in which is contained every diabolical conception which human fancy has been able to conceive. One of these represents a place of execution. A stake, on which the criminal is to be bound, stands up alone; high on this sits the devil with folded arms, and with his legs stretched out at right angles from the stake, so that stake and devil form together a Golgotha cross. A young woman kneels before this supposed holy sign, whilst everywhere appear jeering demon faces. At the first glance, one imagines she is praying before the cross; but one soon perceives that it is the devil before whom she kneels. A similar picture, but in tones, did the playing of the Norwegian present you with.

The instruction which he again this day imparted to the boy was to be regularly pursued several hours every week; for the boy used his fingers well, he possessed capacity and feeling for music.

"This may, perhaps, some time gain him bread," said Marie.

"It may give him an opportunity of looking about him in the world," added his father.

"So, then, thou thinkest he shall be a vagabond!" remarked the mother. "Thou hadst much better have apprenticed him to the rope-dancer who passed through here the other day; he could then have travelled well about the world."

"Thou sayest something that is worth hearing!" remarked the tailor. "Perhaps he might have made his fortune there. Shouldst thou not like to be as light as a bird, Christian? to

fly along the thin rope, whilst people are applauding thee? And then thou couldst travel from country to country, and couldst see a deal!"

"Yes, truly! and heavy blows he would get," answered Marie for the boy. "Oil upon his bread — that disgusting oil! by means of which those people become flexible. No, no, we will have nothing to do with this! Let him only play the fiddle; he is no juggler on that account."

"He shall play himself into the girls' hearts," cried the godfather. "I can see it in him that he will be a wild bird!"

"Yes," answered Marie, "let him become that if he will, but no liar or thief! Besides, his beauty will never make him very lucky with the girls. Heaven knows from whom the lad has got that strange face!"

Most parents consider their children handsome, but Marie belonged, in this respect, to the rare exceptions; for she could see that her son was not handsome. Yet, neither could any one call him ugly. If you step into the Church of St. Nicholas, in Svendborg, you see, in the principal aisle, a large painting hanging against the wall; the pastor Monsing presented it to the church when his wife died. In it stand the pastor and his wife, with their two daughters and seven sons, represented the size of life. Before them lie three little children, in swaddling-clothes, as dead. The number of these children, therefore, is twelve; and all, with the exception of one, who seems to be the youngest, are handsome. This child the painter has represented with a rose in his hand, as though he would give him something beautiful. Our Christian resembled this portrait; the likeness was so strong that the parents themselves were struck by it; and the godfather's words had reference to it when he said, "The fiddle shall be a rose in his hand, as in the picture in our church."

CHAPTER VI.

Link. — Bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim,
Bim, bim, bim, bim, bim bim, bim !
Hammer. — He shall remember the sound of bells.
No : a Vaudeville by HEIBERG.

SOME day, when I sail to Thorseng, I will take Christian with me," said the Norwegian godfather at his departure.

It was the middle of August when this festival day was announced to little Christian with the words, "To-morrow we will travel ! " The weather would be fine : the sun had set in a clear sky, and no clouds showed themselves in the west.

"Is it long till to-morrow ? " asked the little fellow when he was gone to bed.

"Only shut thy eyes and go to sleep, and it will be morning before thou art aware," replied the mother. But in the night Christian woke up again, and asked how long it would be before morning.

"Shall I get up and close thy eyes for thee ? " was the answer he received, and he dared not ask another question.

At day-break he was at length permitted to rise. The clean hempen shirt, with the collar of fine linen, was put on ; and then his Sunday clothes and the new laced boots with white seams.

His godfather already waited for him at the door ; and now they set out on their journey. Not toward the bridge of boats did the two direct their steps, for this was not the week-day on which the ferry took over citizens free ; but they went to St. Jürgenshof, the fishing-village. A thick mist had fallen, so that the meadows gleamed like lakes ; the birds sang, and the godfather imitated their notes. There was no time for gathering flowers, but a long spray of white convolvulus was snatched from the wall of earth and wreathed round Christian's hat, in which was stuck a small green branch as a feather.

In the hollow way, where still an old cross stood, a relic of the Catholic times, sat a group of merry country people, who devoured their breakfast and passed the pitcher of ale round from hand to hand.

"In his hat wears my sweetheart a feather;
In Copenhagen the monarch he serves," —

sang one of the girls, whilst she stretched forth her hands toward Christian; but the godfather flung his arm round her waist, and pressed a kiss on her lips.

Through the quiet wood, which is appropriated to the minister's use, they reached the old church and the convent-farm, which rise in the southern point of Funen, close to the deep straits of Svendborg. To the left, beneath the heights, lay the fishing-village with its red chimneys; the fishing-nets being spread out on the willow-trees. In the low stone basin rocked a boat; two men were busied in it scooping out the rain-water and loosening the sail of the light vessel. They evidently expected the arriving party.

"Will you take that lad with you?" asked one of the men with a grave mien.

"He is my little ass, my little beast of burden," replied the Norwegian, smiling. "He shall see Thorseng, the castle, and the tower of Breininge. Art thou not a pious little ass?"

He then seized hold of one of the oars himself, for the wind blew so faintly that they were obliged to assist the sail. The boat flew over the clear green water, leaving behind, on the broad expanse, its foamy track. Christian sat beside the rudder, near the steersman. The jelly-like sea-anemones lay, like transparent flowers on the watery mirror, betraying life by their gentle movement on the calm water. The green sand-bottom which he had first seen gradually disappeared, and the little boy only saw the boat and his own form in the watery mirror, which returned his greetings in a friendly manner. They now cut across the current, and glided then into the shadow which the coast of Thorseng threw upon the water. The godfather lifted his hat a little — he appeared to do so quite accidentally, yet was this an old custom of his country; a greeting given to the Neck, whose power is strongest so far as the shadow of the rock extends.

Now were the oars laid aside, and they set foot on the lovely island of Thorseng. The godfather and the fishers spoke secretly among themselves, but Christian did not hear what they said. The new prospect, the rich luxuriance of growth which surrounded him, overpowered his curiosity.

They ascended ever higher between houses and gardens. Richly laden fruit-trees stood on either side the way; huge props supported the boughs bending beneath the weight of their rich blessing. Wild hops wound themselves over the hedges; and far below, at the declivity of a hill, lay a peasant's cottage, around which the hop-poles were so placed that they partly rested on the roof; and the hops, like the richest vine-foliage, twined their many-leaved sprays and seemed to form tabernacles. Before every house was a flower-garden. The hollyhocks sent forth flower after flower of red and yellow, and almost reached half-way up the houses. Here, where everything lay protected, the heat was still more powerful. A stranger, suddenly transported to this region, would have fancied himself in some more southern country. The Svendborg Sound would have reminded him of the Danube. Yes, truly, here it was summer! glorious summer! The wild mint sent forth its odor from ditches, which were shaded by blood-red barberries and the elder, the berries of which were already forming.

"It will be a hot day for us," said the godfather, but they immediately consoled themselves with the hope that a cart would soon come and take them up.

Not a single cloud showed itself in the whole sky. A bird of prey flew up, and with the many strokes of its wings directed its course toward the near wood. The whole heat of the day seemed to rest upon the back of this bird. The godfather was unusually gay; he made Christian a trumpet out of the stem of a reed, and pushing the pith out of an elder branch, made him, also, an excellent whistle. All this took place during their wandering, and amidst various subjects of conversation.

A cart now rolled past, enveloped in a cloud of dust, which resembled the smoke of a cannon which has just been fired, and which seemed to rest in the air. The cart stopped and the travellers were willingly taken up, and Christian even received

as a present a large cabbage-leaf, full of black cherries, from the peasant, who apparently knew the godfather very well.

In the next moment a company joined itself to them: two troopers overtook them.

Upon a peaceful island there are no robbers, and yet these new-comers had a somewhat suspicious appearance. Each had a pistol in his breast-pocket, and a loaded piece under his arm. They commanded the peasant to stop, at the same time casting searching glances around. They then examined the cart, but having found nothing suspicious they made a light excuse, and rode away as fast as they had come.

Whilst all this occurred the godfather had kept himself completely passive, but the peasant muttered scornfully. "This time they have fished nothing," said he.

That must be a bitter life," added the godfather. "In summer it may be all very well, but when the white bees swarm, and the wind hisses over from the sea, it must be hard enough to wander about the whole night, only at last to be led by the nose by cleverer fellows. Take care, Andreas Hansen! they have got you in view! I might almost get into bad repute myself," added he smiling, "because I travel with you."

Who were these men, and what did they search for? Long did the whole affair busy little Christian; but at length the gay prospect which the day presented drove away all recollections of it. He saw the old castle of Thorseng again, where he had already been once with his parents. It was the largest building which he had ever seen, for it was even larger than the churches in Svendborg. He, as yet, only knew the exterior; and at most he had only peeped through the window. It happened, fortunately, to-day, that travellers were there to see the castle: and thus he ascended the high flight of steps with his godfather, and wandered through the long corridors and great halls. Many portraits of old times — portraits, the originals of which had long since turned to dust, gazed down upon him. To each date associated itself a history or legend, which lend such an effectual light to old paintings; a meaning such as resembles that produced when we behold a marble statue by torch-light. The portrait of a blooming woman, who smiles in the consciousness of beauty, sinks us in melancholy

when we reflect that centuries have fled since she rejoiced in life.

Not for all the treasures in the world would Christian have slept in the old canopy-bed, with its rustling silk hangings. No doubt in the night the figures would step out of the frames and tapestry ; and Niels Juel, the admiral, with his sword, take his place in the gay arm-chair with the high back. Even the long mirrors, in which you could see yourself from head to foot, had something mysterious for Christian, who had only been accustomed to see his little face in his father's shaving-glass.

Therefore he breathed more freely when he was once more in the open air, and felt far happier when he had reached the fishing-hut on the shore, where the wife left the gooseberries to his free disposal, and the fisher-boys showed him their boat which they had made out of their father's wooden shoe, but which, nevertheless, was adorned with masts and streamers, and which sailed as proudly on the high water as the other well-manned vessels. A large glittering insect flew by chance past the little vessel, settled on the sail, and beat with its transparent wings. That was a living passenger whom they had on board, and at this the children jumped for joy and clapped their hands.

Close beneath the island of Thurö lay a smack. The godfather rowed thither, put to, and had a deal to say to the people on board. Christian did not accompany him.

The sea was calm ; the sun shone hotly.

"Thou must now, for once, go with me into the water," said the godfather. "To-day they forgot to forbid it us, thinking that this excursion was on land merely."

Christian smiled ; he would right willingly swim in the refreshing waters, for at home he was only allowed to take off his stockings and go up to his knees in the water.

"This is another kind of bath to that which thou hast at home, when thou standest in thy mother's wash-tub, and hast a stream of fresh water poured over thy head. Now, pull off thy clothes, my little lad!"

Christian obeyed. The Norwegian himself stood there like an athlete. He raised the little fellow high up in the air, placed him on his shoulders, and made him bend his legs back

underneath his arms. It was the image of St. Christopher with the child Jesus.

A mighty splash resounded from the water, which closed above them, and played in large circles where they had vanished. In the next moment appeared the dark countenance of the godfather again above the water, his bright hair hung over his brow and cheeks, but Christian was not to be seen; he had slipped away during the plunge. The godfather did not miss him an instant, before he again dived below, touched the bottom, seized the boy, and appeared once more on the watery mirror. Salt water streamed out of the little fellow's mouth, and he began to cry.

"For shame!" said the godfather, appearing as though nothing had happened out of the usual course; but his pulse beat faster than usual. It was well that this adventure passed off in this way; he little conjectured that a far greater one awaited them that evening.

One of the most beautiful views on the island is seen from the church-tower at Breininge. Here in the inn one finds, as on the Brocken, and at other well frequented places, a book, in which the traveller writes his name, accompanied with a sentimental effusion in bad verse, or a piece of wit, which only amused the author.

It was in the war time, and a telegraph had been placed on the tower, from which the black tablets whispered their dead, yet so significant language, magically through the air. The sun yet stood above the horizon as the godfather and Christian mounted up the tower to visit the new telegraph inspector.

The straits, the islands, and the Belt, lay stretched out before them like a map. Beyond Thurö and Langeland, which shone above the waters like flower-beds, you perceived the coasts of Zealand. Many sails glided over the expanse of ocean; in the irregular bay lay ships at anchor, and fishing-boats moved up and down. But these black tablets attracted the boy's attention more than the natural beauties. He knew that they could speak the language of the deaf and dumb; he had himself seen them sink down, rise again, and assume various positions.

The godfather sat at the covered table; but Christian was

deep in various games with the two active sons of the telegraph inspector. They left the room to play at hide-and-seek.

Christian crept through an opening in the wall, by which you reached the two large bells. A great beam lay between the two bells, and you could walk over this to the sounding-hole, which was situated in a recess in the tower wall. The sun cast his long beams through the aperture, motes revolved round their axle. Through the sounding-hole one could certainly see down below one; that was another amusement, whilst the children sought for him. Therefore Christian danced along the beam between the bells, and could now overlook the whole island and the sea with its vessels. He soon heard the boys in search of him ascend the steps, and saw how they thrust their heads through the opening by which he had himself entered.

"Art thou there?" asked one of the boys. "Here we dare not enter; the bells might strike us dead."

Christian returned no answer. Should he let himself be frightened? The bells hung as quiet and immovable as if they were walled up fast; besides, they could not reach to where he stood. The boys who sought for him retired.

The sun now set on the edge of the horizon, and appeared as if he would quickly hasten away. Christian could distinctly see how he sank ever lower, and at length quite disappeared. The evening twilight spread itself, and he looked toward the great bell which hung before the sounding-hole niche. Suddenly it trembled, and made a slight movement. He now wished to go, but at that moment the bell raised itself higher, and turned to him the whole opening of its mouth. Terrified he shrunk back, and pressed against the wall. The first stroke of the bell sounded in Christian's ears.

It was here, as in all Danish village churches, the custom to ring at sunset, and no one had the slighest idea that a human being was in the belfry.

Instinctively he felt that, did he take a step nearer, the bell would crush his head. Yet louder, and even louder, resounded the strokes on the hollow metal. The quivering air and his terror powerfully worked upon the poor boy; cold sweat started from all his pores; he did not dare to turn

round, his eyes stared into the hollow bell each time that it swung quivering above him. He called loudly for help, but no one could hear his cry of anguish; he felt that his voice amidst the strokes of the bells echoed unheard.

Overpowered to his very inmost soul by the most fearful anguish, the bell appeared to him the jaws of some immense serpent; the clapper was the poisonous tongue which it extended toward him. Confused imaginations pressed upon him; feelings similar to the anguish which he felt when the godfather had dived with him beneath the water took possession of him; but here it roared far stronger in his ears, and the changing colors before his eyes formed themselves into gray figures. The old pictures in the castle floated before him, but with threatening mien and gestures, and ever-changing forms; now long and angular, again jelly-like, clear, and trembling, they clashed cymbals and beat drums, and then suddenly passed away into that fiery glow in which everything had appeared to him when, with Naomi, he looked through the window-panes. It burnt — that he felt plainly. He swam through a burning sea, and ever did the serpent exhibit to him its fearful jaws. An irresistible desire seized him to take hold on the clapper with both hands, when suddenly it became calm around him, but it still raged within his brain. He felt that all his clothes clung to him, and that his hands seemed fastened to the wall. Before him hung the serpent's head, dead and bowed; the bell was silent. He closed his eyes and felt that he fell asleep. He had fainted.

His first feeling of life resembled a dream, a bad dream. All was dark around him, and it must be so, for he lay in the serpent's belly: the serpent had then swallowed him after all; it was alive and not dead, for he could feel how it moved with him, pressed his limbs together, raised him up and again bent him down. That was a severe struggle.

"Put the church-door key into his mouth!" he heard said, but out of the far distance, and the sound vanished, and together with it his horrible dreams. He awoke, and felt himself quite weak.

A strange woman and the godfather stood beside him; he lay upon a bed.

He had been missed and found. Strong convulsive fits had been his sufferings, of which he knew nothing more. He was now come to himself again, his eyes only pained him still. He recollected clearly everything that had occurred.

"May God preserve his senses!" sighed the woman.

"A beating, a good beating, he ought to have!" said the godfather, "for he has deserved it."

"Yes, my lads have had their share, that I can assure you," returned the woman, "although they are not to blame for the misfortune."

Christian received a biscuit with honey, to strengthen him and revive his courage. The godfather raised him on his shoulders, and carried him down to the shore, for he must and really would return that night. The lights in Svendborg glittered clear over the water; beneath the coast lay fishing-boats, with their bright fire for the eel-fishing: every breeze was hushed in the cool summer's night.

CHAPTER VII.

"Good-by! I fly now far, far away,
I set off this very day." — TIECK.

COMMON superstition affirms that the pollen of the barberry is a poison for grain; the heavy ears become spotted by the biting sap. The noble poppy of the most dazzling white changes its hue, if it grow among colored ones. Environment is the invisible hand which is enabled to mould the material in its development.

When the sculptor commences modeling the clay, we do not yet understand the work of art which he will create. Time and labor are necessary before the plaster-cast exists, and the chisel after the model animates the marble. How much more difficult is it, then, to discover in the child the worth and fate of the man! We here see the poor boy in Svendborg; the instinct within him, and the influence without, show, like the magnetic needle, only two opposite directions. He must either become a distinguished artist or a miserable, confused being. The pollen of environment already begins to work upon him.

The god of music, already in the cradle, gave him the consecrating kiss. But whether the goddesses of the times will one day sing him inspiration or madness, who can say? The division between both is often merely a thin partition. Will he some time, perhaps, excite the admiration of thousands, or in a miserable public-house, the violin under his arm, as an old man, act the fiddler to wild and rude youths, who mock him as a fool — he, whose soul received the unseen consecration of Music?

We know that the Duke of Reichstadt came lifeless into the world. In vain were all means tried to call him back to life; then thundered the hundred cannon, he opened his eyes,

his pulse beat. This was the son of the great Emperor, and on this account the whole world learned this circumstance of his birth. But no one knew that the son of poverty entered life under similar circumstances. He also was a born corpse, laid on a bed beneath the broken window-pane, when suddenly flutes and violins resounded from the street, where were playing itinerant musicians. A melancholy girl's voice was heard, and the little one opened his eyes and moved the already cold hand. Was it their tones which recalled his soul to labor here upon earth? or was it per chance this, Solomon's sword of reasoning men?

A rare artist must he become, or a miserable bungler — a sparrow-hawk with yellow wings, which for this superiority is pecked to death by its companions. And if he should become such a being? What comfort would it afford him, what comfort to mankind, full of proud prejudice? Like the snow-flake which falls into the running stream is he buried and forgotten, and only the works and names of a few elect pass over to the next century. Enviable fate! But future joys may await him in the new state of existence, whilst the happiness of fame lies far distant, in a world into which he cannot enter, in which he can take no part. What does that matter? Is it not all one how high we may be placed in life, if we are only firmly placed? So sounds the consolation of the world! This is the wavering self-consolation, with which the mighty wave of human life rolls on toward the coast of eternity!

The stem of the fir-tree forms knots which betray the age of the tree; human life has also its perceptible rings. An important point of change, a kind of decisive moment in Christian's life, was this summer, through his acquaintance with Naomi, the musical instruction, and the visit to Thorseng.

As the flower turns her chalice to the sun, so did his soul yearn after sweet tones. The organ attracted him toward the church; the simple chanting was to him the "Miserere" of an Allegri. He envied the prisoners in the town-hall, who, on the king and queen's birthdays, heard music over their prisons the whole night through, for then was a ball given in the town-house. Thus, as his nerves became more excitable

did his ears open more and more to the language of sweet tones. The convulsive fits which, since the unfortunate journey to Thorseng, had never left him, often returned, and left behind a strange vibration in the eyelids, and a pricking pain in the eyes themselves, whilst at the same time all objects showed themselves in endless changing colors. His body languished, and his soul's life was a mingling of fancies and of dreams. On such a mind his father's constant yearning after travel, and his godfather's eccentricities, produced the same effect as air and water upon the child born and brought up in the valley of the Cretins. School-life would have alone been able by its severe, rational discipline, to breathe a cool air into this sirocco of the imagination, which weakened his mind and body; but at this time there was no regulated school for poor children in the whole town. An honest old man, Mr. Sevel, and his deaf wife, were the only people who devoted themselves to teaching; and to this end had taken up their abode in the old convent, which now, together with the ruins of the church, is pulled down.

The monks, both in the north and south, knew how to build their cloisters in the most beautiful neighborhoods. Close to the shore of the strait of Svendborg lay the convent of the Gray Brothers, with its beautiful prospect toward Thorseng and Thuro; the vaulted hall, which might, perhaps, once have served as a dining-hall, was now converted into the school-room; in the little niche where once stood the crucifix had the rod and knitted stocking now taken their place. Beneath the vaulted roof, on benches and foot-stools, sat the younger generation, with Dr. Martin Luther's little catechism in their hands; in which the picture of the Chinese with the long pipe, and of the Virgin Mary with the Child, were certainly not very Lutheran, but nevertheless excited the most interest. The few narrow windows were placed tolerably high; therefore it was no wonder that the children sprang upon benches and table to look out toward the green woods and the large ships, as soon as ever Mr. Sevel and his deaf wife left them for a moment.

Close to this school-house lay the desolate old church, out of which the epitaphs and altar had vanished, but upon the

walls were still seen half-obliterated frescoes, richly surrounded with monkish inscriptions. In the aisles still lay the tombstones; the windows were broken; but grass grew long in the crevices of the walls, and the swallows built their nests where formerly the brazen lamps had hung. Still stood the *Jesus hominum salvator* in iron letters over the church door, which was opened upon certain occasions. At such times, did the school youth chance to be near, they would stream into the church and raise their Vandal-like cry, which through the strong echo produced a peculiar effect.

Upon Christian, on the contrary, the church produced quite another effect; he became there quiet and introverted, although no place was dearer to him than this, for here he found food for his dreams, and was nearer to the legendary and spiritual world. He could gaze so long at the faded pictures, until at length the figures seemed to move their eyes; he could sit so long upon the grave-stones, and spell out the inscriptions, until at length he heard the dead knock upon the tombstone, and in terror he ran away. When the grass swayed by the breeze quivered against the broken windows, or a terrified swallow flew about the vaulted roof, he thought of unseen ghosts, who played with the long grass, or chased the birds out of their sleeping-rooms.

His body became sick; the convulsions returned oftener. Medical advice they did not seek, for the people have no thorough faith in it; and then it costs money! Marie also thought that one might be made ill by the stuff the physicians prescribed; she knew a never-failing remedy for all internal complaints — a few drops of juniper taken in brandy: they dispersed the complaint, and were strengthening. This medicine was administered to Christian.

Time passed on, and the illness was no better. Therefore it would be advisable, said Marie, to speak with the wise woman at Quärndrup, if opportunity offered. This arrived, and all kinds of sympathetic remedies were tried. Christian's arms and legs were measured with worsted threads, and he must carry on his heart consecrated earth and the heart of a mole: this was an infallible remedy.

Thus passed weeks and months for nearly two years. The

wise woman counseled a visit to the Frörup well. Many a sick person, whom no physician had been able to cure, had there recovered his health. Marie placed as much confidence in the healing virtues of this miraculous well as she did in the words of her Bible. The superstition still exists among the people, that a miraculous sanative power is possessed by several springs in Denmark. The country people of Funen conconsider St. Regissa's spring, which rises near the village of Frörup, as the most efficacious mineral well, and, as a so-called well-fair is held there, people stream thither in great crowds. From a circuit of many miles, nay, even from beyond Odense and Svendborg, the sick go there on St. John's Eve, partly to drink the water of the spring, partly to bathe themselves in it, and to spend the night in the open air. Three successive years must the sick person visit the well; if he is not healed within that time, nothing in the world can cure him, say the people.

"Only journey to the well!" had said the oracle — "only journey to the well, and you will perceive a change!"

There lay in these words an unconscious prophecy; for there awaited not only the boy, but the whole family, a great change owing to this journey: or, at least, it was by means of this journey more speedily brought about. How often afterward did Marie say, "Yes; had not we then travelled to the well, perhaps now everything would have been quite otherwise! Perhaps? yet we have had our free will to act with."

Marie considered it her duty to visit the well with the boy; she would otherwise have much to account for to God did she neglect it. Her husband had no such strong faith in this wonder-working spring, but he willingly embraced every opportunity of getting into the fresh air, and therefore made no opposition. His friend, the sergeant, had just come to the town to pay a visit there, for the regiment in which he served was lying in Odense.

The spring of St. Regissa lay several miles from Svendborg; the high-road, however, passed it, and thus the mother and boy could travel in some carriage returning from Svendborg to the fortress of Nyborg on the Great Belt. The two friends however, wandered on foot; they would not be bound by any-

thing, in order that they might choose their way through woods and valleys. A painter can certainly give us the coloring of a beautiful spring day; yes, he can make us feel the warm air, but he is unable to create the aromatic beauty which operates equally agreeably on our well-being, with the form and color of objects. The host of little birds sang, and the tailor joined in, singing, as in foreign countries: —

"Travel on foot through the land,
Then a kind greeting thou wilt understand.
Travel on foot!"

Thus he jodelled and was soon again deep in the relation of his wandering life beyond the Danube and Po.

"Ah, see! there flies a stork! Ah, my poor stork never returned again! Has he, perhaps, died from sorrow for the loss of his wife and young ones? or is he, perhaps, still on his travels in order that he may forget them? God forgive me! but I really believe one may forget every loss on a journey."

"That I also believe," said the sergeant. "Therefore — yes, I have never been able rightly to express my opinion before your wife; she might have formed a bad opinion of me — you should take the thousand dollars; for so much gives many a peasant's son, nowadays, to remain at home. Some one must take his place. With that money Marie and the boy might live free from care, thou wouldst become an under-officer, and wouldst travel again abroad; and this is that for which thou alone seemest to live. These are unsettled times; no soldier knows whither he may go; France lies as near to us as Germany."

The tailor shook his head. "That Marie would never forgive me," said he; and, somewhat affected, added, "I believe, also, that without her I could not live. No, no! do not let us speak more of this."

Quickly they now directed their steps toward the estate of Broholm. The leaves of the wood were transparent, the violets grew in complete clusters, the wood-flowers bloomed in all colors; and between the trees they saw far over the Great Belt, and the shores of the Island of Langeland, which rose, with its forests and windmills, high above the sea.

Do we read Prince Pückler-Muskau's "Briefe eines Verstor-

benen," the lovely country-seats of England present themselves before our eyes ; we see distinctly the avenue of large old trees which leads to the court. Such an avenue leads to the house of Broholm. Wilhelm Müller's songs are complete little pictures ; the mill-wheels whirl round before our eyes, and the water dashes over the great wheel. Such a mill is close by this avenue of which we have spoken, but so deep, that "the miller's beautiful wife" must lean back her sweet little head to see those who pass on the road. From our popular Danish legends float in our memory calm lakes, in the midst of which once stood an island with its castle ; but island and castle vanished, and now the swan swims over the towers. Such a lake borders the avenue and the mill, and the island lies still in it, with its old castle ; the large round tower, with its copper pinnacles and high spire, reflects itself in the waters of the lake : that is the country seat of Broholm. Still are the castle walls provided with loop-holes, and there still flows fresh, clean water in the castle-moat.

In the vaulted servants'-hall, the roof of which rests upon strong pillars, sat our two travellers at the long table, upon which might be read the names of all the servants. There sat a third stranger at the table, a young peasant from Örebäk, the brother of Marie's first wooer.

The exterior of the castle is unchanged even at the present day. The huge pair of antlers decorate the huntsman's door, and the entrance to the apartments of the family is through the high tower — there where the winding staircase, formed of huge beams laid over each other, leads to the battlements. Along the garden-wall still grow, in the inner court of the castle, the long rows of blooming linden-trees.

Every emblem of a former age reminded the tailor of similar things which he had seen during his wanderings in Germany, and he drew comparisons each time. Such splendid lindens as these he had only seen in Bohemia, in the long shady avenues where he had sung to his *Krasna holga*.[1] The old castle itself, with its high towers, he fancied he had seen far away on the Danube, as the boat glided merrily past, over abyss and whirlpool. Yes, the cool vault in which he now sat

[1] His beautiful girl.

drinking, between the two thick pillars, reminded him of the convent cloisters. And of what the heart is full will the mouth speak, let it please other people or not.

"Then travel again!" interrupted, at length, his drinking companions.

"I must now put on the red coat," said the young peasant; "in four weeks I must enter: but I have been counseled, and am also inclined to take a representative. I would count you a thousand dollars in bills, down on the table, if you would like to serve in my stead."

A thousand dollars in bills! What a perfume lay in these white leaves! a perfume which was able to fill the heart with dreams of riches. The poor tailor looked up and saw the green tops of the linden-trees through the high window. Were they these green leaves or those white ones which most strongly influenced his heart.

Without the castle court stands the trunk of an old oak. At that time the entire tree was yet preserved, and a large iron cross, a memory of Catholic times, was fastened on the trunk. When the Spaniards lay in Funen, in the year 1808, this tree was to them a way-side crucifix, an altar under the free heaven, before which they knelt down and worshipped. Those figures burnt by the hot sun lay here among the fresh green, and riveted their dark eyes, full of confidence, upon the holy sign; the priest stood there, and the psalm resounded in the foreign melodious tongue. Now the old oak was no longer what it had been; the lightning had destroyed its vigor, and there arose only one single green branch from the scorched trunk. The road was to be improved, and therefore the old tree must away. Already had the axe penetrated deep; a long rope was attached to the trunk, and at a proper distance horses were fastened to it. The tree must soon fall.

The tailor and his travelling companions stood on the road as the whip was cracked, and the horses with all their power pulled away for the first time. The old stem trembled, but yet stood firm. There was another attempt, and it sank with a cracking sound to the earth, twisted itself in falling, and turned the iron cross toward the sky; thus lay there the proud corpse with its order on its breast.

The sergeant made a similar observation. But the tailor absorbed in thought, looked upon the ground; that upon which he meditated became ever clearer and clearer to him. "To meet with death upon the field of honor is, after all, the best lot! and then one may escape with life. O, if only Marie would think so!"

"How!" asked the sergeant, "will you not then try your luck? Life in the open air is quite a different thing to eternally sitting upon a table. This morning you saw the first stork; he flew, that means that you also will fly away."

The tailor was silent.

Straight across the road lay the old oak, in the wide-spreading crown of which the stork hundreds of years ago, had rattled with his bill his good tidings of hot summer days. The old castle reflected itself in the water. Appearance and reality formed a beautiful whole. The locality and the surrounding objects worked together upon the soul of the dreamer, like the musical wand of the natural philosopher upon the glass tablets; significant musical figures arose.

Stalactites, the wings of the butterfly, and the flying clouds, have all their strange natural hieroglyphics, which man knows not how to explain, although they announce the strength of a world understood only in its development. The heart of man sometimes exhibits similar ciphers, which it is itself unable to comprehend. The unseen director of fate writes there his *mene, mene, tekel, upharsin*, and a necessity awakes; an inexplicable "I must," is the next effect.

"Have you never," asked the dreamer, "heard of the Venus Mountain? it is spoken of in old histories. Many a stately knight, nay, even the poor wandering journeyman, with his knapsack on his back, have entered this enchanted kingdom, and seldom returned. But did it ever chance that one of these returned to his friends, he was never quite himself again; he suffered from a longing, and must either away or die. Now to my mind this is a little story, which one can easily imagine was invented by some one who had wandered about a deal in the world, and was then obliged to leave all the splendors of foreign lands to embitter his life far away in his home. During the five years that I was on my wanderings, yes I also

saw the Venus Mountain; for what else but the splendor of the world is meant by it? Now I am again at home, and therefore I suffer an eternal restlessness; longing is my daily work, a love of travel my pillow, and would Marie — ! But she must be willing!" And at these words his eyes sparkled, and he seized the sergeant's hand, saying, "I will be a soldier."

CHAPTER VIII.

"A holy spring where pious men
From all the country gather.
. . . .I saw them drink: was it the gleam
Of sunny light, or e'en the water's might,
That flushed again their pallid cheeks?"

OEHLENSCHLÄGER.

A FEW miles from the town of Nyborg, between the village of Örebäk and Frörup, lies the well of St. Regissa, which, according to tradition, receives its name from a very God-fearing woman, who was severely persecuted by wicked men — so wicked that they even killed the children of this pious lady. On the spot where this occurred there immediately sprang forth a fountain. When the lady Regissa had been long dead, there came many pious pilgrims hither from a far distance to drink the water of this well, and, in memory of the good lady, they erected a chapel over the spring, and hung her picture within it. Every year, on the eve of the festival of St. Boël, mass was celebrated; but when Luther's doctrine was introduced, the chapel was allowed to fall into decay. The spring, however, bubbles still, and is every year, at midsummer, very industriously visited, and a yearly fair held.

Doubtless it was the desire of withdrawing from the gaze of the multitude which gave rise to the custom of spending the night of St. John's Eve at the spring. At sunset the sick people wash themselves with the spring-water, and then prepare for their couch. Next morning they again break up, the weaker ones return home, the strong remain to enjoy the pleasures of the fair.

In the village of Frörup, where the well-market is held, people were busy erecting booths and tents. On all by-roads you saw people riding and walking with their sick: some were al-

ready walking in the meadow, through which, among hazel-bushes and alders, the stream flows. High and single trees shaded them, and the people still, according to the Catholic custom, hang their offering garlands, which consist of a few tapers, on the stems of these trees. The green hedges of this meadow serve the sick people as a kind of screen, whilst undressing and bathing; their old clothes they leave hanging on the hedges, where the poor beg them for their own use.

Marie came alone with Christian; she carried with her an old coverlet, to protect the boy from the cold at night; she had brought an old coat of her husband's, to answer the same purpose for herself.

"I will remain with thee," said she. "If I can sleep, it is well; if not, neither will it be the first time that I have watched beside thee. Yes, child, thou dost not know all I have endured on thy account. The cares and toils of a mother, children only learn when they, in their turn become parents. How much anxiety did I endure whilst I bore thee beneath my heart! I have risked my life for thee. Long nights have I, carrying thee in my arms, walked up and down the floor, and listened to thy breathing; worked throughout the day, watched throughout the night: that was a lot indeed! Everything which I possibly could do have I done for thee, and will also do in future, my child, if thou canst only become healthy. I have only thee; thou art my only child. Let thy father travel, in God's name, if he cannot stay." She burst into a flood of tears, but soon recovered herself again, kissed her son on his eyes and mouth, and approached the spring.

Many thoughts passed through her soul. In Örebäk she had met her husband in company with the sergeant and the young peasant. She entered the farm of her first wooer, who joked with her, saying, "All this might have been thine." The strong ale, the mead, and the beautiful home-made bread were tasted, and she was informed, at first in joke, and then in earnest, of her husband's desire to enlist into the army instead of the young peasant.

"Only see," said the sergeant, "he need not travel away on that account. He only has his number in the company." And he often introduced the thousand dollars in his discourse.

"He has his own free will," answered Marie; "I do not detain him," was her last word; but at the same time it was as if her heart would break. She would not stay, the evening meal was sufficient for her; she said she did not require supper. Her husband and the sergeant, however, remained, and passed the night with the brother of the young soldier.

She now stood beside the spring. Here and there people had commenced bathing, others were busied in preparing a lodging for the night; the best consisted in a bedstead which had been brought from a neighboring farm, and was placed beneath a hazel-bush; the others were either made of straw, or people had chosen their couches in a wagon. The fire blazed behind the low turf wall, where boiled the coffee-kettle, and where some older women warmed their hands.

The whole presented one of those scenes which are vanishing more and more out of our peasants' life, and which at the same time carry us back many centuries. Could a dead man, over whose grave the psalms of monks resounded in Catholic Denmark, rise out of his grave and float over the meadow, he must have believed that everything remained in the same state in old Denmark as at the time when he closed his eyes. The people pressed, still with the same pious superstition in their hearts, around the holy spring; the church-bells rang at sunset as formerly, when they called to Ave Maria; and even in the village church still smiled the picture of the Mother of God, with little Jesus in her lap. The nearest country-house, old Örebäkkelunde, stood also still unchanged, with its irregular gables and the high tower — that perfect Gothic building!

Not far from the spot where Christian was bathed with the cold, refreshing spring-water, stood two women with a young girl, who might be about thirteen years old. There was no bodily ailment to be remarked in the child, and she showed no signs of an internal malady. Her countenance bore the impress of perfect health; her figure was almost entirely developed, her long hair hung down over her round white shoulders, and the red evening sun illuminated a smiling joyous countenance. The younger of the two women was the girl's mother; she poured a cup of water over her daughter's head; the drops glittered on her back and shoulders; she divided her rich hair and sang with a clear voice: —

"Hear Him, see Him looking down,
On His brows the thorny crown.
Sing the praise of roses!"

The elder woman — she was the sick girl's grandmother — fell upon her knees, and with folded hands prayed the Lord's Prayer.

The evening was unusually mild, but dark clouds rose over the Belt.

No circumstances of life are more likely to cause an intimacy between people than mutual misfortune and a similarity of condition. Therefore Marie was soon in the midst of a discourse with this family. They spoke of their sick children, and of the virtue of the spring. It would heal no epilepsy," said the grandmother; but, added she immediately, "if God would assist them, He could easily make it possible. There is only one means," said she, then, "which never fails," and she named that universal remedy among the people, which the younger generation may, perhaps, believe originated in the brain of a Eugène Sue, but which, nevertheless, was practiced in Denmark not so long ago. We mean the revolting remedy of conducting epileptic patients to the place of execution, in order to gain permission from the criminal to drink of his warm blood when his head should be struck off the trunk.

Marie shuddered at these words. No! that, indeed, should never happen to her boy.

The lodgings for the night were soon arranged. The young girl and her grandmother were to sleep in the cart; the small space which still remained over was offered Christian. The mother of the sick girl and Marie seated themselves on a bunble of straw, threw their dresses over their heads, and leaned against the cart.

Silence now reigned around; you heard the flowing of the spring, and the heavy breathing of the sleepers. Christian prayed his evening prayer, as his mother had taught him, and closed his eyes to sleep; but, someway, this was not so easy. With a kind of terror he thought of the young girl with her deranged mind; his feet touched hers; she slept calmly and deeply. He looked toward heaven; high up in the deep blue, glittered innumerable stars; Charles's-wain stretched above

his head. Soon he found himself in the mingled conditions of sleeping and waking. He dreamed, and yet he was aware that a dream-picture occupied him. He knew right well where he was, for he heard the splash of the spring; but when he opened his eyes all had a strange resemblance with the Jew's garden, where he had played with Naomi, — only here was everything greater. The air became clearer; he fancied he heard Naomi's voice; certainly, she called to him! — she named his name: but he did not dare to answer, for the insane girl who slept at his feet might awake. Surrounding objects now assumed a milder aspect. He recognized the stork which stood there, clapping her bill and feeding her young ones. It was Naomi who sat beside him; he gazed into her large black eyes, she showered beautiful flowers over him, and called them money. They played so splendidly with each other, and he again gave her, as at the first time, his mouth and his eyes as a pledge; she really took them, and he felt the pain. All around him was gloomy night; but he heard her carriage roll away. Farewell! farewell! cried she to him: and the carriage vanished in the air. He rose, and although the empty sockets and bleeding lips burnt, was she his sole thought. He felt himself light as a feather, and wished to follow Naomi through the air: but that insane maiden had awoke, and held him fast; she had flung her arms round his legs, and held him fast and ever faster as Naomi's carriage rolled ever further away. Then did he gather his last strength together to free himself, and — awoke. He had only been in a dream, which had busied his soul, — that he was quite aware of; and yet he still heard the rolling of the carriage through the sky. Something lay heavy on his feet, therefore did he raise himself. There sat she, like a glittering nymph, with bare bosom and shoulders, shrouded in her luxuriant hair. But only one moment was she visible. The phosphoric light which surrounded her vanished; it became pitch-dark night, and in the distance rolled the thunder.

"It burns within me!" said she. "It is as though my heart's blood were leaving me, and I had only fire within me. Dost thou sleep, little boy?"

Christian did not dare to answer. It was the crazy girl who knelt upon his feet. She had partly stripped off her clothes, and stretched her naked arms toward heaven.

"Dost thou not hear how the bulls are bellowing?" again asked she. "They chase each other like glowing daggers. If they stick these knives into thy breast, thou must die; if they touch thy house, it stands in bright flames; the strongest tree they split. Didst thou not see their horns? They glance like copper and tin. Do not be afraid! Soon they will be gone, and then only the little calves follow. They have little horns, which come forth from the black clouds in zigzag."

A bright flash of lightning, which was immediately followed by the thunder, awoke all the sleepers around. Terrified, started up the women. The old woman seized the half-naked girl, who stood in the middle of the cart. The storm-wind rushed through her locks, and raised the thin covering high in the air.

"O God!" was the universal cry; and each one busied herself in covering her sick patient. Christian was laid under a horse-cloth, but the next gust of wind tore it away from him; and it would, had not Marie prevented it, have flown far away. Trees and bushes shook like thin reeds; leaves and broken branches flew about: and in the midst of the tumult of the storm was heard the young girl singing, the women praying.

Suddenly there darted a fearful flash of lightning, whilst the thunder burst deafening above them. The very cart seemed to move, and Christian saw the whole country illuminated for one moment by the most dazzling light. Every bush, every tree, the church and the houses, in short all objects stepped distinctly forth; and in the cart the young maiden arose, wrapped only in a thin garment. She spread out her hair with her hands, shrieked wildly, and sprang out of the cart. In the next moment the whole country lay again in black night. There reigned the silence of the grave.

"Where is Lucie?" cried at once the mother and grandmother. "My God! where is she?"

They felt about with their hands, but only struck against trees and bushes.

The rain now poured down in torrents. The two women sent forth a cry of agony, which sounded above the thunder. The grandmother felt with her hands along the ground for the lost girl; the mother flew through rain and wind, shouting the

name of her unhappy daughter. Christian clung fast to his mother. It was a fearful night.

Again a loud thunder-clap followed; then the tempest abated. The successive peals were much weaker; and the rain now only fell in single drops. But the whole of this interval was full of the most terrible torture to the poor mother, who rushed over stock and stone in search of her child. One moment, by the brightness of the lightning, she believed she saw something white floating before her over the field: she ran on in that direction, but was soon stopped in her course by walls and ditches. She imagined that amidst the crash of the thunder and the howling of the storm she heard the voice of her unfortunate daughter; which was, however, quite impossible, for the storm overpowered every sound, and, besides, forced her on with the wind, which then by its power carried her along like a shuttle-cock, so that sometimes she seemed to fly over the earth. At length she stopped short before an inclosure; then, as if by instinct, mounted on the wall, to be the next moment by a whirlwind thrown over to the other side, into the long grass. The lightning illuminated the country for a moment, and she saw the old mansion of Örebäkkelunde, with its tower, strong pillars, and Gothic gables, lying before her. She was in the garden, where stand the old-fashioned clipped hedges and white statues. Was it one of these white statues which seemed to move itself in the lightning, or was it her daughter? Her knees trembled; full of anguish she cried, "Lucie!" whilst the storm whirled the young green leaves, as well as the fallen yellow ones, into the air.

Early the next morning Christian awoke from a deep sleep. His mother and the grandmother sat on the shafts, and listened eagerly to the relation of Lucie's mother. She was only just now returned; and her joy was almost as great as had been her grief. "Her daughter now slept a healthful sleep in the gardener's cottage at Örebäkkelunde," said she. There, in the garden, had she found her daughter, cowering down beside a statue, her head leaning on the pedestal. The tempest had caused people to be astir in the court. In the gardener's dwelling burnt a light, and there the terrified mother received

assistance, there was Lucie laid in bed. "Mother, I have no clothes on!" had been her only words, whilst she yet shook from the effect of a strong flash of lightning, which darted into the earth near her, and which had restored her to a kind of consciousness. Then she shed torrents of tears; but at length her eyes closed, and she now slept a refreshing sleep.

"Perhaps the good God has taken compassion upon her," said the old grandmother. "She was healthy and strong, like other people, until once after a similar tempest she returned home from the fields, where the lightning had split a tree." Whether she by this means had drawn upon herself this misfortune, whether before the outbreak of the storm she had slept and received a *coup-de-soleil*, or whether evil powers had been busy and shown her things which were able to confound the understanding of a mortal, they knew not; but her brain was sick, that was only too true. It was now the second year that she had travelled with her to the spring. God might clear her understanding, or take her rather to himself.

CHAPTER IX.

"Ah! what joy to be a soldier!" — SCRIBE.

IN the afternoon, everything at the spring assumed quite another appearance. On the green plot, where in the night the sick had sighed and prayed, now danced the healthy, whilst the fiddle and the clarionet played an old *Anglaise*. From the well itself drank youths and maidens to the health of love — of that love which the blood, and not the soul, knows.

In the village there was the gay fair. Boots and earthenware, toys and puppets — everything was exhibited for sale. Christian had also received his fairing; for in his hand he carried his old hat, and upon his head the new one, round which, with twine, was still fastened the newspaper sheet. He stood with his parents before a booth, where caps embroidered with spangles were offered cheap; beautiful Nuremberg pictures, together with the Prussian soldiers and the Turk in his harem, were hung out. Marie said that this looked like a girls' school. There stood a wandering Italian with his plaster-casts, such ones as the people love here in the country — green parrots and a Napoleon. The tailor commenced directly, with both mouth and fingers, to speak Italian; and Marie said to the sergeant she could hear that it was no German that her husband spoke with the cast-seller. The Italian laughed, nodded his head in a friendly manner, and talked away; yes, he at last made Christian a present of a parrot which had broken its foot.

Close by fluttered silken ribbons and gay handkerchiefs, from a pole which was fastened to a table, behind which stood an acquaintance, who shouted his greeting to our family. It was old Joel, who had served Naomi's grandfather, and who had conveyed his master's consumed remains to the grave of his fathers.

"It goes well with the daughter's daughter," said he; "little Naomi suffers no want. She is dressed in rich stuffs and

muslins, wears golden rings on her fingers, and diamonds on her breast. She will some time become an incomparable beauty, like Queen Esther."

"Have you been lately at the seat?" asked Marie of him.

"No, there I do not come," returned the old Israelite; "that is an agreement. I have not been there since the day on which my master became coal and ashes, when I informed them how forlorn the poor child was. I spoke then with the young Count and the old Countess, who can be as bitter as the mixture she drinks. But, nevertheless, I remain what I am; and there are already ways for me without stepping upon her domain. Naomi is well off! Ah, her poor mother! A more beautiful woman I never saw. Now the flower is become dust, and her white teeth are a poor ornament!"

"That handkerchief would be a pretty ornament for thee," said the witty tailor, parodying the Jew's words, and pointed to a handkerchief of blue cotton with red and yellow flowers. "Take it! for now we are rich." And at the same time he clapped his pocket, in which were the five hundred rix-dollars and the contract with his captain for taking the place of the young soldier.

Marie shook her head, sighed deeply, but her eyes, nevertheless, turned toward the handkerchief: the colors were so bright, the pattern so uncommon.

"If I am the first person from whom you have received money to-day," said the tailor, "it will be well with your business, for I give lucky press-money! Don't be so sad, Marie! God knows when we shall come again to the market, and whether we shall then have such beautiful sunshine, or so much money in our pockets!" He flung the pretty handkerchief round her, and she smiled through her tears, just as she afterwards smiled when at home her husband spread the notes out on the table, saying, "See! all this, and twice as much, is thy husband worth! Now, don't cry! The salt tears will fall on the money, and then there will be neither luck nor a blessing in it. I am become a subaltern; and that is the commencement to being an officer! So near art thou to being a gracious lady!"

"In fourteen days thou wilt go to Odense to learn the exer-

cise!" said Marie. "Only *one* month will it last, thou sayest, and then I shall have thee again! Yes, God knows thou hast no rest in thee, thou canst not do otherwise! Dost thou think I have never heard thee talking in thy sleep of foreign countries? Often in thy sleep thou hast wept like a child, and it has pained my very soul. The old calendar, in which whilst thou wast abroad thou didst write the day and the year when thou wast in certain places — this calendar, I tell thee, which thou hast so often brought forth to relate things out of to me, — Good God! this day so many years ago I was there! Then I was not sitting here on the table! — this calendar seems to me a Cyprianus-book, from which thou dost read nothing good. Now thou canst write in it the day when thou didst leave thy wife and child. Did I not know better, I might be tempted to believe thou hadst given thy heart to some one else abroad, and that she robbed thee of thy peace. No one loves thee, after all, as well as I do; and the lad is thine — that can I say with a good conscience."

"Marie," answered her husband, "thou wilt not make me sad! If I have done ill, complaint will now avail nothing. Let us rather contemplate the affair from the cheerful side. This evening the sergeant and the godfather are coming here; ask the glover, and the old cooper also, to come over, and let us drink a bowl of punch as on our wedding-day!"

Never before had Christian seen such a large company assembled in the little room: there were nine of them. The godfather had brought his fiddle with him, and played all kinds of merry things, told little stories of the stammering woman, and the whirling man, and knew so naturally how to imitate all on his fiddle, that his accomplishments increased the gayety of all the guests. They laughed and sang, and the evening passed in merriment,

The following day was all the more melancholy; but the most melancholy one was when the father must depart for Odense. Marie and Christian accompanied him as far as Quärndrup; and when the wagon drove away the two stood in the high church-yard, so as to look after the wagon as long as possible, for the father still ever waved greetings to them with his hat. But the road now made a turn; and they

could see him no longer. Then Marie leaned her head against the church wall and wept bitterly. Then she wandered for some time silent among the graves, arranged the withered garlands, and weeded the grass from the latest grave.

"If one only rested as quietly as this one here!" said she. "How difficult is the way through life until we come so far!"

Around the church stands, on the high church-yard, a circle of old trees; on each of these had the clergyman of the place caused small boards, bearing edifying mottoes and inscriptions, to be nailed.

"These are no printing letters," said Marie, "or else I could read them. Canst thou read them, my child?" asked she of Christian.

And Christian read to her the pious words; each tree with its little tablet seemed to her to contain a Sermon on the Mount of consolation.

"The good God in heaven can bring about all for the best," said she. "Could I only cast a glance into the future!"

Then she went into the village, to one of the last houses, where the oven, like a dome, stood out into the street. The horseshoe on the threshold, and the half fire-steel on the window-frame, showed plainly that evil spirits were not very welcome here. It was the house of the wise woman.

The coffee-kettle was immediately put on the fire, and the seeress read in Marie's cup hope and despair, but yet Hope had the preponderance: Hope, she who lines with velvet the fetters of the slave! — she, who writes mercy on the sword of the executioner! — she, whose tongue sings such sweet, false songs! Marie might hope!

From every letter which the father now sent her, fell into Marie's heart drops of the balm of consolation. The time passed away.

"Next week he will come back," said she to her friends and neighbors; "to-day there are only six days till his arrival," said she. And when the sixth day had passed, he really came. That was a joy, a surprise! But poor Christian lay in bed, the spring had not yet cured his complaint. Yet his father was returned, and, therefore, did Marie rejoice. But

the joy was only short; it turned to sorrow, and the sorrow ended in tears. Only this night might he remain with her; only as a special favor had this furlough of eight and-forty hours been granted him. The regiment was to break up; the march was toward Holstein, where they were to take their stand with the French, whilst the allied northern army and its assistant Swedish troops threatened the frontiers.

"Be not cast down, Marie! I will do thee honor; and when we get booty, I will think of thee: we may become rich! But do not weep! It has happened thus! We will have a merry evening; I will now lie down and sleep for a few hours, and then I must away again for Odense. I am not at all wearied from my march! It is real sorrow to see thee in tears, and poor Christian ill and suffering. Must my last evening remain so sad in my recollection?"

"No!" said Marie, "that shall not be!" and she pressed back her last tears with her dark eyelashes. The table was spread, the godfather came, and praised the soldier's life. "It was not impossible," said he, "but that he might also go with them; perhaps he should even be among them before they expected it." The poor boy lay suffering in his bed; he had just fallen asleep when his father's kiss awoke him in the early morning. Their eyes met; a hot tear fell upon Christian's lips, and the father hastened out of the door. Marie followed him. The whole day she sat speechless.

"Thou hast lost thy father!" That was all she said.

A Danish corps of auxiliaries consisting of 10,000 men, was to unite itself with the French army under the command of Marshal Davoust. Toward Holstein and Mecklenburg was their march. Forward! The drums beat, and the host commenced its route; but faster flew the birds-of-passage over them, singing that the hot summer days of the north would be followed by a long winter night.

"There fly the storks!" cried the tailor. "This time I journey with you!" continued he, and gazed after the flight of storks until they vanished from his eyes like a swarm of gnats.

The enemy's troops lay on the Danish frontiers. The son of the Steppes, the Asiatic from the morasses of the Don,

careered wildly along in his flying kaftan, with leveled lance, over the corn ; the God of War — the age called him Napoleon — combated alone against the knights of all lands. There was a great tournament ; it was the last chivalric game which he played, and, therefore, he fought alone. Little Denmark was his esquire — a true, enthusiastic heart ; but his strength was not equal to his will.

Days and weeks passed on in uncertainty and expectation here in Denmark : several honorable battles were fought in the Mecklenburg territory. At other places in Germany the French suffered defeats, and Davoust, the marshal and prince, must retreat before Bernadotte, the former marshal and prince, the then crown-prince of Sweden, and leader of the North German army. Unceasing marches to and fro, outpost skirmishes, and uncertainty regarding the destination of the morrow, belonged to the order of the day. The Danish corps of auxiliaries was commanded by Prince Frederick of Hesse, and was divided into three brigades. One was stationed in Lübeck, under the French General Lallemand ; the other two returned to Oldesloe, whilst a portion of the northern army and of the Swedish auxiliaries pursued the Danish corps.

Where was Christian's father, whom yearning after the Venus Mountain had enticed from his quiet home? Hast thou seen the columns move across the plain? Didst thou see them where the signal is death? Like an enormous crocodile they draw out their long body, — a bright mingling of uniforms and bayonets ! The roar of the cannon is the gigantic creature's voice, the smoke his poisonous breath. Thou dost not see the single scales which the monstrous body loses in the combat, and yet is each a human life. Only where the whole immense body is shivered is the death-blow perceptible ; and, like the cut worm, the different parts struggle in convulsive flight over the field of battle.

There came for Marie a large sealed letter ; closely written was it, and cost a deal of postage. The contents were the following : —

"My dear Madame, —

"Do not grieve when you have learned the contents of this letter, although you may soon have reason to do so.

"We lay in Lübeck. The General wished to spare the city, and therefore marched from thence over Segeberg toward Bornhöved. Now you must know the country between these places is an open heath. It had rained for many days. The roads were miserable, two steps forward and one backward; that made one exert one's strength. Close behind we had the Swedish cavalry upon our heels; but it came to a few skirmishes between the lighthorse of both armies. But Madame must not be grieved yet, for the melancholy news will certainly not come before the last page of my letter. I might just as well tell it you immediately, but such things one always learns too soon. In the afternoon we approached Bornhöved; the heath ceased, and the country was more broken up. We were thus better protected against the enemy's cavalry. Now you must observe that the Prince of Hesse had garrisoned Bornhöved, and, with the two other Danish brigades, had marched out to receive us. The Polish lancers closed our troops. In order to keep back the enemy until the brigade had passed through, the Prince placed on the road, on this side the village, two cannon, and near to them a battalion of sharp-shooters. Among these was your husband, my friend, for my letter concerns him, as you may easily guess. But do not terrify yourself. To-day me, to-morrow thee! Opposite to us marched the Swedish cavalry. Our battalions stood in divided columns on either side the way: one half were to form *quarré;* but the enemy's cavalry had already galloped past, and were attacking Bornhöved. The other half stood precisely opposite us. There arose disorder among our ranks; and, had the enemy availed themselves of this, it would have been over with us: but the enemy did not. Dear Madame, this will be a long letter; but you must know all the particulars; and, therefore, I copy the greater part of my report from the general report, so that you may be able to rightly understand the circumstances. We again formed a battalion; but a portion of the enemy's cavalry had, as I have already told you, galloped on to Bornhöved; the Polish lancers, who closed the brigade, lost their resolution, and pressed upon the Holstein cavalry; and then again upon the troops posted behind them. The artillery at the head blocked up the road completely, and now

arose terrible confusion. More than a hundred men were trampled down and massacred. The press prevented any fighting. The enemy was pressed against each other, man against man. Meanwhile the Danish infantry fired as well as it could ; the Swedes were obliged to give way, and, in retreating, pass along the road where were posted our battalions. They scoured along the ramparts, clinging to their horses' necks ; but more than two hundred of them were shot down as they galloped through the defile. The two cannon and their escort defended themselves courageously, and, to the last man, continued to employ their cartridges and arms ; but only one survived — the lieutenant. And thus, Madame, you are become a widow.

"This is my melancholy letter.

"Yours, in obedience and friendship,

"JORDSACH,

"Commanding Sergeant."

CHAPTER X.

"So must it be!
From Rabenstein I gaze with stony face,
And nothing see."

CHAMISSO.

DEAD! a world of sorrow lies in this one word. It is a two-edged sword, which, at the same time that it murders the beloved of our heart, penetrates so deeply into the bosom that everything around us becomes dark, even though the sun shine upon millions of happy beings. A single word, short as the other, is able to drop consolation into the sick heart and vouchsafe assistance; it is — God!

"Yes, I was prepared for it!" said Marie.

But she was not prepared for this dreadful news. The dark, stormy change of autumn into winter made the mourner yet more desponding. The sky was gray, and rain and sleet fell in the dirty streets; it was gloomy without, and gloomy within.

"Do not weep," said Christian, "or else thou also wilt die and leave me. Thou canst wash and iron, and I can play the fiddle and earn money by it. Thou shalt not be sad, mother."

"Thou angel of God," answered Marie, "let me kiss thee! Yes, for thee, on thy account, will I live: what would else become of thee?"

Never had the festival of Christmas drawn near amidst such gloomy prospects.

"The farmer in Örebäk is an honest fellow. He has sent me butter, and bread, and a goose for Christmas. Does he then really think of me? Yet, no; I will never again take that step. I will invite the godfather for Christmas Eve, although I can't endure him. I will, however, do it on thy account; perhaps he will think of thee when thou art grown bigger."

The table stood ready prepared; Christian's heart was full

of joy for the Christmas feast. Marie brought her hymn-book.

"I can sing," said she to the godfather; "you must keep the time."

"I can sing no psalms," replied the godfather. "If we must use the hymn-book, let us try our fortune in it. There is something in it. What is destined for us is written in the Great Book, as well as in our blood and in our soul."

Marie opened the book.

"Marriage hymns!" said she; "that was really quite wrong. I shall never change my condition. Would that I were only so fortunate as to see Christian strong and well, so that he could get through the world!"

"That he will do, thanks to his good star!" remarked the godfather. "We can certainly do something, but that is the *least*. Does it lie in him that he shall be a thief, or have an inclination for the girls, this instinct will not be repressed; he may be brought up among the most honest people, they may instill the best principles into him, yet, if this evil is in him, it will break forth. We may certainly keep it back somewhat, but, when he has attained some years, it will break forth all the more strongly. The wild beast is in all men; in one it is a ravening wolf, in another a crawling serpent, which knows how to glide on its belly and lick dust. This beast is born within us; the only thing is whether we or this wild beast possess the most power, and the power no one possesses of himself."

"God protect us from the power of the evil one!" said Marie, and looked upon the ground.

It seemed to her that the spirit whom she feared sat with her at table. What she heard appeared to her like the form of the water-fairy; at first, truth in its perfect brightness, then hollow emptiness, as a token of the world to which it belonged.

"I have read many writings," pursued the godfather, "have read of foreign nations. There are many nations on the earth. What we call sin, others consider right. The savage devours his enemy, and his priest says to him, 'Man, thou wilt sit high in heaven.' The Turk has many wives, and his bible promises him yet more in Paradise. A general wins fame and orders

by the very same injustice, employed in a royal war, that would bring another man equally crafty to the scaffold. All depends upon custom and use, and who can assure us that we act the best when we are acting as the majority do? Who knows whether the beast within us has not a greater right than the man who follows his school rules?"

"Ah, yes!" sighed Marie; "but it is not well to think of such things. With terror she laid aside the hymn-book, spread out the supper, and commenced another discourse. "If my little Christian could only be well again! I know a remedy; many people have counseled me to try it, but it is too frightful: I mean, letting him drink warm blood."

"Be silent!" cried the godfather; "I am so constituted that I cannot bear to see a fowl's neck cut off. I know an innocent means: it is a sympathetic remedy, as people are accustomed to say, which must be tried precisely upon such a holy evening as this: I speak some mysterious words, and the lad drinks ice-cold water out of the hollow of my hand."

"Lord Jesus!" broke forth Marie, at the same time pushing back her chair. "Have you been in the wars? Have you slain a man?"

A tawny yellow overspread the Norwegian's countenance. "What do you say?" asked he, with a squinting glance.

"Ah, dear God! I say nothing," answered Marie. "There are certainly many remedies which God or some one else can give us. But you said something then which reminded me of the sailor. He was a Swede, who lay against the bridge last summer. I spoke with him about Christian's illness, and asked him what he thought might be done for it. I asked him whether one should not beg a pot and collect the blood of a malefactor at the place of execution, and then give it the boy to drink? He told me that in Schonen they had the same belief, but, if the child were to be cured, it would suffice for him to drink cold water from the hand of any man who had shed human blood, for that was equally effective. I should therefore only take Christian to a soldier who had been in the wars, or to the executioner. These words, and what you have just said" —

"Agree," said the godfather. "Yes, that is not false! Yes,

but what should you think if I were to give you a handful of flower-seeds, and you were to let the seeds lie until they were all dried up and had lost all their virtue, would not that be as much as if you had destroyed a whole plot of flowers? There is in Norway the story of a girl who had a horror of becoming a mother, and therefore, the evening before her marriage, went to the water-mill where the witch dwelt, to ask for some remedy which should prevent this. The witch gave her twelve seeds, which she was to fling into the mill-pool. This she did without thinking anything more about it; but at each seed which she flung into the water there was heard a slight sigh: it was a child's heart which broke each time. She became a wife, but remained childless; in old age remorse seized her. Her hand was unstained with blood, and yet she was a murderess, and endured agony of mind as an infanticide. One night as she went into the church to pray for the removal of her guilt she saw her twelve unborn sons standing before the altar, and their whole race, all their descendants, the number of which was so immense that they filled all the aisles of the church. And she knelt down and prayed; she, the murderess of a whole race![1] And you, Marie, do you understand the meaning of this history? Thus is many a mother the murderess of a whole human race. Such a murderer am I! such a murderer shall I be! for I cherish within me a horror of becoming the husband of any woman. Therefore let the boy drink out of my hand, for, if no blood is to be found upon it, blood in reality cleaves to it!" He held his breath, otherwise a low sigh which rose from his breast would have become loud.

"Certainly you are ill," said Marie, gazing at him anxiously.

[1] The conclusion of the legend is as follows: The clergyman broke forth in anger against the woman's sin. "I will not grant thee absolution, and God the Lord will be equally unforgiving. Sooner shall roses spring up out of the flagstones than I forgive thee!" The night that she had this vision in the church, the clergyman dreamed the same thing as the old woman, and when he awoke the flag-stones had split, and twelve odorous roses grew out of the apertures; these were the twelve sons of the childless wife. "Now is our mother happy!" said the clergyman, and sought for her in the church, where she lay dead before the altar. — *Author's Note.*

"Never more will I invite thy godfather," said she to her little son, when the Norwegian had left them; "I felt just as though an evil spirit had been with me in the room. Fold thy hands, Christian, and pray thy evening prayer. I will teach thee some more prayers, which I still remember, when we are alone at work together."

The new year had many ice-cold, gloomy days; often the windows were obliged to be thawed by means of the foot-stove.

"Now the high-roads are like a floor; the frost has done good," said the farmer from Örebäk, as he one day visited Marie. "You must amuse yourself a little! Pay me a visit, and bring your boy with you. I will expect you by the carrier's cart."

"I would willingly grant Christian the pleasure," said she. On his account it would be, should she ever commit the folly of marrying again. And yet, the grass of the new year had scarcely begun to spring before she already wavered between the *yes* and the *no*.

"On thy account it shall be, my dear son!" said she. Christian wept; the new father was not at all friendly and merry. He scolded at his playing on the violin, and called it wearisome fiddling.

"Marie, thou knowest that my thoughts have ever turned toward thee! However, thou didst take another, and I did the same. Now are we both free again: I must have a wife for my housekeeping, and a mother for my lad. True, there sits the bird-catcher's Anne, — that is a pretty girl. She has two children; for each she receives ten dollars for ten years. That is really a capital which might make one wish for her! Thou hast no fortune; and thou hast the lad also! But I like thee; and if thou art as agreeable as I am, the pastor shall publish our bans next Sunday from the pulpit."

Marie gave him her hand.

"On thy account it happens, my child!" repeated she; and the green meadows, the farm, and the cattle, danced before her soul, — before her soul, which had remained a whole year faithful in memory to a husband who valued foreign countries more than wife, child, or home.

The more violently thy tears flow, the sooner will the spring of tears be exhausted. The widow's hood becomes the bridal veil; therefore the garland smiles on the bride's brow as well as upon the cold forehead of the dead. Yes, even in the coffin it smiles, and tells the dead, with its gay colors, how soon the mourning over him and he himself will be forgotten, — forgotten like the history which is read with tears. This the laughing flowers relate to the dead corpse, until they themselves fade and fall to dust; and then the skeleton grins over the talkative flowers, because they are now become silent.

"So, then, there is an end to our playing!" said the godfather. "I thought it would be otherwise; but what can man think? Now, thou shalt put thy hand to the plough, but no longer to the fiddle. Thou shalt wander a new way, or a by-way: one does not know which, beforehand. The old fiddle I have given thee; and the little music-book, with the dances, thou mayest keep. 'Reinecke Fuchs,' the beautiful book with the pictures, which thou lovest so much, thou must also take with thee. Only keep it! I think much of thee, and thou of me; is not that true? Do not cry, thou little soul! Kiss me! Yes, once again. Lay thy arm round my neck. Dost thou think thou canst always remember this which I now say to thee? Be gay and wild in thy youth, so that thou mayest become satisfied when thou growest older. The sins of youth men pardon; the man, however, they judge more severely. Seize on the joys of life whilst thou canst, so that when thou art an old man thou mayest not weep because thou hast no sins; for they belong to life, as salt does to meat. Better is it to have enjoyed life too much, than later to sigh because one has not enjoyed it as one could. Write that in thy wandering-book! God, or the devil, in whose soever regiment thou mayest enter thyself, be a good master to thee!"

He gave Christian the violin and the books.

That was his last visit in the Hollow Lane.

CHAPTER XI.

Gone are these dreams."
SCHILLER'S *Don Carlos.*

THE day before the wedding is a real torture for the peasant bride: she must be dressed — that is for the first, and, perhaps, for the last time in her life, appears with uncovered hair. Her hair is washed with ley, by which means it becomes stiff and rough, and is, therefore, all the more difficult to arrange. The bride usually faints during the operation. But this did not happen to Marie. "Her hair was like silk!" said one of the attendants, with whom we will witness the procession to the church. That she, as a widow, wished to be adorned with her beautiful hair, and not with her cap, was an evidence of pride, said certain people. All the connections of the bridegroom had much to say against this union; for Marie brought nothing into the house but a tall lad.

The triumphal arch was erected on the road to the church, the gateways which the bridal pair had to pass through were adorned with green boughs; and the brideman galloped backward and forward before the bridal pair. First came the bride, with her bride-maidens, who held their bouquets out of the wagon like marshals' staves; bells and little mirrors glittered among the flowers; no one had ever seen more splendid ones. Trumpets and clarionets resounded into the very church, and overpowered the organ. The bride-maidens took much honor to themselves, — so beautifully they had decorated the church! Everywhere hung green garlands, and "what glitters," as the peasant says. The king on horseback, in a paltry print; a gay recipe with the mixture-phial, on which might still be read, "Juniper-drops for six shillings;" an old red silk muff, and many other valuable things, were suspended among the wreaths and green branches. Every peasant's

wedding in Denmark, if intended to be particularly splendid, shows us this childish love of ornaments.

Among the female guests who sat in the foremost seats we recognize two: the mother and grandmother of the crazy girl, whom we saw at the spring. Lucie was also come with them. In her blue speaking eyes you no longer saw anything wild; pious and still sat she, near the other female wedding-guests. Like the storm of that night had the struggle of her soul laid itself to rest. Christian, who had his place among the men, immediately knew her again; she, on the contrary, looked at him with the glance of a stranger, and with a clear voice sang the holy song of praise.

Now stepped the bridal pair before the altar. The attendants placed themselves in the choir. The two women spoke in a low voice to each other.

"Give heed to the bride and bridegroom! The one who makes the first movement will die the first."

"Ah, that she has done!"

"But that does not agree with the other," said the younger woman. "I have more faith in that! — that never comes wrong. One can tell by the names of the bridal pair who will die first. One counts the letters of the two names together, and then says: Adam dies! Eve dies! which is as much as saying, He dies! She dies! and where one ends there is death. But that also comes to her! She is called Marie, and that has five letters when it is not written with two *r*'s; and he is called Peter, and that has also five letters, and that makes ten together, which is an equal number; and when there is an equal number, Eve dies."

"Yes, but he is called Peer, and not Peter!" said the young woman.

"But how was he christened?" asked the other. "If he is called Peer, he will die first; but if he is called Peter, she will die before him, and that agrees with the movement she made."

They were here interrupted. There arose a little dispute in their neighborhood, which, quietly as it terminated, nevertheless interrupted their devotion. The bridegroom's son, Niels, a boy of twelve years old, with a flat, malicious counte-

nance, pushed his half-brother, Christian, somewhat roughly aside, so as to press himself forward — an action which Christian resented by a somewhat indignant motion. The women signified to them by signs that they must be quiet; and Christian cast down his eyes, and gazed in an embarrassed manner upon his white stockings. But Niels, at the same moment, set his dirty shoe upon Christian's snow-white stocking, so that tears came into the poor lad's eyes. Lucie cast a reproachful look on Niels.

The marriage was concluded. Like the trumpets of the Last Day resounded the trumpets at the church door. The bridegroom now drove away in all haste, so as to receive his wife in the bridal house. The musicians stood on the threshold. The new-married pair had already arrived, and each guest laid upon the pewter plate, which stood before the pair, his bridal present, when it was also not forgotten to distribute tickets; for the peasant makes a similar gift when the donor, or any member of his family, afterward celebrates a marriage. The meal was served, and devoured; the song sang; and the stewards danced the bride into the bridegroom's arms.

Lucie, who was something older than Christian, devoted herself alone to him. They danced and walked together. She was called the school-master's pretty daughter.

During the after-festivities they two sat in the garden, where the bouquet-pinks bloomed, and she told him about her great-uncle Peter Vieck, whom she was wont to call her mother's brother, and who had that beautiful vessel called *Lucie*, like herself, which sailed to Germany and Copenhagen. O, this mother's brother was so good, and full of fun! Once every summer, when his vessel lay off Svendborg, he visited her. He had made her a present of the "Gentle Helene," which, as the title ran, was "amusing," and yet at the same time "sorrowful" to read. Christian then brought his book of "Reinecke Fuchs," which his godfather had given him, and they looked at the numerous wood-cuts. Lucie read what was written over them, and she could very well understand how the fox made sport of the bear and the other beasts.

Whilst they were sitting thus comfortably together, Niels

came. He glided quietly behind them, and suddenly, with his foot, kicked the book out of their hands, so that it flew far amidst the gooseberry bushes. Christian began to cry; but Lucie scolded, and said that Niels was like the fox in the book, a wicked beast.

The lad stared at her with his unmeaning eyes. "Crazy Lucie!" was his only reply.

At this the girl's rosy cheeks grew pale, the boy had caused her bitter pain by these words; he had touched upon the unhappy derangement of her mind from which she had formerly suffered, but of which she was now cured. She looked at him with an expression of sorrow and then returned to the bridal house, where all was merriment and perfect joy.

On the third day of festivity, one saw Christian and Lucie dancing together; Niels stood with them in the chain. The sun does not set upon the anger of children. The stewards now dismissed the company with the customary chorus of, "Here is, to-morrow, an end of joy."

For Christian there lay in these words a prophetic truth. During the first few weeks, it is true, the new home, the garden, and the fields, afforded him some change and pleasure, but in the home it was not as comfortable as in Svendborg. His step-father did not like to hear the fiddle, on which account Marie hung it up high above the door, where it was not so easy to get it down. Niels looked down upon the town boy, who was afraid of the cattle, mistook a cow for an ox, and scarcely dared to ride the quiet mare to water. Scornfully he related all this to his father and the men, and their laughter wounded poor Christian. The only point on which the boys were at all unanimous was their love for the picture-book. The animals interested Niels, but he considered it a great mistake that they were only black and white. It was therefore, out of no spite, but rather a well-intentioned thought of his, which prompted him, when Christian was away, to take the book, and, in the conviction that he was doing something very admirable, paint all the wood-cuts with the brightest yellow and red colors. He was also considered by his father and the men as a good hand at drawing. Upon all the doors and gates were his figures of men and animals; but what gave

his father a relish for these sketches was the coarse spirit, the vulgarity which lay in them all. He gave, by a few strokes and additions, the same character to the wood-cuts; he then laughed, quite self-satisfied at his inventive talent.

"Wilt thou look?" said he to Christian, when he entered; "one can now laugh properly!"

"Thou hast spoilt me the whole book!" said Christian; and his vexation and his anger about it were so violent that he broke forth into a passion, which was not natural to his character. He threw himself upon Niels, but Niels in a second flung him to the ground.

"You shall both be beaten!" said Marie. "I will do nothing to Niels, but thou art my own lad; thee I have a right to flog!" And now he must suffer chastisement for both.

The father also found that now the book was much prettier, and the vulgar improvements of the pictures called forth the joyful exclamation of, "The lad's devilish clever!"

Abandoned to himself and his own thoughts, Christian wandered solitarily about; from day to day he became more quiet and introverted. Sometimes he was still the object of his mother's entire love, especially if anything went contrary to her wishes, and if the relations of her husband spoke ill of her because she had brought nothing into the house. At such times the fiddle might make its appearance; he then played from the notes in his little book, which was a real treasure to him, — which he would not have given away for anything in the world. And yet he must soon lose even this treasure.

One day there flew a splendid kite over the house. Niels had made it of old newspapers and the music-book, which was of no value in his eyes. The kite rose high into the air, the boys could no longer hold it, its speed increased, and it flew away into the deep peat-bog.

The winter came and went. It was once more summer, and Christian must now do something to earn his bread. In the meadow, where the stream flowed on among the alders, must he and Niels alternately tend the geese: but he liked to be in this solitude. There, where the stream formed a small

lake, would he sit on the trunk of an alder-tree, in the shade of the hazels, which mirrored themselves in the clear water, sunk in dreams and gazing at the picture of the flying clouds in the clear fountain. There below swam the clouds; there below flew the bird with outspread wings, just as deep below as he flew high above the watery mirror. The trees stood on their heads and turned their roots up into the air; his own figure seemed equally turned topsy-turvy; and he now formed a complete idea of how it must be on the other side of the world. The bubbles which rose up here and there he called his water shooting-stars. The smooth expanse was to him an ocean; the large water-insects which traversed it, corsairs. What voyages they did make! In comparison with them the grass and water-plants appeared gigantic like the trees of tropical lands. The duck-meat formed green, floating islands; and if a frog suddenly appeared swimming over the water, he thought of some monster such as he had heard of in the "Arabian Nights." There where he sat the water flowed beneath the old tree-stems, the roots of which were partly laid bare. In these openings it seemed to him quite mysterious; no fishermen can form more terrible ideas, whilst sailing past the caves of Capri, than did Christian at the sight of these black holes between the tree-roots and the turf, which hung over the water without touching it. If he struck his stick in the water, he put the whole ocean in movement; he saw the ocean's long waves, its ebb and flood, which overflowed and extended the caves in the coast. What he had learned from the relations of his father and godfather, he thought other peasant-boys must also know; and what he saw in the water and the green plants, they must also be able to see: therefore he spoke to them of these things as if they really existed. But the others understood nothing of all this; they listened to him with admiration and curiosity; they did not exactly know whether he were wiser than they or quite crazy.

"Yes, he is out of his senses!" cried Niels. These words were the signals to them to view these things in quite another light. They all fell upon Christian. One fastened a willow-branch behind to his neck-handkerchief; others threw at him

with burs; and Niels whistled and cried, "Hurrah! here is crazy Christian!"

Despair seized him; and, like a frightened roe, he flew in wild career over the field. All the boys, screaming, followed behind, and threw at him with their caps and wooden shoes. He reached the garden and crept quickly over the wall, followed by the wicked boys. He cried out aloud. Marie stood in the garden; he flew to her. Niels and the other boys stood already on the garden-wall.

"What is up now?" said Marie. "Canst thou not play in peace with them? Wilt thou be quiet directly?"

She went in. His companions laughed at him, and he must swallow their scorn.

One day he again sat alone in the field, and out of all kinds of leaves and flowers formed the figures of men, which he then reared up against the tree-stem, and amused himself with his gay company.

Whilst he was thus absorbed in his play, the wise woman from Quärndrup — she, his seeress and female physician — came to seek herbs and roots, and looked at his dolls.

"Ah! what hast thou made there?" said she to him. "Those are human forms! But thou hast not been able to give them a soul. What wilt thou say in thy justification at the day of judgment, when they shall accuse thee of merely having given them a body?" She shook her head and left him; but her words, "They will demand a soul from thee," had sunk deep into his imagination.

The longer he looked at his dolls the more uneasy he became; to tear them in two, he did not dare. He broke loose a piece of turf, made a hole in the earth, laid his dolls in it, and covered them over with the turf. Now they were buried; but he dreamed the whole night of them, and it seemed that the little flower-men stepped before his bed, hopped up unto him, and said, "Thou must give us a soul!" His dream seemed to him a real event, but he did not dare to speak of it. The next day he again went to the place where he had buried his dolls, and raised the sod. The flowers were now all faded, and had shrunk together. He took them up, spread them out, and

then laid them, as well as he could, on a wild cabbage-leaf. He carried them down to the brook, prayed the Lord's Prayer at the bier of his creations, and placed the leaf in the water, where the green death-ship flowed on with them. Now the forms could not again return and terrify him!

CHAPTER XII.

Alvik. — "Thou art here: what a pleasure!

Edmund. — *Tell me of a sea great enough to wash away that guilt which oppresses me.*" — *The Rune-sword*, NICANDER.

OFTEN does a noble and gifted soul become an object for scorn and neglect, because its peculiarity and preponderating excellence is unacknowledged by surrounding persons. The ass treads down the most beautiful flower; man the most faithful brother's heart.

Thou who dost glance thy eye over these pages, hast thou ever felt thyself thoroughly forlorn? Dost thou know what it is to call no friend thy own? to know no heart upon which thou canst lean? to have no friend, no brother? to stand solitary in the midst of a whole nation? If so, thou knowest the germ which shot forth in Christian's heart, knowest how the bitter odor makes older and ripens the understanding, whilst it bloodily engraves the runic character of its wisdom in our hearts.

In the violin dwelt the only consolation of his childish imagination; but the violin made him a dreamer, said the step father, and therefore it was sold for a few shillings to a Jewish peddler.

"Now we are freed of this annoyance!" said Marie.

Silently the boy stole up to the loft, laid himself down among the hay, and wept until Sleep gave him her consoling kiss; and he dreamed of former days when his father related of splendid countries abroad, and the godfather said the fiddle should be a rose in his hand and make his fortune.

The reality was a denial of this and all successive dreams. The autumn approached; it became uncomfortable in the open air as well as in the house.

"It is wretched with the lad!" said Marie. "That he inherits from his father, but no one shall say that I coddle him."

And to act the good stepmother, she was outwardly tender to her own child.

"Is it not horrible?" said the husband, one day on his return from Svendberg. "The Norwegian in Hollow Lane, the priest who used to visit the first husband, is in prison. He has confessed to a horrible crime. Many years ago, he, in a rage, killed a girl; and in Svendberg he sent into the other world the Jew's daughter, Sara, the mother of little Naomi, who has risen to such honor."

"God have mercy!" exclaimed Marie.

"Yes, there he sits, confined by wood and iron! It is quite singular how all that came out. He fell dangerously sick. The doctor said he would die, and he believed so also himself, and wished to ease his conscience by confessing his sins. But, from that moment, a remarkable change took place in him; his health returned again, and he removed from the sick-bed to the prison. Pardoned he will not be. It was as good as two murders which he has committed; and he was a smuggler also; that was the reason he so often went to Hamburg."

"Ah, yes!" sighed Marie. "One could see that at once; death dwelt within him. I still shudder at the words of the Christmas Eve. How terrible was the Christ-tree. It was fearful to hear it!" She could not forget that scene; the dread crept all over.

The morning-bell was sounded. Years came; Christian was not to be found. The bell pulled; he was sought for, but he was not to be found. It was already after ten o'clock.

"He will come when he feels hunger!" said the father.

"I am his mother!" answered Marie. "I know best how much he is to my heart. I must find him; but I will teach him to leave off such tricks!"

He was not found.

solitary pilgrim through the steppes of heaven toward the far south.

He hopped around Christian, did not seem to be at all fearful, and looked at the boy with his sage eyes. Then thought the boy of the pair of storks which had built their nest on the Jew's house; this seemed to him to be the father-stork, and all the beloved memories of his youth pressed upon him. He recollected so perfectly everything his father had related of the strange birds; he went nearer, but the stork flew a few steps further. "If one could only sit under the stork's wings and fly into foreign lands!" had his father so often said; and yet never before had this yearning arisen so violently in the little one's breast as at this moment. "Could I only go to Svendborg to my godfather!" thought he, and wandered dreaming farther over fields and meadows. Then arose the stork in a proud flight, and winged his way over the wood, and Christian walked with a joyful and light heart — the first time for many a long day — on the high-road which led to Svendborg.

Only when darkness came on and he felt hunger did his thoughts return to home; and he was terrified at being so far from home and at having left the geese. It would be very late before he again reached his parents' home, and what, indeed, would they say to him? He was silent; "The stork was to blame for all," said he, and began to weep: for they would beat him did he return home! "Thou, good Jesus, be my friend!" prayed he with a pious mind, and wandered farther.

It became ever darker and darker; at length he could no longer see his hand before his eyes. Then crept he to the wall, laid his head against a willow-tree, prayed the Lord's Prayer, and gave himself up to fate.

It could scarcely be more than nine o'clock; and whilst he sat there it seemed to him as though there shone a light in the distance between the trees; he heard music — pleasantly fell the tones upon his ear; he listened with a devotion, as a glorified spirit will listen to the harmonies of heaven. Now the tones seemed to come from the tree-top, now from the clouds. Was it perhaps true which the legend tells, that

swans sing, but from such a high distance that man upon the earth cannot hear them? But here a human ear received the tones! The clouds shone brighter; all became clear. He glanced toward the increasing light, and now saw the moon, which with her pale light called forth bushes and single trees from the darkness.

He found himself near the mansion of Glorup, and sat upon the inclosure of the old-fashioned garden. From the mansion resounded the music which he had heard; from thence streamed the lights over to him. Irresistibly was he attracted by his discovery; he let himself slide down, and now stood in the garden.

Large trees with thickly grown together boughs formed an avenue; a female figure of white marble stood chained to a rock. What he had heard in the "Arabian Nights" of enchanted gardens and castles seemed here to be realized. Perhaps here should he receive assistance and fortune. He said his evening prayers, and then, full of confidence, approached the statue of Andromeda. That was certainly a beautiful princess who had been turned to stone. He touched her foot, it was cold as ice. She gazed down upon him with a melancholy glance.

In the long avenue it was still deep night; but on either side the illumination stood out sharply. At regular distances stood here stone pillars with large balls. These seemed to him dwarfs which guarded the way. A similar avenue stretched itself in the opposite direction, and between the two lay a lake with precipitate shores, and in it an island. From the principal building streamed lights in gay brightness through the silken curtains, and from thence sounded the enchanting melody. Was it, then, as if there were no end to the avenue? In it lay also enchantment doubtless!

At length he stood before the entrance, and in the moonlight saw the colossal eagles which bear the escutcheon of the noble family, and they seemed to him rocs of the "Arabian Tales;" he feared lest they should raise their huge wings, and fly down and peck his eyes out; but they did not move. Then he became more courageous, ascended the steps, saw the mighty stars of light, which, as of glittering glass, hung down

from the ceiling; the beautiful women, light as soap-bubbles, float over the floor, and grandly dressed gentlemen. He did not venture to enter the enchanted castle; only the soft tones might he drink in, and these were a life-balm to his pining heart.

Upon the steps lay a woolen rug for the dogs of this noble family, so that they might not lie upon the cold stones; he wrapped himself up in it, his head sunk, and he fell asleep. The wind strewed yellow leaves over the sleeper; sleep had chained him to the earth of which he was a part. His lips moved slowly in his dream. Child of poverty upon the cold steps, in the dark night, art thou more than that masterpiece of marble? An immortal soul lies in thy breast!

The music ceased, the lights were extinguished, it was quiet in the whole large house, but quicker streamed the tones and the brightness of the lights in the soul of the sleeper. He found himself in the splendid hall, which was filled with awful beauty. The walls were summer-clouds, the portal a bright, glittering rainbow, and the eagles had received life, — they shook their black plumage until stars fell from their huge pinions. The music resounded and the dancers floated like feathers in the air. When he looked forth from the portal into the garden he saw the beautiful blue mountains of which his father had related, and from these descended, hand-in-hand, Naomi and Lucie; they approached the castle, he beckoned to them, they were quite close to him, — then he awoke. The moon shone directly into his face, so that for a moment he imagined he still saw the splendor of the beautiful saloon.

The wind blew chill; a death-like silence reigned around; it was clear to him in what a forlorn condition he found himself. He stood up, and walked a few paces; the large, dead building, the long, stiff avenues, with their white monuments, had something dreary in them: Christian's teeth chattered with cold. To seek protection from the cold wind, he entered the little wood. There was an excavation, a kind of sand-pit; he descended into it. Suddenly there arose a human figure in a huge outline.

"Who is there? what dost thou want?" demanded a sharp voice.

"O Lord Jesus!" cried Christian, and fell upon his knees.

"Art thou a child?" asked the form.

Christian related who he was, how forlorn he was, and at the same moment a pair of arms embraced him.

"Dost thou not know me?" said the voice. "Dost thou no longer know thy godfather? Speak low — quite low, I tell thee."

And Christian became joyful, pressed himself to his godfather, and kissed him on the cheek.

"What a beard thou hast!" remarked Christian.

"But for all that I am not the wolf that devoured the old grandmother and the little girl," answered the man.

"O yes! thou didst tell me that story once before. It is long since I have heard any stories. They have taken my fiddle away and sold it, and Niels has made a kite out of the music-book. But that is all one, if I may only remain with thee."

The godfather put his arms round his neck and caressed him after his manner; and it was quite in the ordinary course of things that they met here, for the godfather was on a journey. The moon now rose so high, that she shone upon the little group. The godfather was pale and yellow in his countenance; his beard and hair were in disorder. Christian sat upon his knee and listened to a history, but not in the remotest degree did he imagine that this was his godfather's own history: —

"Now there was once born a hero of virtue: thou wilt soon hear what a strange sort of animal it was. Whilst he still lay in the cradle he was white and red like roses and lilies, had innocent eyes, and was called an Angel of God. He should be brought up in innocence; but in the night came the Devil, and made him drink the milk of his black goat. Then wild desires inflamed his blood, but no one remarked this until he had assumed all the manners of a hero of virtue. And the child grew into a boy, who could blush at a merry word. He read industriously in the Bible, but it always happened that he opened at the place where the beautiful woman in Solomon's Song is described — the most beautiful of Solomon's wives; or he found Susanna in the bath; or

David with Bathsheba. No one knew his thoughts, for his words were pure as the snow which as yet no foot has trodden. Of this was the hero of virtue proud, and would like to have seen himself carried about in a cage, so that all the world might admire such a wonderful animal. Thou knowest that out of old mead may a basilisk be created, but the Devil's milk is a yet more powerful drink; it made of him a wild beast, which would wind itself about and cringe: it vaunted itself and so did this hero. They were two cocks which swelled with pride. Once he went out into a wood, and he met a maiden, beautiful and pure. Her beauty spurred on the powers of the monster, and the virtue-hero became a wild beast in the arms of the maiden. She cried for help, but that was only an artifice of the Devil; and the virtue-hero seized her throat, so that the voice died away and she became black and blue. Then he flung her down into the abyss. But from out the beautiful form which he had embraced arose serpents and lizards, which hissed around him, crept on bushes and trees, and cried to him from all around: 'Thou art a sinful man, like the rest!' And the dark pines nodded their heads and said: 'Thou art a murderer!' Then fled the virtue-hero to foreign lands, where the trees would know nothing and be silent. But winged lizards followed him; they called and sang again from out the bushes, and lamented like the cricket behind the stove: but he seized his fiddle and mimicked them. They then fell asleep. His blood became hotter. The neighbor's daughter — But thou hearest nothing of what I tell thee, boy!" said he, continuing to mutter to himself, in an unintelligible manner. "He sleeps! If one could thus slumber into eternity! To sleep without dreaming, what a benefit must that be!"

His hand glided over the boy's countenance; his fingers touched his throat. "Now rides Death over the threads of thy life! Thy soul is pure and innocent, and if there be a state of happiness thou hast a clear title to it, if I involuntarily send thee out of this life. Ah, how little is required to send a soul out of the world! But I will not! May they all suffer and be tormented, as I have suffered and been tormented! Men shall exercise their sharp tongues on thy tender heart, until it

shall be covered with a hard skin; their eyes shall so long gaze at thee, until thy thoughts shall turn to poison. Man is a wicked animal; even the best have moments when poison drops from their tongues. And art thou his slave? Thou must be silent, and, with thy heart full of hate, kiss his hand."

In the early morning awoke Christian; his eyes sought his godfather, but he saw him nowhere. He cast a glance upward, and above him swung, among the branches of the tree, a — corpse! Mouth and eyes were open, the black hair fluttered in wild disorder around the pale, swollen countenance. Christian uttered a cry of anguish; it was indeed his godfather whom he saw hanging there! One moment's terror chained him to the spot; then he ran, flying over walls and ditches, out of the garden, and reached the high-road. Behind him lay, like an evil dream, the wood with the form of terror swinging in it!

CHAPTER XIII.

"I live on the wild, wild sea,
Where my apron is a jack,
My shift a sail, and fishes only are fish;
There my jest gets no clothes to its back, —
For what it's worth I let it go.
I do not have to cook my words,
My comrades eat them raw enow." — BAGGESEN.

"Hurrah for the jolly tars!"
The People's Play. — CAPRICIOSA.

AT some distance Christian saw a woman and a young girl walking on the road; he approached them, and they called him by his name. They were Lucie and her mother, who in the early morning had set out to visit the mother's brother, Peter Vieck, who with his yacht lay at Svendborg.

Christian in a confused manner told of the godfather in the wood, and owing to the horrors of a suicide, peculiar to the lower class, or perhaps to the possibility of getting involved in the investigations of the police, Lucie's mother walked all the faster, without, however, interrupting the discourse.

"But, Almighty God! were you then both together there all night?" asked she.

"I met him there," answered Christian; and then confessed that it was without the knowledge of his parents that he had left the house.

"God preserve us! They must be in great anxiety on thy account. Thou must not go farther! Return home! If they should scold thee, and beat thee a little, it will then be well again!"

"Ah, no!" sighed Christian. "May I not remain with you? Do not withdraw your hand from me! I will with pleasure tend your fowls and ducks, and sleep upon the straw in the loft; let me only remain with you: do not drive me back

again to the house!" He burst into tears, and kissed the woman's hands and apron.

Then tears came into Lucie's eyes, and she besought for him. "Let him remain with us, mother! Dost thou not know how badly his half-brother behaved to him in the church?"

"But I have no power over him! I cannot take him from his parents!"

"He can easily go with us to Svendborg; uncle will let him sleep all night in the ship, and to-morrow he can return with us. Then thou wilt first speak with his parents, and when their worst anger is abated and they will no longer scold him, he can return home again. He may do so, mother; may he not?"

Christian looked at her sorrowfully; she took him by the hand.

"Do not be sad! mother likes thee," said she, and looked beseechingly at her mother.

"Be it so, in God's name!" said she. "God has conducted thee to us; therefore, remain with us! Thou shalt suffer no want in Svendborg. To-morrow thou wilt go back with us?"

"Yes," answered Christian, whilst a deep sigh burst from his breast.

Then she again questioned him about the godfather, and about what he had been. The boy replied as well as he could. Lucie spoke of the dear uncle, and of the ship on which they should go on board, of the nice little cabin with the small windows and red curtains, and of the shadow-picture of her uncle's deceased wife, who had been a Swede from Malmö. She spoke of the shelf with the Bible, the hymn-book, and Albertus Julius, and of the old fiddle.

At these words Christian's eyes sparkled. "Fiddle!" exclaimed he; and now he had a presentiment, for the first time, of how dear this man might become to him.

In the forenoon they reached Svendborg. With what joy did he once more see lovely Thorseng, the straits, and the whole town! He could have nodded to all the houses, for in truth they were his old acquaintance. They went up the Mill Street; he looked down toward his godfather's house; the

window-shutters were not put to, but the door was fastened. They reached the bridge.

"There lies the *Lucie!*" said the mother, and pointed to a vessel.

"And there stands uncle!" cried Lucie, and they quickened their pace.

A little stout man in a flowered cotton jacket, and of a red, jovial countenance, stood on the deck.

"How, then! you are really here!" exclaimed he; "now that we really must put down. Lisbeth, and my little land-sailor, you came from the north with a south wind. Now, up with you on the plank!"

"But will it bear us?" asked Lisbeth.

"If it bear such a freight as me, it will certainly bear you, you tiny chickens! How tall thou art grown, Lucie! Soon a bride. Shall he be thy bridegroom, this little bit of a fellow whom thou hast brought with thee?" He pointed to Christian. "Nay, nay, out of Jack will grow a John! Take care, my lad, that she does not slip away from thee, before thou givest her the wedding-ring!"

"How neat everything is here about thee, dear uncle!" said Lucie.

"The devil! dost thou think my ship is a pig-sty? No, my sea-*Lucie* is every morning washed and adorned like every other little doll; and do we sweep before a good wind through the sea, her body is bathed in quite another way. The deck must be clean; work-a-days it is my promenade; Sundays, my church. But that you should pay me a visit, that is quite unexpected: that was a good idea, Lisbeth!"

"To speak the truth," answered she, "it was Lucie who thought of it; and there was no peace in the house until we set out on our journey."

"It is more than a year since I saw thee, uncle," said the girl.

"But Esben shall run to land and order three portions of soup, and a good roasted piece of meat; for, by my soul, you shall dine with me on board. Esben makes chicory coffee which we might set before the Emperor; I have taught him how to clear it with isinglass. Come down with me into the

cabin! I must lay my old ship somewhat on one side, so as to get down. I have never in all my life fallen out with a single human soul; and yet every day am I quarreling with my cabin door, because it squeezes my ribs. Formerly I was as thin as a lath."

In the cabin was everything just as Lucie had already described it. The little red curtains fluttered before the cabin-windows, between which hung the *silhouette* of Mrs. Vieck. Above the windows, on a shelf, lay the books and the violin; this especially attracted Christian's attention, for however simple an instrument it might be, it still seemed to him an Aladdin's lamp, which had power over spirits, — the mighty spirits of music.

"If the windows only came down a little lower, it would be lighter here," said Lucie.

"Lower down!" returned Peter Vieck; "then the sea would wash the whole body of the vessel clean! Thou dost not understand as much of sea matters as a goose, which steers itself with its two legs. Ah, you land people are fine ones! Dost not thou know the story of the boat, or the young ship? There were once some wise people of thy description, who wished to buy themselves a ship, but they had not money enough to pay for a great vessel, and therefore bought a jolly-boat which they saw hanging on the stern, thinking it was a young one which was still growing. Now they took this young one to graze, so that it might eat and grow big; and because the creature would not eat, they thought it was ill and pining for its mother. Therefore they gave the sailors money that it might remain a year longer with its mother, till it had learned to eat alone. And when the sailors, not wishing to refuse the wise people this, bound the jolly-boat behind the ship, they exclaimed, 'See how merry he is now!' That was when they saw it tossing on the waters behind the great ship. Yes, yes, you land people are good sea-folks!" He then inquired about Christian, and learned his history, and that he had left his parents. But with regard to the affair of the godfather he said, speaking in his peculiar manner, it would be best to let the affair sail its own course, and not steer in this track. For this night, Lisbeth and Lucie could sleep at his lodgings on

shore; he himself would remain on board, where Christian might have a berth. When the two were left alone together, the acquaintance became somewhat more intimate.

"Now, my youth," said Peter Vieck, "shall we combat with the sandman? but thou mayest believe he will soon whip us up into the third heaven! Or shall I fetch myself a glass of grog and a pipe, and gossip a bit with the two women-folk? Thou sayest that thou canst play the fiddle! well then, let me hear thee fiddle."

Christian trembled with joy as he touched the strings; he made some of the most artistical preludes which his godfather had taught him.

"Yes, truly!" said Peter Vieck, smiling, "that is a very nice melody if it had only been in another tune; that is truly Arabic that thou art playing, for it gets into one's head like old cognac. Canst not thou play a piece that will put the legs in motion?" He took the violin himself, and played a Molinaski. Then he asked about Christian's condition at home, and about his half-brother, Niels. "But why art thou such a flat fellow as not to give blows in return?" said he then. "Give him a good thumper, and he will soon draw in his horns. Sell thy fiddle! that was a sin! Thou must stand on thy own feet. Nay, truly! stand thou couldst not, and therefore thou hast got out of the way. True it is, things often go on worse on land than on open sea. What, then, was thy own father?"

Christian related.

"I knew him," said the sailor. "Yes, he crawled off to land at Leghorn. By my soul, he was no bad fellow, although he was a tailor."

"Could I only go to foreign lands!" sighed Christian. "O, if I could only remain in your ship!" At these words he seized the old seaman's hand, and his eyes became as eloquent as his lips.

"If thy mother said Yes, thou couldst always remain with me, for I must have a lad; but I will tell thee this: we do not always lie in harbor; we get into the sea, where *Lucie* begins to dance, and where thou mightest get a little shower-bath. It may also chance that thou mayest get a jacketful or

a good knock; and then thou must give up all thoughts of running away, my lad. Neither have we always coffee and sour bread on the table. Sleep now in the little cabin; there thou liest as safely as in thy mother's box."

Peter Vieck sat on the deck, drank his grog, and smoked his pipe to it; Christian laid himself down to sleep. Pious trust in God filled his childish soul.

In the early morning, as was his custom, he left his bed; this made a good impression on the captain.

"Thou dost like the cocks," said he; "thou art early on thy legs: that I like! But it would be best for thee to sail landward, so that thou mayest have thy papers clear, and mother say, Thou mayest move off. God help me! now he is chop-fallen! Yes, thou art the right sea-fish for me!"

"O, keep him with thee, dear uncle!" besought Lucie, when she came and saw Christian mournful. "Mother will go over this evening to his parents, and tell them all. He has no one who could be to him such a good uncle as thou art to me!" And her small hands glided caressingly over her great-uncle's wrinkled cheeks.

"Nay, only see! has not that thing already the departed Mrs. Peter Vieck's manners, when she wishes to sail in deep water? You women are, after all, droll stuff!"

Lucie did not desist from her sure art of persuasion, and Christian might now remain until the wishes of his parents had been learned.

Already on the following day, Marie came to Svendborg; she was alone, hastened immediately to the vessel, and kissed the boy and scolded him at the same time.

"Good Heavens! to run away from us in that way! Yes, thou art thy father's child to the very letter; he also caused me trouble. Thou must not think that I will beat thee, although thou dost deserve it. Only try what it is being among strangers! I know well what I endured with thy father. And dost thou think I should have married again, except on thy account? I do not walk on roses, thou mayest believe that. But thou art a spoiled child! Sail away with the ship, and if it is lost with man and mouse, I shall have that sorrow also."

Such were the words of the tenderly scolding mother ; and Christian now became a sailor-boy. A kind of contract was signed ; the only thing which he had properly understood was the permission of sometimes borrowing the captain's fiddle, for he had anxiously besought this when asked whether he understood everything.

Now he must make acquaintance with the fore-stay and jib, and soon he hung in the rigging like a sea-mew, although he had had no previous practice in springing and climbing.

CHAPTER XIV.

"I gaze from the side of the ship deep down into the water; the sea-king sits musing in the twilight on his watch-tower, as if he with his long beard were sleeping over his harp. The ships are coming and going over his head, but he hardly observes it; from his coral-reef he salutes them as if dreaming." — EICHENDORFF.

ON the 18th of October was everything on board ready for sailing. Beside the captain, Peter Vieck, the ship's company consisted of three sailors; there were also two passengers on board, a lady and a gentleman. The former was an elderly gouvernante, who in her blooming days had appeared on the stage of the theatre at Odense, but which she had afterward left on account, as she said, of a moral consideration. Besides this she wrote verses, but only in the German language; for alone in it, said she, could sublime thoughts be expressed. She was now going to a noble family in Copenhagen. The gentleman, on the contrary, lived in the capital, and was a counselor-of-war, — a title which he had bought at the desire of his wife.

The vessel passed, in full sail, St. Jürgenshof and the fishing-village. It seemed to Christian hastening on into the wide world. China or Copenhagen, both were new to him. Peter Vieck would sail between the islands, and keep an open sea.

The two passengers had already made acquaintance with each other, and yet the *Lucie* had not yet passed the island of Arrö before the counselor-of-war had laid before the gouvernante-elect all his joys and sorrows. He was a poet, and had in his time sent contributions to the "Evening Post" and Paulsen's "New Year's Gift," yet always under a false name; elegiac poetry was his peculiar forte: besides this he wrote catalogues for auctions, critiques, and any kind of light article.

"But one takes no pleasure in it," said he. "One sits down to look out for faults, about which one only angers one's self;

and if one makes them known people are angry. '*Irritable genus!*' as the Roman says. I have practiced myself in all the measures of Horace, which now, alas! are neglected for the more modern ones, which must anger any man of classic taste. I have also raised my voice against them, have written against them, and annoyed myself and many other people who have sent epigrams to the papers; but I never read what appears in the gazettes and journals except what I send myself. Then they sent me by the foot-post a satirical poem, in which I was called a *busseman;* and that was written with a double *s*, which is quite incorrect, because the word comes from *buse*, that is, a pirate-vessel which in former times was employed by pirates, who were called *busemen*, after their ships. It is quite annoying when people apply themselves to writing when they don't know how to spell, which is just like people wishing to talk when they have no teeth. Stay! that thought was a good one; that I must note down," interrupted he himself, repeating the last words of his definition to himself, and then writing it down with his pencil in his pocket-book. "You see, Mamsell, I have accustomed myself to let nothing good be lost; if I have a good idea I write it down, for since I have undertaken to write the parts for our dramatic company I have, like Jean Paul, a drawer near me full of strips of paper with such ideas, and these I insert in the different parts, which produces a good effect."

The gouvernante related to her companion how she already, for eleven years, had kept a journal, but always in the German language.

This was the low comic reality of every-day life which here showed itself, but in both of them we may find a beautiful and poetical side; for all people have this side, even although it may only show itself momentarily. Even in the crooked mind of the gouvernante there lay something which must touch every one. For almost an entire year she had lived on tea and bread, for that was all which her industry could earn for the morning, mid-day, and evening meal. Her standing idea was, Virtue is my goal. The counselor-of-war was devoted to what was old. What could he, indeed, do, since Heaven had given him no Janus-countenance, which looked equally well before and after?

At noon the vessel entered the open sea — this ostrich of the sea, which rushes over the great wastes of ocean, leaving behind it gulfs and bays; too heavy to raise itself in the air, it has at the same time the speed of a bird. The swelling sails stood forth like wings from the little caravan which moved along its way. Christian saw how the coasts of his own country lost more and more their well-known aspect; the quick passage, the fresh sea-air, and the many new objects which glided past, filled his soul with strange thoughts.

The last sunbeams disappeared in the mist which lay upon the ocean. It became dark. The lantern on the poop only cast its light upon the nearest ropes. The waves struck with a monotonous splash against the sides of the vessel, which with quick speed glided over the palaces of the sea-kings. Suddenly it struck against some object; a loud cry was heard, which, however, was soon again silent; the waters beat more violently against the ship, and on board was heard a grating noise at the bottom.

"Lord Jesus!" cried the sailor at the rudder, at the same time giving a movement to the vessel.

The lantern was drawn up, the jolly-boat let down, and Christian must ring the ship's bell, — a boat full of men had they sailed over in the dark night.

"Death's mystery is too deep for us to trace!
Canst thou unmoved gaze into his face?
More than the dreaming poet can conceive
Will Death, the realizer, to us give.

"We know already here this plainest truth,
That they are happiest who have died in youth·
But we are only children, yet too small
For that which in yon world awaiteth all."

"The morning air is cold," said the counselor-of-war, when he, at break of day, thrust forth his yellowish countenance from the cabin-door. The wind blew sharply, and had raised the mist into clouds; the dark-green sea showed her white foam. "The sky looks doubtful," pursued the counselor-of-war.

"It looks somewhat bad," answered the captain, and pointed toward the flying rain-clouds.

"Were you ever out at sea in such bad weather before?" inquired the gouvernante.

"What is the matter with the weather?" said Peter Vieck; "it is as splendid as one can wish it to be! Had we a flying three-quarter wind the *Lucie* would reel about in another fashion." Silent he remained at the rudder, and looked out over the foaming sea.

"I have made preparations for sea-sickness," said the counselor-of-war. "I have vellum-paper on my legs, blotting-paper on my stomach, and a nutmeg on the pit of the stomach. I have also provided myself with lemon-peel for chewing."

The gouvernante had merely provided herself with a green silk thread, bound round the left hand, and always turned her face against the wind.

"You must not imagine that you will be seasick, my little Mamsell," said the counselor-of-war. "I can read you a little treatise to divert you. I have here a practical proposition for the royal theatrical direction, which you would, perhaps, like to hear. First, I propose that every theatrical singer shall be obliged to sing that part which is laid before him — let it be bass or tenor, it is all the same: if he have a voice he must be able to sing; and you see, Mamsell, that is really a change for the better. In the second place, I wish that each theatrical poet shall be answerable for the success of his piece; if this do not at the first or second representation bring a certain sum to the funds of the theatre, the poet must make good what is wanting. This is a proposal which is very advantageous, for the funds are always the important thing about the stage; and by this means, also, the writing mania of certain original writers may be tamed a little."

"I feel so unwell about my heart!" here interrupted the gouvernante.

At this moment a wave dashed over the ship, and with its salt-water sprinkled these fresh theatrical regulations.

"A little piece of lemon-peel!" cried the counselor-of-war.

"O Heavens!" sighed the gouvernante; "I who so dearly love the sea when I am on land!"

"Truly, a most original speech," said the counselor-of-war "Do you permit me, Mamsell, to note down this thought?"

He took his pocket-book to write it down, whilst Peter Vieck bore the gouvernante into the cabin.

Meantime the counselor-of-war studied navigation; upon which he intended, after completing his journey, to write a treatise; for there was no subject in which he had not appeared as an author, from the preparation and employment of bone-dust as manure to philosophical reflections upon the character of Hamlet, because he understood all subjects equally well. Therefore he hoped that government would, some time, be made observant of him, and give him a post as inspector of the stud, head-pilot, or theatrical director, since his ability was able to make itself available everywhere.

On the morning of the following day he observed the chalk rocks of the island Möen, past which the vessel sailed. In his hand he held the manuscript of the collected poems of the gouvernante. It was a pity that just the very poem which referred to this neighborhood, "On seeing the island Möen by Moonlight," was wanting in this collection, as the authoress did not write it till fourteen days after her arrival in Copenhagen, when she had studied the rocks in "Molbech's Youthful Wanderings," where they are represented in unnatural magnitude.

"*Insula Mona*, it is called in Latin," said the counselor-of-war. "There is an uncommon melody in the language of the ancients! They were men!" He then sank into a silent delight over the sublime wisdom of men who had lived two thousand years ago, and seized his pocket-book to note down all the beautiful thoughts which were born of these dreams.

Toward evening the towers of Copenhagen and the castle of Christiansborg arose out of the Gulf of Kjöge. The eye took in the outlines as darkness again obliterated the picture. In the same manner arise also in our soul the remembrances of former dream-pictures; yet, whilst we strive after them, does the darkness again close over them. Will a day at length arise when all that we have here dreamed will be changed into reality?

More and more did the number of ships increase which met them; in the distance already glittered the lights of Copenhagen and of the island Amack. Christian heard now the wind-

lass turned ; the anchor was let down, voices were heard from the land ; Peter Vieck got into a jolly-boat ; he was followed by the counselor-of-war and the gouvernante, the latter of whom thrust a few skillings into the sailor-boy's hand.

Already this night they were to sleep in this great, wonderful city : on the morrow was Christian to see it. Would it indeed be larger then Svendborg ? Would the houses resemble the castle at Thorseng, and would there be also music here ? Whilst these thoughts busied his soul, there resounded from the ramparts of the near citadel a bugle-horn. The wind bore the soft, melancholy tones across the water to his ear ; he folded his hands in silent prayer.

CHAPTER XV.

"In the dancing-hall I also once have been." — CARL DAHLGREEN.

THE morning dawned; Christian hastened on deck; and if a marble city with golden roofs had lain before him he would not have been astonished, his imagination was prepared for anything. He had fancied to himself that the first view of the large city would enchant him; but there was nothing at all of anything he had conceived. He saw many ships, some houses, and, on the small promontory to the left, a row of high buildings, which seemed to swim upon the water.

The sun now shone upon the many half-finished vessels which lay in the docks; the workmen became visible; and the *Lucie* glided along the broad stream between the islands and the city; buildings came into sight, towers and bridges became distinct. They sailed down a whole long street: that was "Newhaven." Tall houses stood on either side — no house in Svendborg had so many stories. Large and small vessels lay here side by side in the broad canal, and from each streamed its gay flag, for there was a wedding in the harbor. That was a splendid sight, just as if the king were coming! In the narrow streets, on either side the canal, carriages and coaches rushed past, and people cried and shouted. Grandly dressed ladies and gentlemen passed by without greeting each other.

The *Lucie* was now brought alongside the bastion and made fast.

At the end of the canal there lay a large market-place, and from thence resounded festive and beautiful music! Yes, doubtless, in this great city there was nothing but festival days and joy. The day vanished like a single hour; and when evening approached, and the flags were lowered, there ap-

peared in all windows, in honor of the bridal pair, lights which illuminated the whole canal, and mirrored the houses in the clear water. A boy with an organ played melancholy dances.

"Ah!" sighed Christian, "if one could only always remain in the midst of this splendor and glory!"

Peter Vieck was already gone to pay visits, and two of the sailors had received permission to go on land. Christian besought that they would take him with them, which was not quite agreeable to one, who thought the lad could not go with them to Steffen-Margaret's. Nevertheless, he went.

They stepped on land, and went over the large square. Here sat a bronze king on horseback, surrounded by four gigantic figures. The buildings which he now saw seemed to him to be palaces; and in the streets through which they passed every shop gleamed out more beautifully than the last. Here was a crush! Carriages rushed past far oftener than to the ball at the town-hall at Svendborg. They now reached smaller streets, but the houses here were equally high; and at the open windows sat beautiful, elegant ladies, dressed as if for a ball, who greeted the passers-by in as polite and friendly a manner as if they had been their acquaintance. At the corner of a street sat, cowering on the cold, dirty steps, a young, deathly pale woman. She was wrapped in rags; a little half-naked boy lay weeping in her lap; a yellow, sickly-looking baby lay at her famished breast; she leaned her head against the wall and cursed; she seemed neither to feel anything for the elder nor yet for the younger child.

"She is ill!" exclaimed Christian. "Shall we not tell the genteel ladies?"

The sailors laughed, and led him into a by-street, where flutes and violins resounded from a low house. Here they entered.

Jubilant tones flowed through the boy's heart; the number of lights in the chandeliers and small lamps blinded him, although a gray mist lay over all. With his hat in his hand, he bowed with a friendly air on all sides, but no one paid any attention. The men were not dressed up, but the ladies were all the more so, and their cheeks bloomed like roses. A great fellow danced with his pipe in his mouth, and blew great

clouds of smoke over the shoulders of his lady. Near the door sat a young girl with her cavalier ; certainly they were betrothed ! Now appeared a tall lady in a white dress ; she wore flowers in her hair, and carried a bottle of ale in her hand. That was Steffen-Margaret. She knew the seamen, and was perhaps related to them, for she threw her arms round them and gave a kiss of welcome. That was an especially beautiful lady ! She spoke so sweetly to Christian, and gave him a glass of punch. He kissed her hand, and she kindly parted his hair and stroked it back from his face. She was certainly a thoroughly kind lady !

Full of reverence, and with a grateful heart, he quitted her house. The history of the peasant-boy who became emperor occurred to him : yes, would this grand lady only interest herself about him, he could easily attain to playing the violin ; perhaps find a place among the other musicians ; perhaps become something still grander ; but it must be in the musical line !

It was become tolerably quiet in the streets. It was already late in the night, but of that he was not aware. Still sounded the flutes and violins, and through the heart cut in the window-shutter streamed a long ray of light. Now, a watchman of a by-street blew his whistle, voices were heard ; there was a tumult. Immediately there passed him a strange procession. Upon a ladder there lay bound a young girl, dressed like the ladies of the saloon, and watchmen bore her away. Christian knew not what to think of this city, or of the people who lived in it. He again reached his ship ; the houses were still illuminated, and the lights reflected themselves in the waters of the harbor. The sailors forbade him to tell the captain where he had been with them.

Overpowered by the various impressions which the past day and evening had made upon his young soul, he could not sleep ; predominant was the thought, — Couldst thou always remain here ! The lady who had kissed and caressed him appeared so good, and of such consequence, he would confide in her ! She could do a deal for him, and she would willingly do it, were he right candidly to reveal his inclination for the violin. Full of pious faith he included her in his evening

prayer, and determined some day secretly to go to her. Then did sleep close his weary eyes.

The next morning, as he hung high up among the rigging to repair something, he was astonished at the wide prospect which presented itself. On the right he had the large market-place with the bronze statues ; on the left he looked over the islands into the dark-blue sea, and on toward the Swedish coast. But more than all the rest, did the sight of a garden captivate him, which was close behind the wall before which the ship lay. Wonderfully beautiful and rare plants grew in it, and a large poplar, which reminded him strongly of the Jew's garden which he had once seen as a child. Behind the high bushes looked forth glass-houses, behind the windows of which were leaves and flowers visible. It was the Botanic Garden which so attracted him. Everything which he had seen of Copenhagen was perfectly beautiful ; and still the others said he had as yet seen nothing. Here he desired to remain ; God would certainly help him to do so, thought he. As soon as he should be again permitted to go on shore he would seek out the friendly lady, upon whom he had founded all his hopes.

In the following week was the birthday of the reigning queen. All the vessels which lay in the harbor hoisted their colors, and the streets resounded with all kinds of music. Christian received permission to wander about by himself, and now it was needful to find his way to the little street in which he had been the first evening.

The great, grand street with its many shops he soon found. Here fluttered all manner of gay stuffs at the doors, the most amusing toys were to be seen in the windows, and the signs were like pictures — one might have adorned the walls of a room beautifully with them. Sunk in contemplation, he wandered from one street to another ; the one he sought he did not find. He came to a square where a fountain fell into a basin, and the streams played with golden apples. This happened in honor of the day. Yes, Copenhagen was a glorious city! But how should he again find that lady? There were no other means to be thought of, he must beg the sailors to take him once more with them ; then he would more carefully impress on his memory where she lived.

In the evening there was an illumination; in the great market-place burnt pitch-torches, and the king and queen drove in their splendid carriages to the play.

"There we also will go some evening," said Peter Vieck. "There thou shalt hear music, and see fine things."

Could there, then, be more splendid music than he had heard in the streets? Could gayety be carried to a greater excess than he had seen among the gayly dressed ladies?

They went through a by-street; Christian knew it again. The light shone through the cut-out hearts; in the room resounded the music. Yes, there was the place where he had been. Carefully he now impressed the street and house in his memory.

The next Sunday he asked permission to go to church, put on his best clothes, and went then to the nearest church. He had no hymn-book, but he satisfied himself with singing the melody after the organ; and when service was over he sought out the well-known street, and at length found it. The shutters were still closed at the house, and he entered a dark passage, in which he found the door so well known to him. Before he ventured to knock, he prayed that he might succeed in softening the good lady's heart, so that she should find him some musical situation. He had no regularly formed plan.

He now knocked. An old woman in dirty clothes opened the door, and demanded what he wanted? His answer was somewhat disconnected, and the old woman was about to fasten the door again, when Steffen-Margaret herself, in a light morning-dress, appeared. She wore laced boots with fur at the ankles.

"Is it thou?" said she, smiling with her friendly countenance. "Hast thou a message from Sören for me?"

The old woman stepped aside, and Christian now seized the lady's hand, kissed her fingers, and then with great *naïveté* related his great love of music, how badly it had gone with him at home, and how he had now entered the world. At first, the lady laughed at him; soon, however, she listened to him more gravely, and at length, when his tears flowed, she dried his eyes with her handkerchief.

"Yes, my good lad," said she, "I have nothing to do with

Turkish music. If thou hadst only been a little girl!" She then led him to an open cupboard, gave him punch to drink, made him a present of apples, and then laughed right heartily. "Thou art, after all, a kind of genius," said she.

At this moment several other young ladies entered from a side room; they were equally lightly clothed, and, when they had heard Christian's proposal, they also laughed and looked at him with astonished eyes.

What might he hope? and what did she promise him? He was full of joy when he left the house: she had held out her hand to him, and had said to him, in a consoling manner, he should be of good courage and he would make his way.

He placed, in truth, as much faith in this consolation as many another true genius who lays his fate in the hands of a wealthy man or woman, who often knows how to judge these things, perhaps, no better than Steffen-Margaret herself.

CHAPTER XVI.

"*Margot.* — It was she.
Louison. — And she knew us not!"
The Maid of Orleans. — SCHILLER.

"THIS evening we will go to the play," said Peter Vieck, and took good little Christian by the hand.

A peasant who had never been in a theatre before was once taken to see a play; when he entered the vestibule he went straight up to the check-taker's box, thrust his head through the little opening, and remained standing there in the expectation that this was the place in which he should see the play. The same thing might have happened to Christian, for never in his life had he seen a theatre. All was new to him — the sentinels in the vestibule, as well as the crowd of people who ascended the stairs.

"Now thou shalt see a little box; we will soon sit in the middle of it," said Peter Vieck. "They will stick us in the upper drawer. See, the under ones are a little drawn out, so that the ladies may not spoil their grandeur!"

They took their places on the first bench. Christian was in a solemn mood; the whole seemed to him like a great church.

"Those laced beds there, on either side, are for the king and queen," said Peter Vieck. "That painted sheet there, in front, goes up into the air like a ship's sail: and then the ladies come forth and stretch out their legs, first this one, then that one, like flies upon a dish of milk."

The lamps threw their bright light upon the gilt boxes, in which sat the richly dressed ladies. And now entered the king and the whole court; Christian felt alarmed, and yet was highly delighted; he was then in the very same house in which the king was; he had only to call out loudly and the king would hear, and certainly ask, "Who calls?"

Now all was quite silent, when suddenly there burst forth an ocean of music. The representation commenced, and he heard such singing as he never heard before. Tears started to his eyes; he suppressed them, for people would certainly laugh at him did they see him crying. The joys of heaven could not be greater than always sitting here, thought he: and yet the piece that was given was somewhat wearisome, said the others. But now came the best at the end, the splendid ballet of "Bluebeard."

The music sounded like human voices — yes, like all living nature. He fancied he again heard the storm at St. Regissa's Well, when the trees bent like reeds and the leaves whirled about. He heard the wind as it rushes through the rigging and masts, but melodiously beautiful, far more beautiful than his godfather's playing; and yet this music reminded Christian of him.

The curtain rose, and Bluebeard's seven murdered wives floated in their white garments over the couch of their murderer. The music expressed the passionate language of the dead; his imagination followed the whole romantic poem. The happy children who danced before Isaura! Were he only among them! A more beautiful fate than that of these little ones he could not imagine upon earth. O, might he only shout his wishes, his love of music, to the king, the gracious gentleman would assist him! But he did not dare to do this. Theatrical life seemed to him a magical picture of happiness and excellence, and many other people dream the same as he.

At Paris, in the ballet "Le Diable Boiteux," one sees the opposite of that which the spectator is accustomed to see. One is placed in the scene itself, and gazes from thence upon an imaginary theatre; the scenes turn their unpainted sides toward one, the up-rolled background is the curtain, and one sees the rows of spectators who applaud and hiss. The dancers turn their backs upon the public. By this representation one is transported behind the scenes; could we only gaze as easily into the human hearts which there beat, what a shadow-world of passions and tears would be revealed! This host of dancing women know in their homes nothing but poverty. In the chorus of singers is *one* who might take the

first place on the stage; but the directors do not know how to value him, and the manager cannot endure him. In the theatrical state one lives under the dominion of the Thirty Tyrants. A badly paid artist has full right to a ticket for food, gratis, from the institution for the relief of the poor. The poet receives no pension, in order that the recollection of the naked present may keep him in a fit tragical mood.

"There sits Naomi!" suddenly exclaimed Christian, in the midst of his delight at what went on before him. "Yes, it is she!" and his glance forsook the enchanted world, Isaura's struggle, and the seductive golden keys; for he only saw the slender, sweet girl, with the coal-black gazelle eyes and the southern complexion. She sat in the first row among the other elegantly dressed ladies. "We have played together," said he to Peter Vieck, and from that moment his interest was divided between the ballet and Naomi.

Only too soon ended that glorious and splendid spectacle, and now all hastened forth, as though they had been endeavoring to escape from something unpleasant. In vain did Christian's eyes search in the crush for Naomi; she was nowhere to be seen: perhaps it was she who just then rolled away in the splendid coach?

Long did the music sound in Christian's ears; the whole representation stood livingly before his eyes. Thus do we long gaze at the glory of a star when daylight has driven it away. Now he felt that there was something higher, something nobler than the mere occupations of every-day life; his intellectual being, his genius had been awoke, and strove after development. He had a feeling of the pearl which lay concealed in his soul, the holy pearl of art; but he knew not yet that it, like the ocean pearl, must await the diver, who will bring it forth to-day, or must cling fast to the mussels or oyster, in order by means of these high patrons to attain observation.

"Now, my lad, thou wouldst have liked to jump about with the rest, wouldst thou not?" said Peter Vieck.

"Yes!" replied Christian in his enthusiasm.

"That is sorrowful bread, my son!" said the captain. "When thou or I pay our three marks, they must be our fools."

No, in that manner it was impossible for him to regard the affair! The king and a thousand people had looked on, and listened with the greatest attention; devotion had filled the whole house as in a church. As yet he had forgotten nothing, and in the midst of all these longed-for splendors floated Naomi's form before his eyes — she, the friendly playfellow of his childhood!

Rich in thought lay he in his little berth in the low cabin; a cheerless mist spread its covering over the vessel, as though he were lying there concealed and forgotten by the whole great city. Perhaps this was an emblem of his future, the emblem of many a richly gifted soul. Genius resembles an egg, which requires the warmth, the vivifying principle of good fortune, that it may not become a wind-egg.

It was long past midnight before the boy fell asleep.

Often after that evening did he sit in his dark cabin — for in the harbor no vessel is allowed to burn a light — and played reminiscences from "Bluebeard;" he busied himself in finding on his violin the tones which answered to the wind blowing through the rigging of the ship. From the music which he daily heard played by the main-guard he treasured up in his memory whole strains, which he then repeated on his violin as a varied pot-pourri. Often flattered he himself with the hope that the friendly lady, his good fairy, would suddenly appear on board, and work a change in his condition. He thought of Naomi; yes, she loved him! she had indeed wept when she was torn away from him!

As he thus one evening sat quite alone in the vessel, lights streamed over to him from the beautiful house opposite to which the vessel lay at anchor, and he heard gay music. There was a dance. The whole reminded him of the evening in the Glorup garden. He stood and leaned against the mast, thoughtful and listening, and drank in the sweet music.

Suddenly he thought he would climb up the mast, which would bring him on a level with the ball-room. A window stood open, and through it he could see the whole gay company. It consisted mostly of children; it was a children's ball which was given. All seemed joyous, and were festally arrayed. On the walls of the ball-room hung large paintings;

on shining consoles stood two marble busts, and around glittered lights and mirrors, exhibiting all the objects in an increased splendor. There now floated a delicate, lovely girl over the floor, her black hair fell in curls upon her beautiful neck, and her dark eyes beamed a joyous life. "Naomi!" cried Christian, suddenly with a loud voice; and he could see how she started, looked around her on all sides, and smiled. His eyes were alone riveted upon her, his thoughts were with her — and he let the ropes glide through his hands, sprang on land and into the house, rushed up the steps, opened the door of the saloon from whence sounded the music, and at once stood in the midst of the gayly dressed children, who, full of astonishment, stared at the poor sailor-lad, who now, dazzled by the brightness of the lamps and tapers, had returned to consciousness, and stood embarrassed in the splendid room.

"What dost thou want here?" asked two half-grown boys, whose fathers, one immediately saw, were either wealthy or held some office which gave them importance. They were two ciphers among the numbers, who reflected no glory on their families, but only received their worth from the figures behind which they were placed.

Naomi had also approached him, and observed him with curiosity; she smiled — certainly! she recognized him! Christian stretched forth his hand toward her and stammered, "Naomi!" She became crimson all over.

"Dirty lad!" exclaimed she, and tore herself away. At the same instant a servant entered.

"What dost thou want?" said he, seizing the boy roughly by the shoulder. Christian stammered a few words, whilst the servant said he had made a bad hit and had lost nothing here. He led him to the steps; and without replying another word, and wounded to the soul, Christian rushed down the way he had come, and went again on board. He clung to the mast and wept bitterly, whilst the music rejoiced in gay dance-melodies.

The deep grief of a child's soul is not inferior to the greatest sorrows of a grown-up person. The child in his sorrow knows not the consolation of hope; reason does not extend her supporting hand toward him, and in the first moments of

his agony he has nothing but his sorrow. She had denied him; she, whom he loved as a sister! He felt that, like the Pariah, he belonged to a despised caste. All the fetters which chained him pressed, in this moment, tighter round his heart. His playfellows in the farm-yard had mocked him, had called him a crazy fellow; Naomi, who had once understood him, turned away from the "dirty lad!"

Such a moment makes rich in experience. The merry jubilee above was a Bengal-light, which illuminated the concluding act of his life's drama. He again climbed up the mast, and gazed through the open window into the splendid hall, where Naomi and the happy children, arm-in-arm, floated along to the jubilant tones. The domestics presented in crystal dishes the most costly meats and splendid fruits, and in the middle of the hall stood Naomi with her dark eyes, laughing and clapping her hands. But without fell the cold sleet, and a gray mist cast its damp mantle on "the dirty lad," who clung fast to the wet ropes.

CHAPTER XVII.

"I will drive over the sea, —
Over the sea so smooth and white ;
Fear not, fear not to drive with me, —
To drive with me this winter night.
Day upon day the eager frost
Has built a bridge to bear a host."

CHRISTIAN WINTHER.

IT was a severe and a long winter : the ice lay like a firm bridge between Zealand and Schönen. The Swedish peasant, who is always the first who ventures to make the journey over the bridge which has been erected by the cold, drove in his sledge toward Denmark ; and people drove cattle for slaughter across the ice, although it was asserted that the passage over the channel where the stream ran was by no means without danger. Between Copenhagen and the battery of the Three Crowns, which lies at the distance of about two miles, there extended itself a broad road made dirty by traffic, and on either side wound the track of the foot-passengers. Where only a few weeks before three-masted vessels had rocked themselves in security on the water, now sat old women with tables spread, and offered bread and drinkables at a cheap rate. Here also stood tents, upon which the Danish flag floated in the blue, frosty air, and through the whole day it was one swarm of human beings. Ships, great ships, lay firmly walled in the ice like wrecks run aground. Along the Swedish coast, as far as the eye could reach, were seen moving, one by one, black specks, — people on foot and people in carriages, who were visiting the neighbor country.

Such a broad market-place, several miles in extent on the fields of ice and snow, has a something in it very imposing, if one reflects on what an abyss gapes under it, and that a storm and the altered direction of the current might destroy

the ice-covering in a few minutes. But as the vine-dresser plants his vines in the hot lava-soil, and sleeps himself unfearingly on the margin of the abyss, so drives the peasant forth over the ice, consoled by the reflection that his life is in God's hand.

We know that Peter Vieck's deceased wife was a Swede out of Malmö, where yet her connections resided. A mariner whose vessel lies frozen up has not much to do. As now, therefore, the road to Sweden was pretty well trodden, and people passed daily across, Peter Vieck determined to pay a visit to the relatives of his late wife in Malmö, and that Christian should accompany him.

During the forenoon the weather was favorable for their journey. The Sound resembled a snow-plain; in some places the wind had piled up the snow into little hillocks, in others the polished ice-surface was visible, which looked like inland lakes between mountains.

"Now comes the question," said Peter Vieck, "whether the lid will hold so that we do not plump down into the pot where neither sun nor moon shines. But we are children of the sea — we shall escape, let it hold or break!"

They had proceeded a few miles from the coast of Zealand when a strong wind arose and dark clouds began to ascend; but Peter Vieck was vivacity itself. They met a herd of cattle, the driver of which assured them that the ice as yet was firm and safe, but that later in the day there would be a change in the weather.

"Now, that would be capital if it became open sea whilst we are over there!" said Peter Vieck. "It may be; then we shall save our feet and come swinging back again. Here one goes crawling along like a fly on a sugar-cask."

The air became darker and darker; a few snow-flakes fell — our travellers had not yet made half the distance. All at once the clouds began to discharge their contents, and a violent snow-storm commenced.

"Pull your handkerchief over your ears!" said Peter Vieck; "it is only a passing storm."

They went forward; their heads held down in order to defend themselves against the whirling snow. High above them roared the wind like the rushing sails of a mill.

"Now it will, however, soon lay itself!" said Peter Vieck, glancing round in the air and standing for a moment still. At that moment there resounded from under his feet a report, as if the largest cannon had been fired.

"As long as it cracks it will bear," said he, seized Christian's hand, and sped rapidly forward. "We must go in a direct line, and then we shall hit the bridge of boats at Malmö to a hair. To-day it foams from above!" said he, as he blew the snow away from him. Again there was a report below them from the strong currents, which made rents in the ice, yet without their being visible. "They are very pretty cannon which they have down below there!" said Peter Vieck; "they might as well have celebrated the queen's birthday with them."

For a moment the snow somewhat abated; but an extraordinary sobbing sound, which was quite different from that which they had heard before, now sounded below them. It was as if the locked-up depths were exerting themselves to breathe. Peter Vieck stood still, and cast observant glances toward the Swedish coast.

"We have yet gone scarcely half way across," said he. "I fancy that we shall do best to-day to leave Sweden to itself." He stood again still and considered.

As a sailor, it was clear to him that, however strong the ice might be, yet that with the altered current and the wind in the southeast, as it now was, it must within a few hours break up and be driven toward the north. An occurrence of this kind is one of the most imposing natural scenes which our country affords. The strength of the ice in combat with the strength of the currents produces great effect, more especially at Helsingör, where the Sound is only a few miles across. Immense masses of ice press themselves together, the stream lifts them aloft, and, firmly riveted together, the floating glass-like rocks pile themselves one upon another in all kinds of grotesque shapes. The whole Sound at that time resembles a floating glacier.

Yet there were as yet no visible traces of such a scene: the signal for it had been given; the submarine war-horse had consecrated to death all wanderers above him. Again the

snow fell. Peter Vieck turned round, and now they went on quicker than before, for wind and snow were no longer against them. All at once there sounded close behind them a feeble but thrilling cry of anguish; he looked round him, and only just in time to escape being run over by a light sledge, in which four persons were seated, who were posting on at full speed in the direction of the Sound between both countries. Peter Vieck shouted "Holla!" to which a return was made, and the sledge drew up.

A Danish gentleman, who seemed to be of rank, sat with his servant on the front seat; two ladies, the one elderly the other quite young, occupied the principal seat in the sledge. The younger wept aloud, the other wrapped herself closely in her cloak.

"How far do you suppose us to be from the coast of Zealand?" asked the gentleman.

"Ten or twelve miles," replied Peter Vieck. "But if the gentleman drives in that direction it will take a long time before he reaches land. That direction goes directly to Prussia. Here lies Sweden, there Zealand!" said he, pointing right and left from the sledge.

"Are you sure of that?" asked the gentleman.

"I have the compass in my head," answered Peter Vieck.

"The cursed weather!" said the stranger. "The air was quite clear when we drove from Sweden! We are certainly below Hveen?"

"No," replied Peter Vieck; "it is higher up. Will you permit me to be your helmsman? And it will not do either to go driving on at a gallop; there might easily come a little crack in the way."

"Dear captain, is it you?" asked the old lady; "do you think that we shall get alive to land?"

Peter Vieck looked at her; she indeed knew him. "O yes, gracious lady," said he, "people do not go down so easily: if people only use their eyes there is no danger. Now, also, it begins to clear up."

The lady sighed deeply. It was the well-known gouvernante, who sailed with him to Copenhagen. He seized the reins, the servant dismounted, and Christian took his place.

The stranger gentleman was a man of about thirty years ; his whole behavior showed that he belonged to the higher ranks. Two days before he had driven with his foster-daughter (so he called the young lady) and her governess over to Schönen, when the ice was strong and firm. To-day they were about to return, when the weather suddenly changed, and in the snow-storm they had lost their direction and were driving toward Amack instead of Hveen.

Now again the train set itself in motion.

Again there resounded once more that thrilling, sobbing sound below them ; the covering of ice raised itself slowly up, and then slowly sank down again. The horses stood still. Christian prayed to God.

"We are in God's hand," said Peter Vieck. The young girl threw her arm around her foster-father, and clung convulsively to him.

"It is, perhaps, the best for me to dismount," said the gentleman.

"Ah, no!" besought the daughter ; "we should die! the ice would break under us!" She tore open her cloak ; pale as death, she stared wildly forth ; her raven hair slid over her pale cheeks. Christian looked at her : it was indeed Naomi, but he did not venture to speak her name ; the surprise made him forget the danger.

Now again bright patches showed themselves in the gray sky ; but behind them, at scarcely a hundred paces' distance, ascended a dark stripe with every kind of strange branching, which extended itself out on all sides. There resounded once more, every now and then, before them, a loud lamenting cry, which seemed to proceed neither from out of the sea nor yet out of the air. People talk a great deal about the sea-cow, which sometimes raises itself with its forefeet out of the water, and sends forth that longing cry in the direction of the land where the animals nearly akin to it graze, and to which it cannot come.

"What is that?" said the strange gentleman, as he gazed keenly into the distance. Peter Vieck was silent.

The ice heaved itself up again, and the snow assumed already here and there a grayish color from the sea-water which broke through.

"What is that directly before us?" asked Peter Vieck, as he turned the horse about. A stake stood up in the ice. "Here, certainly," said he, "have the fishermen cut an opening, for that seems to me like a warning signal."

"It appears to me as if I saw a house," said the servant.

"We cannot here be upon land," replied Peter Vieck, half aloud.

"Holla!" shouted a voice just before them, and again they heard that cry of distress which they had perceived once already.

Not far from the spot where they had halted there stood a wooden house, which was half buried in snow. Here had the herdsman stopped with his young cattle, which now bellowed in the cold air.

"What sort of an ark is it that you have set up here?" asked Peter Vieck; "are you going to rest here?"

"Yes," replied the cattle-driver; "that is the wisest thing we can do. Here one has land under foot, and the dear God above to watch over us. The best the gentlefolks could do would be to remain here. There, indeed, lies the farm."

With these words he pointed to a building at only a few paces' distance, which resembled a peasant's house.

They were upon that little flat island called Saltholm, of which, in winter, only the highest point stands above water; and which, on account of the excellent hare-hunting, is industriously visited by sportsmen. In summer, on the contrary, this little island furnishes good pasturage, on which account the people of Amack drive thither their cattle. During the war-time there stood there a small building, which within late years has been increased to a very respectable peasant's farm, and is inhabited by an entire family.

The herdsman told them of a man who had lived there through the winter, as watch of the island, but now he was not to be seen. Probably he was gone to Amack or Sweden, and had not returned early enough. The house was empty.

Our little caravan halted; the forsaken island was to them a haven of salvation from certain destruction.

Four naked walls, shining with frozen damp, were all that the interior of the house presented. The dwelling-room

served also as kitchen. In one corner there stood upon the paved floor a miserable unmade bed, which they soon put away. The room, however repulsive it was, contained a good stock of turf, and Peter Vieck lost no time in making a fire. The cushions of the sledge, which were brought in, made an excellent divan.

Thus was this room not at all unlike a solitary *relais*, in which the travellers over the Simplon find a refuge from snow-storms and tempests. The cold was severe enough for them to imagine themselves on the tops of the mountains; and if the travellers cast a glance through the window, they saw the gray snowy air upon the moving ice-masses, which in strange irregular shapes glided down the stream, and all these resembled the masses of cloud which float along on the mountains.

"I should never have thought," said Peter Vieck, jestingly, "that I should have met with an adventure between Zealand and Schönen, like Albertus Julius! Does the gentleman know the book? It is entitled 'The Wonderful Fates of various Mariners.' I have it in my cabin. Here one cannot die of hunger, so long as there are here cows and calves; nor perish of thirst either, while the snow lies some ells thick. There will either be open sea, and then ships will come by, or else the broken bridge will freeze together again, so that we can drive over it to Amack, and can then get vegetables for our soup, which here we must do without."

The stranger gentleman — the Count, as the gouvernante called him — appeared to be as merry as the lively seaman; and the gouvernante busied herself as much as any of the rest, in making everything as comfortable as possible. They found two old jugs upon a shelf, which she cleaned in the snow; and these then were used as milking-pail and cooking-vessel. The herdsman brought in fresh milk, and cold meat and two bottles of wine were fetched out of the sledge. The fire blazed and diffused warmth, whilst the window rattled with the wind, and the snow drove in in its circling flight.

Christian was most zealous to lend a helping hand; he wrapped Naomi, who had not perfectly recovered from her late terror, warmer in cloaks and in the covering of the

sledge. She sat there like a marble image, and fixed upon him her large beautiful eyes, which showed that the strongest fire may be black.

Peter Vieck crouched before the chimney, and nodded to the gouvernante with a friendly look as to an old acquaintance.

"We are better off now," said he, "than we were when we were last together on the sea, even though we had then real water under us. At that time Mamsell looked quite wretched in comparison to what she does now. We are better off! Least of all did I ever think that we should so soon again meet one another upon the sea."

"On land we are not, however, so very far asunder," replied she; "your vessel lies exactly opposite to our window. I see you almost every morning walking on deck, and in the evening I hear your violin."

"So then we are neighbors, are we, in the harbor?" said Peter Vieck.

"Is it your violin that I have heard?" said the Count. "You are indeed a most original performer; they seem to be fantasies that you play. I have been several times your silent auditor."

"Yes, it is my fiddle that you have heard," replied Peter Vieck; "but with the playing of fantasies have I nothing to do. It is that young fellow there that you have heard. He does not know any one piece regularly; he runs from one into another. It is what I call a Saturday evening dish, which is made up of the fragments of the rest of the week.

"Is it he?" said the Count, and gazed on Christian at the same time with a sort of interest. "There is genius in his performance. You should have chosen the musical profession, my boy," said he, addressing him; "and then, perhaps, you might have made your fortune."

"Yes, perhaps," said Peter Vieck; "but you see, sir, when one has only salt and bread in the house, it avails nothing that one beats one's brains about what roast tastes the best." And then he related in his own way how the boy had come into his service.

"You are really a little adventurer!" said the Count laugh-

ing, and nodded kindly to Christian at the same time. Christian's heart beat quicker as the strange, elegant-looking gentleman gazed at him so searchingly; but although the conversation was about himself, he did not dare even to answer one single word. If Naomi would only have said, "I know him; we two have played with one another!" but she remained silent, and looked at him with her black eyes.

The supper that they partook was, according to Peter Vieck's opinion, a veritable Michaelmas festival.

The sun descended, and gilded with its red beams the edges of the rent clouds. The view across the Sound had in it something out of the common way. On the side of Zealand, the entire white ice-surface was broken up, and that in the most various directions. The appearance was that of an unpainted map, on which the rivers, the mountains, and the political boundaries, are only indicated by black lines; an extraordinary cracking and a faint movement indicated a change, like that which had already taken place on the Swedish coast. Great blocks of ice were here pressed together, which formed themselves to monstrous glaciers, and then began, upon the green heaving sea, their journey into the Northern Ocean.

The icy covering also between Saltholm and Amack rent itself away, and drove out into the current.

"There is an animal upon it!" cried Naomi.

It was a poor hare. Distressed, it stood upon the edge of the ice-island, as if it would measure the distance which separated it from the firm land. But farther and farther it was carried from the shore; it was its death-ship upon which it was sailing.

"How it leaps in order to reach the land!" said Naomi: "how droll it is to see it!" In safety herself, she smiled at the danger of the poor creature, like the Spanish lady who leans over the balustrade of the arena.

In the house, in the mean time, everything was arranged in the best manner for the night. Naomi and the gouvernante had each of them a cushion for a bed. The men were obliged to be contented with things as they could get them. The herdsman remained outside, where he bedded himself warmly

among his cows, and drawing his cap over his eyes dreamed royally, like Pharaoh, about fat and lean kine. The Count returned from an evening ramble. All were soon asleep, excepting Christian, whose duty it was to mind the fire that it might not go out.

"Will not you also go to sleep, my boy?" asked the Count.

"I cannot," replied he, still gazing fixedly at the pictures which his fancy created for him out of the hot ashes. Thus had the house burned, when Naomi was carried out of the window! Thus had the poplar and the stork's nest blazed on that night! He remembered still every circumstance, as if it had happened only yesterday; and Naomi had so entirely forgotten the whole! She had not betrayed by a single word that they were known to each other! And yet their eyes met again, as at the time when they had played together. "Dost thou no longer know me?" he would have said, as she bade him good-night, but the words died upon his lips. And yet she knew him; her thoughts had dwelt upon all the little occurrences which he so vividly recalled! She remembered very well that they had sat by one another upon the tall stone steps, and that he had brought to her there leaves and flowers, and had kissed her mouth and cheeks. But now he was a poor sailor-boy.

The Count drew nearer to him.

"And so, then, it is you who, in an evening, play in the dark cabin! Which do you like best, sea-service or music?"

"Music," replied Christian, with sparkling eyes.

"Very good! And if you are possessed of genius you will work yourself upward. Do not grieve that you are a poor boy!—most great artists have been so too! But do not become proud when you may, perhaps, ascend up to their height. When thousands applaud you, you may easily become intoxicated. Certainly!" added he then, in a graver tone, "a man must be possessed of great genius in order to raise himself out of the condition of poverty to honor and renown, and he has also much to learn."

"Ah, I would do everything!" exclaimed Christian; "everything which might be required from me!"

The conversation seemed to amuse the Count. He told Christian about distinguished artists; how hard their lot had often been, and how so many of them had never been happy in their life, and had never had the pleasure of seeing their talents acknowledged. Christian listened, and it seemed to him as if his own fate stood before his eyes.

"Ah, dear sir," said he, and the tears came into his eyes, "I have nobody in the whole city who can help me. Yet how gladly would I learn music! O, I would think night and day upon that which people would tell me!" And he related to the Count about his home, and described to him his wholly helpless condition.

The Count looked compassionately on him, and Christian pressed the hand of the kind gentleman to his lips, wetted it with his tears, and besought him to let him be his servant. He would clean his boots and shoes, run errands for him, or whatever else it might be, if he would only assist him, so that he might be able to learn what was necessary, that, at length, he might become such an artist as those of whom he had told him.

"Yet, my good youth," said the Count, "that is not so easy as you fancy it to be. Besides this, you must also be possessed of a great deal of genius; and whether that is the case or no, time can only prove. YOU MUST NEVER FORGET THAT YOU ARE A POOR CHILD! If you are possessed of real genius it will make for itself a track, though you may have to buffet about on the sea for yet another long year. *Per aspera ad astra!* Adversity purifies. If it be so that anything is to come out of you, a higher Power will help you; that you may of a surety believe! I, alas! can do nothing for you; I have so many others to care for."

With these words he drew out his purse and gave the boy a silver dollar, repeating at the same time the consoling assurance that real talent always made for itself a way. He then folded his cloak more closely about him, and leaned his head on the wall in order to sleep.

Those were Icarus-wings which he fixed upon the shoulders of Genius — boldly formed wings; but they were of lead. His words, however, were the old theme, which from genera-

tion to generation has sounded in the ears of Genius, and which will yet, for centuries to come, be variously sounded as long as the world remains the same as that which gave the poison-cup to Socrates and to Christ the crown of thorns.

It was not until toward morning that Christian fell into a sleep, but Peter Vieck soon awoke him again by the announcement that the wind had turned about, that the ice was again frozen together, and that they must avail themselves of the favorable moment to reach the island Amack. The sledge was harnessed, and all was put in order for their departure. The herdsman drove on his cattle in advance, because wherever the heavy-footed animals could go the ice would be able to support the light sledge with the gouvernante and Naomi.

The procession set out. The ice cracked around them. They were often obliged to make a circuit, to escape the gaping chasms ; in other places the water stood upon the ice, and this they had to ford. Naomi closed her eyes for terror.

"We are sinking!" said she to Christian, who was placed behind on the sledge.

"O no! God will not permit us to die!" replied he.

The sledge rolled several times here and there ; the ice moved up and down, and the horses dashed the water high in the air with their hoofs. Naomi seized Christian's arm and endeavored to hold herself firmly against him ; the gouvernante leaned against the other side of the sledge. At length they gained the firmer ice.

"Now we are again upon the new road," said Peter Vieck ; "there will not be an elegy written about us, unless it be that which I myself should make ; yet that is not my own handiwork. I have only once made an epitaph on a dear friend, and that stands in Holm church-yard, and runs shortly thus : —

"'1801, stood he, and remained standing ;
1807, lay he, and remained lying.'"

"Dost thou, then, no longer remember me?" asked Christian of Naomi, as they approached ever nearer to the church of Amack, where they would have to separate.

"Yes!" replied she, in a voice as low as that in which the

question was asked: "thou camest into the saloon on my birthday!"

"But in Svendborg?" asked he again.

"Yes, there!" said she; "yes, I remember that very well: that is a long time ago!"

She turned herself quickly to the gouvernante. "We shall now be soon on land! You do not talk to me! Ha! how cold it is though!" She hid her face in her shawl.

Christian dismounted and walked behind the sledge. Without being able to explain to himself the reason of it, he felt himself deeply humiliated. Willingly would he have laid himself down to sleep here on the ice, like the Seven Sleepers, to slumber for many years.

They now saw people on the coast, and soon every danger and all fear were over.

They halted. The Count offered Peter Vieck money.

"No, sir," said the captain, "you were not in my vessel. Had there been anything to pay, I and the lad have had its worth, in the honor of being in such high company."

The gouvernante offered her hand to the lively captain, and Naomi followed her example and that of the Count. Christian stood silently, with his hat in his hand, and saw his playfellow roll elegantly away into the world.

"We travel behind on our boot-soles," said Peter Vieck.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"We were children, two small and happy children: the childish play is now over, and all whirls by us."—H. HEINE.

IT is only of late years that our eyes have become intimate with the beautiful view of the horse in his natural beauty upon the race-ground. We have presented to us in this a picture of the wild flight of these animals through the deserts. One of the most striking descriptions of this creature in his natural condition is given us by Washington Irving, in his Tour through the Prairies. He leads us through the dark primeval forests where wild vines throw themselves from tree to tree, and form fences of many miles long; from these we gaze across the immense plains, upon which the grass waves like the billows of the sea, and the wild horses career in great hordes over the plain with flying manes, fiery eyes, and the boldest action. The wish that they should forever remain in this condition of wildness forces itself upon the mind. But the hunter throws his noose around the proud, fine creature, and it lifts itself with its whole strength to tear itself loose; yet the stronger hand holds it fast: the first lash of the whip falls upon the back of the captive animal, and, foaming and steaming, it strives yet once more with its whole strength to release itself: but in vain! It throws itself as if dead upon the earth; a new blow of the whip falls, patiently it stands up, and, bound with cords, follows the pack-horse. The king of the desert is now become a slave.

There is something melancholy in this occurrence. From the wild steed of the desert to the miserable beast of burden, which crawls wearily along with the peasant's cart, there is a great leap. But yet the race is the same — the most brilliant beginning may be followed by such an end. What animal has, in the changes of his fate, so much in common with man

as the horse? The most beautiful horse that once bore a king, which was caressed by his all-powerful right hand, and was tended with the utmost care, sank through some little fault to be the horse of a soldier, and ended as a wretched hack fastened to the cart of the executioner.

Penetrated by such contemplations, our pensive state of feeling is excited almost to mutiny when we go in clear frosty weather, and by moonlight, when the earth is covered with firm and glittering snow, into the great square in Copenhagen, which bears the name of the King's Market. Round about the equestrian statue of the king, where the colossal bronze figures are seated, drive along crowds of hired sledges. Street-boys and people of the very lowest class pay here their penny that they may twice drive round the Horse, as they call the monument. These sledges have a wretched appearance, but yet much more wretched is the horse that draws them. If the hackney-coachman can no longer use his horse to draw a heavy carriage, he harnesses it to a sledge, and now the whip drives on the half-starved beast, until bathed in sweat it returns back and stands in the bitterest cold to rest, until a new driver sets it in motion. Not unfrequently it here ends its life of torment, and that is certainly the best happiness which one can wish for the poor animal.

It was in the evening when these penny sledges were driving about, the bells ringing, the whips cracking, and the cry of exultation resounding through the King's new Market-place. Most of the foot-passengers avoided the tumultuous pleasures of the people; only a very few ventured to go across the wild course, which run in circles and ellipses around the monument. To the last number belonged a gentleman in a large blue cloak; it was the Count. He had already, without accident, passed several sledges; but now came another, in which sat two sailors and a ship-boy, and which drove up directly toward him. He stopped, in order to let the wild men drive past him; the horse came so close upon him as to sprinkle him over with its foam; it then fell suddenly to the earth, groaned a few times, opened wide its eyes, and lay dead on the spot. People crowded round the sledge; the hackney-coachmen came in with their whips.

"It was Oddity which laid him down there to rest!" said they; "it's all up with him now."

The name "Oddity" called a past time back to the Count's remembrance. In lively recollection stood before him the old family-seat, where his mother was an enthusiast for the novels of LaFontaine. The beautiful foal was therefore called after the Oddity, and the young Count received it on his birthday as a present. It was a proud, a glorious animal! When the Count rode him through the streets, all the people in Svendborg came to their windows, and horse and rider won equally great applause. The handsome Sara, the Jew's daughter, clapped her beautiful hands; and the animal was very fond of the gouvernante — so was she called at the Hall. It neighed when it was caressed by her; but the rider was fonder still of the handsome gouvernante, and for that reason she was obliged to leave the Hall. That was a very sad history! When the young Count afterward travelled abroad, the fortunate star of "Oddity" began to descend; he was sold at St. Knud's fair.

Could it, must it not, be the self-same animal which here, famished and tortured to death, lay before him? All these thoughts were excited, as by a spark of remembrance, in the Count's soul, at the mention of the horse's name! This name was the only thing which was remaining to him out of happier days. He stayed longer in the crowd than he otherwise would have done, and scarcely remarked the misfortune which had happened so near to him. The ship-boy who had been seated in the sledge had certainly been injured in the fall; he was carried into the house of a surgeon.

We will leave this cold evening scene, and, with the Count, enter his comfortable house, which lies directly opposite to Peter Vieck's ship, with its snow-covered cordage. Warm air laden with perfume streamed out as he entered the room, which was illumined with wax-lights in silver candlesticks, and the floor of which was covered with soft, elastic carpets. Pictures by Juul and Gebauer adorned the walls; two plaster-of-Paris figures — the one the "Dying Gladiator," the other the "Roman Boy taking a thorn out of his foot" — stood one on each side of the elegant book-case, in which only famous au-

thors found place; that is to say, Goethe, Racine, Swift — not a single Danish book. Similar show-libraries we often find in the apartments of our so called higher ranks: they are meant to indicate taste, yet the first conversation not unfrequently betrays something wholly different. That near to them, also, a row of annuals was arranged, did not make the most advantageous impression. The entrance into the next room was not by a door; it was hung with curtains in an Oriental manner, which were drawn aside. This room was smaller; twining plants hung down from the pyramids between the damask curtains, and hyacinths of all colors sent forth their odor. At the tea-table, at which the gouvernante presided, sat Naomi and an elderly gentleman; it was a chamberlain. Thorwaldsen, at that time, had begun to obtain a European celebrity; the chamberlain spoke about him.

"I knew him," said he, "when I was advanced to Kammerjunker; then he was nobody. But he is possessed of genius, and the newspapers speak of him: yes, by Heaven! I read his name in the 'Journal des Debats!' The man gets célèbre, but to the king's table he never can come; he is not a states-counselor!"

Upon a side-table lay fine copperplate engravings and landscapes; they were nearly all Italian scenes which the Count had visited.

"*Magnifique! magnifique!*" cried the chamberlain. "That is Genoa! There I was seven-and-twenty years ago. There are beautiful ladies there! And in Bologna! Ah yes! the Bolognese ladies are charming! What eyes!" —

The gouvernante cast down hers. The chamberlain said, half aloud, "Glorious ladies! it is for them that we travel in foreign countries!"

The Count now related how very nearly he had been run over this evening, and how a poor lad certainly had met with an injury, — "That little musical genius," added he.

"He has given a concert here, in this house," said Naomi, smiling. "The servants allowed him to come to them; he played, and the people applauded: but the coachman, Hans, was witty, and hung an onion round his neck as an order. That he thought was ridiculing him, and the tears came into

his eyes. With that came Elise, told the gouvernante, and all was restored again to dutiful respect."

"The poor boy!" said the Count; "now they will take him to the hospital."

"That will not be the case, Count," said the gouvernante, "because I can now hear him playing. It is exactly the same music as we are accustomed to hear."

A servant was called.

"Go and inquire who it is that we hear playing; and ask, also, if the little ship-boy received any injury in the sledging?"

The servant soon returned with the intelligence that the boy had sprained his leg by the overturning of the sledge, but was soon again restored, and now waited commands with his fiddle before the Count's door.

"Nay, that was not my meaning!" said the Count. "It is well, however, that he has received no injury."

"Shall we not see the little work of art?" said the chamberlain. "Miss Naomi says, with her beautiful eyes, that she will encourage the young artist."

The Count smiled, and a moment afterwards, Christian, who had modestly taken off his shoes, stood in his stockings, holding his fiddle on his back, in the brilliantly lighted apartment. How warm and fragrant, how rich and glorious, was everything which he saw here! Flowers and Naomi were here, as in the Jew's garden, when he crept in through the hole in the wall. She would hear him play! He trembled with delight!

At that moment an elegant gentleman, of a tall, thin figure, and severe bearing, entered the room. He looked down upon Christian with a dark expression, as if he would ask, "What has that poor boy to do here?"

"That is a little musical genius," said the Count; and now related to the stranger gentleman that which had this evening occurred, and the acquaintance with the boy.

The stranger looked yet more sternly at him, whilst the Count cut short the affair by saying that he would hear him another time. Again a silver dollar was put into his hand, but, only half made happy by it, he left the magnificent apartment.

The servant led him into the maid-servants' room, and now, as yesterday, he must again play before the domestics. All kinds of witticisms were passed off against him, but yet his vanity was flattered too, and here also he received money. Very much pleased, he descended the steps. The grave gentleman with the severe countenance met him.

"They really are making fun of thee!" was all that he said, and these words fell like poison into Christian's cup of joy.

On board, Peter Vieck received him with a wrathful countenance.

"Where, in the name of all the devils, are you flying about?" asked he. "Are you become city musician? Down there below, in the little room, you can fiddle, but not before the lick-spittles, else it will go with a puff! Do you understand Peter Vieck?"

Silent and dejected the boy stole below, down to his little cabin.

CHAPTER XIX.

"*Blum.*— Well, is she there?
Brand.— The fairy-queen, — yes, truly the fairy-queen."
The Suffering Woman, by LINZ.

"Prie! pour les vierges violées,
Pour le prisonnier dans sa tour,
Pour les femmes échevelées
Qui vendent le doux nom d'amour!"
VICTOR HUGO.

EXTREMES resemble the points of a circle which lie the widest one from another.

By the grave of one dear to us, we believe most certainly on immortality.

Precisely at the moment when reality laid a destroying hand on all Christian's hopes, his faith grew with every passing day. Every artist of whom the Count had told him on Saltholm haunted his brain.

He had this winter read two books, — Albertus Julius and the Old Testament. Both of them were the words of infallible truth, and in both of them was the struggle against difficulties rewarded by happy consequences. Albertus Julius found happiness upon his rocky island; the biblical history which was, indeed, the word of the Lord, gave him the same consolation. The shepherd-boy, the poor David, was the king of Israel; Job received again his health; the wicked Haman came to the gallows, whilst Esther bore the golden crown on her head by the side of her royal lord.

"True genius always makes for itself a way!" had the Count said. "Good God!" prayed Christian, with childish mind, "give to me true genius! I will only make use of it for Thy honor."

For hours would he gaze in the star-bright evenings, full of devotion and confidence, to the brilliant lights in heaven. The astrologers believed that the stars of heaven had an influence

upon the fate of men. This faith is now lost, and it is only the star upon the human breast which is possessed of such a power. Christian hoped for help from both of them, from the stars there above and from the star upon the Count's breast, which shone just as splendidly. But, ah! no help came.

One evening he sat thus sunk in thought in his dark cabin until he slept. He then dreamed of the good lady Steffen-Margaret, who has been wholly forgotten by us. It seemed to him as if she led him by the hand over a dry desert, in which the earth was rent into great chasms, so that they were, at every step, in danger of falling in. They entered into a beautiful, blooming garden, where all was music and pure delight; and she gave him a silver fiddle. As he drew the bow across the strings, it overpowered all other instruments; the loud sound seemed to awaken him, and he found consolation and peace of mind in his dream. She whose image the Count had dispossessed, now stood like a good angel before his soul. It is true that she had not, like the Count, given him money, but, more friendly still, she had extended to him her hand, and had looked kindly into his eyes. He was most strangely affected, as he heard at that same moment a voice on the cabin steps, which was just like hers. She, perhaps, would already present herself as a powerful fairy to conduct him to happiness. He would have rushed toward her, but she came not alone; a sailor accompanied her, and inquired aloud, on entering, if there were any one there. But a strange feeling of distress fettered Christian's tongue, and he remained silent.

"What have you got to say to me?" asked the sailor.

"It depends upon you," replied she, "whether body and soul shall go to eternal perdition."

"Are you all at once become a saint?" asked the seaman, smiling.

"I must tell you everything which I have upon my mind," said she, in a broken voice. Christian listened attentively, for now he thought certainly that she was about to speak of, himself.

We will not turn our ear from the conversation of these two, who believed themselves to be alone, nor is there any need that we should do so. When we see in our garden

walks one of those large frogs of which the repulsive exterior is disgusting to us, we draw back with abhorrence from the ugly animal; but if this same creature be pursued by an enemy, and utters its monotonous cry of distress, our repugnance is changed into compassion. How much stronger, then, must this sentiment be when the creature is one of our own species! Do not turn thine eyes away, because I will not conduct thee into a row of dancing odalisks in the shadow of the palm-trees, by the swelling shores of the Ganges, to show thee the image of such a fellow-being. Do not turn thine eyes away because I lead thee into the narrow cabin of a trading-vessel, not into the splendid court where counts and dukes long after one glance from the royal mistress. It is crime in its lowest estate, because poverty is its lot, that I will present to thee. Not in gold and silver shalt thou see it, but in its misery; see how it resembles the basilisk, which sees itself in the glass and rends every nerve. Most tragical is it to see the human nature humiliated to that of the beast, and how it, for the first time in its downward course, becomes aware that it was once the image of God upon earth. Hail to thee who art possessed of a home, who hast never been forsaken by Modesty! Thus happy was not this poor being!

What poison can the sweet words of man distill into the heart of woman! Had you, twelve years ago, seen the slender maiden of sixteen with her eyes beaming with pure life enjoyment, you would have thought on Semele — on her who waited for Jupiter in all his glory, and when the beloved one appeared, not as a sun to warm, but as a consuming fire, she became ashes in his arms — the image of beauty was dust and earth!

We believe no longer in ghosts; we believe no longer that the dead in their white garments appear to the living at the hour of midnight. We see them yet in the great cities. By moonlight, when the cold north wind passes over the snow, and we wrap ourselves closer in our cloaks, we see white-garmented female beings in light summer-dresses, beckoning, float past us. The poisonous atmosphere of the grave breathes from these figures: trust not the roses on their cheeks, for the death's head is painted; their smiles are the smiles of despair

or of intoxication. They are dead, are more horribly dead than our deceased ones. The soul is interred; the bodies go like evil spirits hither and thither, seeking for human blood like the vampire, that they may nourish themselves thereby. They therefore hang even upon the poorest man, upon the coarsest churl, on those from whom even men draw back. They are horrible, unhappy ghosts, which do not descend into their graves with the morning twilight. No, for then they are followed home by the dreams of despair, which sit like nightmares on their breasts, and sing to them of the scorn of men and of a better life here on earth — and tears stream down the painted cheeks. To chase away the dreams, they seize upon the cup, and the poisoned stamp of death stands the next night, when they go forth, yet more deeply impressed on their countenances.

"Save me! I am yet only half dead! There are moments in which I still feel that I have yet a soul living within me!" is oftentimes the cry of such an unhappy being; but every one flies away horrified who hears the voice out of the grave, and she, the half-dead one, has no longer strength to throw from her the coffin-lid of her circumstances and the heavy earth of sin.

"Save me!" were also the first words which Christian heard from her lips in the cabin; she whom he had regarded as a rich and noble lady, she whom we know as one of those night wanderers. "I am sunk in shame!" said she. "No one esteems me — I no longer esteem myself; therefore, save me, Sören! I have honestly divided my money with you; I yet am possessed of forty dollars. Marry me, and take me away out of this woe, and out of this misery! Take me to a place where nobody will know me, where you may not be ashamed of me! I will work for you like a slave, till the blood comes out at my finger-ends. O take me away with you! In a year's time it may be too late."

"Should I take you to my old father and mother?" said the sailor.

"I will kiss the dust from their feet; they may beat me, and I will bear it without a murmur — will patiently bear every blow! I am already old, that I know — I shall soon be eight-

and-twenty: but it is an act of mercy which I beseech from you. If you will not do it, nobody else will; and then I must drink, drink so much till my brain reels, and I thus forget how unfortunate I have made myself!"

"Is that the very important thing that you have got to tell me?" remarked the sailor, with a cold indifference.

Her tears, her sighs, and her words of despair sunk deep into Christian's heart. A visionary image vanished, and with its vanishing he saw the dark side of a naked reality.

He found himself again alone.

A few days after this the ice had to be hewn away from the channel. Christian and the sailor struck their axes deeply into the firm ice, so that it broke into great pieces. Something white hung fast to the ice in the opening; the sailor enlarged the opening, and then a female corpse presented itself, dressed in white as for a ball. She had amber beads round her neck, gold ear-rings, and she held her hands closely folded against her breast as if for prayer. It was Steffen-Margaret.

Christian could not forget the sight; it was the last picture to the history of that evening in the cabin. What had not his godfather taught him the last time that they were together in Svendborg! "Enjoy the pleasures of life whilst you can do so, that you may not have to weep when your head is gray because you have no sins! Better is it to have enjoyed life too much, than afterward to sigh in solitude because one has not enjoyed whilst one was able to do so."

He now understood the demon-like sentiment of these words, attached himself more closely to his God, and prayed "Deliver us from evil!"

On the evening after her visit to the sailor she had thrown herself under the ice, in the opening made around the ship. The consuming fire of despair which burned in her bosom had been extinguished by the cold flood.

Christian no longer put confidence in his dreams, because the world had no fairies, as in his fairy-tales.

CHAPTER XX.

"Farewell! a wanderer forth am I!
Ah, in vain! the curtain doth not stir!
She sleeps, she dreams, my image in her eye."

H. Heine.

THE light breaks through the thick leaves of the flower in all colors which we know, now red, now blue, and now in other shades. With equal power shines God in all things which are created; like light into the flower beams His Almighty power from the whole creation. The whole is a miraculous work like each single portion, but we are accustomed to it, and therefore we find it quite common. Imaginary stories are only unnatural from the breaking of the thread, from the want of that wise arrangement which we have daily before our eyes in the great divine story in which we ourselves live and act,

"It does not go on here in the world as it does in the tales which people have told one!" sighed Christian. "Here there are no powerful fairies!"

But here there is a God, who is more powerful than all fairies. Everything which surrounds us testifies of His wisdom, — that which dwells within us of His goodness.

"In about fourteen days," said Peter Vieck, "we will again get the *Lucie* under way! She has enjoyed winter pleasure enough in Copenhagen!"

They were to make the voyage back to Svendborg; it was now the first of March. Christian felt himself troubled at the thought of home; the remembrance of it was always to him as if he had had a hateful dream. He thought that he must remain in Copenhagen; he believed that here fortune at length would be favorable to him.

"If I were to get on shore and into the crowd in the streets, how could they ever find me? I must do so on the

day before we sail, and then they will not have time to seek after me. But then, who will there be to care for me? Yet people will not let me die of hunger if I am quite forlorn, and that the dear God will not wholly permit!"

Whilst this idea was maturing itself more and more in his soul, he felt at the same time gnawing pangs of conscience on account of the ingratitude which, by this conduct, he should show toward Peter Vieck, who had been always so kind and friendly toward him. This feeling of guilt urged him to be still more zealous in his service in order to please him.

"Perhaps the Count only waits for my taking such a step,' thought he to himself, "that he may convince himself how great is my desire for music! If I only take it, then he will help me." This thought was a weighty and conclusive argument, and thus at length he was satisfied with his resolve of leaving the ship the night before they set sail, and of resigning all the rest into the hands of the dear God.

The last afternoon was now come in which the ship had yet to lie in harbor. Christian stood by the anchor and looked toward the house in which Naomi lived. The most beautiful spring flowers filled the windows. The magnificent growth of South Africa could not appear in a richer variety of coloring than did these flowers to our little seaman. In the midst of his poverty, on the eve of becoming even yet more forlorn than he already was, he yet dreamed of the splendor with which he was to decorate his castle when he had become rich; how it should all be, like that before him, adorned with beautiful flowers; and Naomi, in gold and silk, should adorn the glory of all. He then again thought on Peter Vieck, and that this was the last evening on which they were to be together. This thought lay like a stone upon his heart.

"Is it with you as it is with the hens, that you have got the pip?" asked Peter Vieck; "you will soon now get back to Svendborg, and Lucie will receive you joyfully. You may well be fond of her."

"Yes, very well!" said Christian, and the state of excitement in which he was filled his eyes with tears.

"What the devil are you now crying again about?" asked Peter Vieck in amazement. "You have at last shipped salt-

water; I cannot have you with me on board, — I have often enough thought so."

Christian became burning hot. To be sure he was thinking about leaving Peter Vieck, but that Peter should withdraw his hand from him was an idea that had never occurred to him. Peter Vieck's words, therefore, extremely shocked him.

"I am not going to throw you overboard," said Peter Vieck, drawing the boy kindly toward him; "you are a good youth; I have a great affection for you; but for the sea you are good for nothing, — that I have seen long enough."

Christian wished that he was able to contradict the captain.

"Now, properly, you ought to have a good trimming," continued Peter Vieck; "for I have very well deserved that you should have told me what you had in your mind. I have long wished to talk with you about it, but something or other always came in the way. Now you shall get as good as you deserve."

Did Peter Vieck know all? did he know that Christian had the intention of leaving the vessel this night? The sinner with the heavy conscience cast down his eyes.

"That night when we were set fast on Saltholm," continued Peter Vieck, "when you sat musing over the fire and talked with the Count about what sort of a fine fellow you would like to be, Peter Vieck was not asleep, although he lay with his eyes closed. I heard also all the stuff that he crammed your head with, and which you were foolish enough to believe. I heard also how you made your confession, and at last how you supplicated. That was downright simple of you, but at that time I determined to release you. I cannot make use of you, yet I will not therefore let you drive before the stream. Neither shall you go to your parents — that's true. I will put you as an apprentice to Mr. Knepus in Odense: he is a man who understands music, and from him you will learn what is right. Then we shall see what you are good for."

Christian pressed his hand.

"If you only will not grow melancholy!" said Peter Vieck. "If anything good comes out of you, it will heartily please me, but as a sailor you are good for nothing."

Christian was ready to cry when he thought on that which he

had been about to do this very night; it lay heavy on his heart, but he did not dare to confess his fault. He was to learn music, to live for music! His highest wish was fulfilled, and the help came from Peter Vieck, from him to whom he had never expressed it! He kneeled down in the dark corner of the cabin and thanked the dear, good God for his happiness.

At break of day the cable rolled along the bulwarks, and the *Lucie* was got out of the harbor. Christian glanced up joyfully, and yet pensively, toward Naomi's windows. "To-day up there they will talk about nothing else than that we are no longer lying in harbor," thought he. "Poor Steffen-Margaret, who would so willingly have sailed with us!"

The ship glided slowly out of the harbor.

"Our captain has sailed," said the gouvernante, as she looked out of the window. "There lies another vessel in his place, a ship from Bornholm with clocks."

"That is very good," answered Naomi; "then the ship-boy is away also. He was so troublesome and conceited! I saw him as a child; his parents lived near us, and one day he played with me. That is now many years ago, and yet he rushed directly into our room. I fancy, certainly, that he is not quite right in his head. You cannot think how he tormented me on the drive over the ice! it really grieved me that I was obliged to seem so unkind to him, but I could not do otherwise."

"It would be, however, very interesting if he really did possess a great talent for music, and found an opportunity of cultivating it," said the gouvernante. "Klaus Schall, who composed the beautiful music to 'Bluebeard,' was a poor boy when he got a place in the dancing-school at the theatre; he thus became a dancer, and is now one of the most celebrated composers."

"That sounds just like a novel," said Naomi; "but I like it a deal better when the heroes at the end of the story remain unfortunate: that is much more interesting!"

CHAPTER XXI.

"Be it not beautiful, it certainly is true." — WESSEL.

WE must now betake ourselves to Odense, the capital of Funen, which at that time had a much stronger character of simplicity than now. There were here in those days many old houses with thick walls; bass-reliefs above the windows, massy balustrades to the steps, which were furnished with clumsy copper roofs nailed fast to the walls. Upon one house were to be seen the twelve apostles carved in wood; on another, characteristic heads with outstretched tongues, which terminated the timbers. On the contrary, the city at that time wanted that excellent means of preventing the return of the dead, and securing themselves from hobgoblins, which was reserved for the discovery of a later time. Nowadays, if one goes into the burial-ground of St. Knud's Church, one cannot truly exclaim with the poet, —

"The grass waves lightly o'er these graves," —

because all the graves here are flagged, — flagged as completely as the streets of the city. The survivors, who retain a careful memory of their dead, weed out every blade of grass which makes its appearance between the well-laid stones.

As before said, Odense was not possessed of this remarkable feature in the year 1816, when we visited the city in the company of Christian; the old appearance of things was as yet unchanged. The old antique balconies looked quite romantic with their citizen ladies; the guilds, when they changed their herbergs, had their shields borne in procession through the city, with a harlequin at their head; and on Easter morning the people went still upon the Nuns' Hill to see the sun dance, because Christ had arisen from the grave. It almost always happened, to be sure, that then a cloud covered the sun and the dancing was not to be seen, yet every one believed in his heart that it had danced behind the cloud.

One of the smallest churches in Odense was that of St. John, and yet this is the one of which the people say that the sibyl who visited King Solomon prophesied that it would sometime sink when it was filled with people. A gallery connects the church with the castle, to the garden of which the church yard adjoins; close beside the latter lie several houses, in one of which dwelt Mr. Knepus.

A reddish-brown suit, consisting of breeches, waistcoat, and coat, with great metal buttons, was his every-day apparel; to which a wig with a pig-tail, a little three-cornered hat, and a walking-stick with a magnificent head of amber, furnished the ornamental part. Odense possessed at that time many examples of this kind of original figures belonging to a bygone century. Mr. Knepus did not permit his clothes to be purified by beating and brushing — they suffered enough without that, said he; and the first visit made us acquainted with his appearance in this respect.

It was in the last days of April when Christian, with his little bundle under his arm, and the letter of introduction from Peter Vieck in his hand, stood upon two stone steps and knocked with the iron knocker upon the ever closed door.

A thin lady, with fluttering and somewhat dirty cap-ribbons, opened the door. That was Mrs. Knepus.

"You are, probably, Mr. Peter Vieck's foster-son?" said she, welcoming him, pressed his hand, and conducted him amid a torrent of words through the long passage, which was not very cleanly swept, but which yet was strewn with fresh sand. Two old grave-stones, which, on the breaking up of the church of the Grey Brothers, had been purchased together with several monumental tablets, ornamented the naked walls, and one did not rightly know whether here one was in a chapel or in a dwelling-house.

"We lead a very quiet life here," said the lady; "the shooting-club and the king's birthday are the only two festivals in which Knepus takes any part. He amuses himself, as you will see, in his own way."

With this the man himself made his appearance. He wore a dirty, yellow night-cap on his bald, pointed head, and a

somewhat narrow overcoat, which did the duty of a sleeping coat, for it was bound round the waist with a leathern belt. A pair of drawers completed the whole costume of the shriveled legs.

The married couple made use of the pronoun *you* in addressing each other.

Mrs. Knepus had prepared the garret which looked toward the castle-garden for Christian. To be sure this was the library and the store-room of the house; but people must manage as well as they could, and it would not do to bring him down into the lower story, where the lady herself slept. He, therefore, must have one of the garrets, whilst Mr. Knepus himself had the other.

Already at eight o'clock, seeing it was yet winter, Mr. Knepus went to bed in order to be up early in the morning. Mrs. Knepus and the maid-servant were a quarter of an hour later. Christian, so early as the first evening, was initiated into the peculiarities of the family.

The walls of one room were pasted over with caricatures, and round about hung all kinds of instruments. Upon a shelf playthings were hung; but the child for which these were intended, Mr. Knepus himself, lay in bed. Upon a table before him steamed a spirit lamp, with a little punch-bowl. The child, from time to time, took a draught and looked through a perspective-glass. The servant changed the pictures when Mr. Knepus nodded with his head, and his wife read aloud to him in one of the German classics. These Mr. Knepus called his "childish hours," and he had them every evening. As soon as he sunk his head wearedly upon the pillow, and returned no answer to the question of his wife, "Art thou sleeping, my little lamb?" she and the servant glided softly out of the room, and were their own masters.

Thus also now lay Mr. Knepus in his bed, and as the company this evening was so numerous, he proposed a game at forfeits, in which he in bed, and the rest out of it, could take part; and which, according to his opinion, must be uncommonly amusing. Christian was sentenced to give Mrs. Knepus a kiss under the great carpet, which her husband

threw over her. The good Christian closed his eyes and commended himself to God. At length he received a glass of punch, and in the end went to his room in the most cheerful state of mind. His chamber was a low little room under the steep roof, which, yet well furnished, strongly reminded him of Peter Vieck's cabin. The greater part of the room was occupied as a great repository, in which were arranged the collected works of Wieland, Schulzen's "Handbook of Medicine," and the remainder entirely musical works. An ancient grave-stone, that had its origin also in the now disappeared convent of the Grey Brothers, stood with all its saintly images at the foot of his somewhat short bedstead, composed of an old arm-chair and a kneading-trough. Behind the grave-stone hung a smoked salmon and several pounds of candles; just beside stood a butter-cask: two chairs and a table completed the whole of his chamber furniture.

"Now I have arranged everything quite conveniently," said Mrs. Knepus, as she conducted the young inmate to his chamber. "In the table-drawer you can keep your clean linen; and here, under your bed, is a knapsack in which you can put your dirty things; because order must rule in everything. Mr. Knepus goes, to be sure, always below to the pump to wash himself; but a young man like you shall have everything as it ought to be. Here you have a beer-bottle with water; you can, perhaps, pour the water over your hands out of the window when you wash yourself: when opportunity occurs we will buy a wash-basin. Our looking-glasses are too big for this room; you must manage with this box — there is a very pretty looking-glass in the lid. About six your coffee will be sent to you in bed; you must not get up earlier."

Christian was now alone in his new home: he felt himself tranquil, and was happy to be now on the way to his fortune. He opened his window, and looked in the clear moonlight over the little court in the castle-garden. Between the thick old trees there lay a green lawn, amid which was a little lake. Two swans floated upon the water and bowed their long necks over their backs. All was solemnly still; the moon shone upon the little lake in which the swans floated. Christian looked at them, he thought of all that he had lived through,

and the world appeared to be all at once like an entire romance ; the swans upon the water were the fairies of the solitude, who knew of his happiness and of his gratitude.

From the following morning Christian's time was divided in the very wisest manner. Out of the house he was to enjoy the usual school instruction, in common with several other boys ; but at home he studied Türk's "Short Advice to the Thorough-bass player." "Order must rule in everything," said Mr. Knepus, and, according to his notion, order governed his whole house. He went only at certain hours to his beloved helpmate, and then she was always knitting, spinning, or sewing very industriously, that is to say, as long as he was there ; as soon, however, as the few minutes of his visit were past, the needle rested, so did the knitting and spinning. A poor woman prepared the yarn which Mrs. Knepus exhibited as her house industry ; but why should not poverty enjoy the advantage ? Why should she make her own life so miserable ? She then read romances out of the two circulating libraries of the city, and followed the advance of literature as well as she could in a provincial town.

Christian was now in full activity ; and it was part of his duty also to attend his principal when he went out a-fishing, and be helpful to his wife to lay straws before the door. If the lady saw afterward that the straws were disarranged, then she knew that her maid-servant had been to the dance. Up in her own chamber she had an old piano-forte, on the inner side of whose lid were pasted pictures of shepherds and shepherdesses that danced to the sound of flutes and shawms. Ah, how gladly would he have played, only with one hand, a lively air upon it ! But the choral notes presented to him their great heads, and cried incessantly to him, like Mr. Knepus, "Always slow ! nicely slow !" Bach and Handel, names which he had never before heard, now sounded continually as musical saints before his ears. O what a deal was there yet to hear and to learn !

In the month of June occurred that one festival in which Mr. Knepus was accustomed to take part. It was the so-called shooting-club — a festivity which, even until the present day, has maintained all its peculiarities. In the early

morning hour marched the honorable body of citizens, with Turkish music at their head, out of the city to the shooting-ground. Triumphal arches adorned the whole way, and the western gate was ornamented with garlands and inscriptions. All schools, all workshops make this a holiday; and when, in the evening, the train reënters the city, the windows of the streets through which the procession passes are filled with spectators.

Exactly on this day Peter Vieck came to the city, to visit Mr. and Mrs. Knepus; or, perhaps, rather to see how it went on with Christian.

"I have brought a little anker of beer out of Stettin," said he, "and a box of confections. I think Mr. and Mrs. Knepus will do me the favor to accept them. It is now, perhaps, twelve years since I was here last, and yet I find no little Knepus! However, it may yet come; but then we must give the mother a *vivat!*"

Mrs. Knepus laughed aloud at the witty conceit of the ship's captain.

"Knepus is gone to-day with the guild!" said she; "you must accompany me there."

"Now, if I know the Odense men right, they will make more holes in the bottles than in the target," said Peter Vieck. "Where do you think, now, one should have the safest place out there? I think just before the target; because, at twenty paces' distance, one might easily get a stray bullet in the body. But however, I say, how does it go on with the youth? He conducts himself well, does he?"

"O, he is so good, and, at the same time, so heartily innocent! There is nothing to say against him," replied Mrs. Knepus.

"To say against him! No, that I should not expect, else I should have taught him different," said Peter Vieck, somewhat sore on the subject.

"He is now upon the shooting-ground. You should only see how well the green bow of ribbons on his hat becomes him! He carried the king's cup, the silver goblet, before the procession. There was a great strife about this honor, because the last year's crown-prince — that is, he whose shot is

second only to that of the king's shot — wished for it: but Knepus was the conqueror; his scholar carried the goblet."

At this moment the servant-girl entered the room, quite out of breath. The washerwoman's little boy, she said, was come to bring the news which his mother had heard from the city watchman, that Mr. Knepus had shot near to the bull's-eye, that only the gunsmith could excel him; but that he had missed his shot, and therefore that Mr. Knepus was king.

"Ah, no!" said Mrs. Knepus, heartily glad; "he had better be crown-prince, because it costs so much to be king, for then he must treat folks. The crown-prince gets a soup-ladle, and that we are very much in want of."

"We must go out!" said Peter Vieck; "I conduct the queen." He offered the lady his arm. "We shall get on by degrees, for my legs are quite in tune for the procession."

Toward evening the windows were seen to be filled with spectators. The shooting was ended, and the target was, according to a certain form, put up to sale; and then, as was the old custom, given up to the street-boys, that they might carry it through the city. Six of the greatest and strongest, having beforehand strengthened themselves with brandy, took the target on their backs; two courageous comrades mounted then upon it, plundered the triumphal arches, and thus, adorned with garlands and inscriptions, were borne in triumph through the city, whilst the whole mob of boys shouted, and with green branches in their hands followed the procession. At length they arranged themselves in double rows, to receive the honorable body of citizens, who advanced to the music of a full band.

The king, and the two who had made the next best shots, the crown-prince and the heir-apparent, with ribbon-scarfs covered with silver spangles across the shoulder, opened the procession, and before them walked the youth who bore the silver cup. With proud ostentation Christian carried this before his master.

"That is my husband!" said Mrs. Knepus, in the excess of her joy, not being able to say more.

"Yes, now he has the cup," said Peter Vieck, — "he must pour out for the others."

Christian glanced, highly delighted, toward all the windows and over all the crowd of people.

Upon all the stone steps stood the spectators, thickly thronged one against another, and all eyes beamed with joy There was a very dense crowd of people at the corner of one of the streets, and amid the human mass there stood prominently forth a man of pale and sickly appearance ; he looked fixedly at Christian, and nodded to him kindly as to an acquaintance.

"Lord Jesus!" sighed the boy, and cast his eyes to the ground. It was really his father — his father, who perished in the war — whom he saw! He cast his eyes once more upon the man. Yes, there stood aloft on the steps, strikingly visible amid the crowd, his father, whom he had wept as dead. Christian's hands trembled, and he had almost let the silver cup fall. The exultation which surrounded him was only a hateful clamor in his ear.

The procession advanced toward the club-house, where the festivities were to be closed by a three days' ball. Health upon health was to be drunk, whilst trumpeters stood and blew through the windows ; and a harlequin, with a blackened face and a fool's bell in his hand, did his utmost for the amusement of the people.

As soon as the procession had entered the club-saloon, the boys with the target, upon which the lively dioscuri still maintained their places, moved off to the house of the king of the shooting, where his wife courtesied to them, and then to the burgomaster's and the city director's, attended still by all the boys who followed the train, swinging green branches in the air. It was the marching wood, as Macbeth saw it.

Whilst this went on in the street, Christian found himself in the club-saloon, amid all the festal company : hundreds of his equals envied him his happiness. But he stood there unsusceptible of the gladness that surrounded him, for that pale, smiling countenance which he had seen in the throng, had petrified his very vitals.

"I have seen my father!" said he, in silent horror ; "and yet he is dead, and my mother is again married! It was no accidental resemblance which deceived me ; no! it was himself! He actually looked at me — nodded to me! O, it is horrible!"

It was eleven o'clock when he again found himself in his solitary chamber. With an anxiety which would otherwise have been foreign to him, he looked round his room; each dark corner terrified him, and that old grave-stone which served him as a screen had now, for the first time, something unearthly about it. The portraits of the pastor, with his three wives and children, stared ghost-like down upon him from the canvas. The carved, brightly painted images of saints had a demon-like appearance, and for this reason he covered them with his clothes. He extinguished the candle, but still the ugly shapes nodded to him, now seeming to look down upon him from the wall, and now through the window. He could not sleep; he heard every stroke of the bell and steeple-clock toll the hour of midnight.

He then suddenly heard a scraping sound at the window; at any other time he would have paid no attention to it, but now! — He covered himself in bed, and looked toward the window: the head of a human being was moving before it.

"My fancy deceives me," said he to himself. He threw a second glance toward the window.

But now he saw plainly a white figure; it tapped softly at the window, and called him by his name. His hair stood up for terror; like one turned to stone, he sat up in his bed.

He now recognized the voice: it was that of Mrs. Knepus.

To be sure it was very easy to mount up to this low room; a ladder of but a moderate length sufficed for this; but yet why did she come this way, and at this hour?

He sprung out of bed and opened the window. Really and truly it was the mistress of the house who stood there upon the ladder. In the old song about the beautiful Agnete, it says, "Above she was a lady fair, below she was a fish:" but of Mrs. Knepus it might be said, "Above it was white calico, below soft cotton cloth."

"I terrify you to death," said she, in a low, laughing voice; "but help me in!"

Christian shoved a chair below the window, took the lady by the hand, and assisted her thus to enter, without comprehending what could be the purport of this nocturnal visit.

"I must steal," said the lady, as she boldly swung herself

into our hero's chamber, who presented himself to her in that self-same nightly costume in which Gil Blas and other heroes have stood.

The slightly swept passage, on which the sand had the day before been freshly strewn, the domestic industry of the lady during the few minutes when her husband was in her company, and the other little characteristics which we have already seen in her, have presented a rapid sketch of the interior condition of the Knepus family. This night-wandering is a supplementary addition, to make up for what is defective in the other.

The servant-maid could not manage to make the quantity of butter which Mrs. Knepus allowed for weekly consumption hold out, and this the mistress said was only owing to her wastefulness ; and that she might prove the truth of this, she laid a wager of three marks with the girl that she would make the allotted portion of butter last out the week. But, in order that the lady might not go and eke out the quantity from that which was in the store-room, which, as we know, was Christian's bedroom, the servant was to keep the key when he was gone to bed. The lady, however, found herself short in her calculation ; but for all that she would not lose her wager, because upon that depended three marks and her reputation. From this cause she vaulted, at this hour of night, through the window into the little garret, — to steal from herself.

"I am in a horrible situation," said she : "if anybody saw me getting through the window in this way, what would they say? But I do it on account of my honor, and 'to the pure all things are pure!'"

And the lady helped herself to the butter.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Dost thou think that I go away with as cheerful a temper as I had when I came? I have nothing more left here in the world — no wife — no child, nobody, who will take care of me in my old age! — one more kiss — it is the last . . . . Now I must go; I shall never see thee again — never! O God! watch over my child!" — *The Sailor:* a Comedy.

IT was already bright day when Christian awoke at hearing his own name. He opened his eyes; Peter Vieck stood before his bed, and behind him he saw the figure of yesterday. It was his father — his father, who was believed to be dead!

"It is I," said Peter Vieck, "and where you see me there are no ghosts! Your father is not dead — here you have him living before you. I did not dare to let him go alone to you — you are no hero; there flows a little of the tailor's blood in your veins. I mean nothing amiss," said he to the tailor, and offered him his hand.

The father pressed the son to his heart, and wept as he had done on the morning when he parted from him.

It was not until dinner that they came to know the true history of his fate. The escort of the cannon had actually fallen, as the sergeant had written to Marie.

"Nobody knew," continued the tailor, "that in the morning I had been carried away from my position, and thrust against a Swedish horse which had lost its rider. I was hemmed in so closely that I could only move my fingers — all around me was one firm mass. I had already lost consciousness, as the Swedes endeavored to cut for themselves a passage from behind. I was ready to sink; had I fallen I must, without the least chance of salvation, have been trodden to death, and for that reason I made every effort with my last strength to mount the horse. Now, I never had been a horseman: it was the impulse to save my own life which set me upon the

horse. The Swedish cavalry now galloped back along the ditch, whilst ours fired sharply upon them. My horse followed the other horses. The balls of my comrades flew about my ears, and before I could well look around me I halted under the mound, among the Swedes. My countrymen had not spared the enemy — me they spared, as far as life was concerned. The Cossacks had taken several prisoners: I was placed among them. These inhuman beings fastened us together by the thumbs, and then drove us away like cattle for slaughter. My mind had always been attracted toward the south, but I was compelled to go another way, compelled to bear the winter's cold of the Russian snow-fields — a cold, of which we in Denmark can form no idea. Yes, I could write a whole book about that which I there heard and saw; but I would only relate how, at last, I came out of captivity. I discovered in Russia how well off we are here in Denmark. Denmark is a summer land after one has experienced the cold of the forests of Russia. When the war was at an end I obtained my freedom, and I wrote the tidings directly home, but the letter must never have been received. I set out on my homeward way, but I bore already the seeds of disease within me. I lay for almost nine months in the hospital at Mietau. From this place I sent a letter by a travelling journeyman to Liebau, that it might be sent forward thence by the first Danish ship; yet this letter also was lost. I thought of Funen, on all the joyful hours which I had spent there: I longed for Marie, and thee, my dear son. Painful remorse tormented me for having left you; for three long years I had heard nothing of you! I now set out on foot from Mietau to Liebau — there was no ship there. I went onward to Memel, from Memel to Königsberg. But it was as if I were doomed never to reach you — when I got there the last ship had just sailed. At length, therefore, I went with the first whaler, and came to Helsingör, wandered through Zealand, and came again to Funen. O! I rejoiced like a child! I would tell them about the battle at Bornhöved, of the march toward Russia, and of what I had seen and had suffered. Ah, how I longed for Marie, and thee, my Christian! I arrived at Örebäk — was weary and hungry. I determined to call at the house of the rich farmer, whose

brother's representative I was: he could most likely tell me how things were at Svendborg. I entered the parlor — there sat the farmer, and rocked a little child in a cradle.

"'Good evening,' said I; and he asked who I was.

"'A dead man!' I replied; 'but when you see that he is put together out of flesh and blood you perhaps will not be frightened at him.' And I related to him how the report of my death had been false.

"'Lord Jesus!' said he, in a tone so horror-stricken that I myself grew afraid.

"'Is my wife dead?' inquired I, anxiously. With that he seized my hand, and besought me immediately to leave the house, and again to go out of the country. 'Here is money for you!' said he, as he gave me fifty dollars: 'how could any one imagine that you still lived? Marie is now my wife — the child here in the cradle is ours. There she comes! Do not let her see you!' And he drew me out with him into the garden.

"She did not see my face, for I did not turn round. How could she so soon marry again! I know very well what I felt, but I said not one word. I inquired after thee, my son, and learned that the Lord had requited thee for that which I had suffered. Thee would I yet once more see, and then forth into the wide world, toward the south, where I once was so happy. Yesterday I came here to Odense; I sought thee out, but the door was fast — everybody was out on the shoot-ground. Just as I was about to go out there the procession met me. Thou wast the bearer of the king's prize, people told me, and I saw thee carrying the cup in thy hand, walking before the train. Didst thou recognize me? I saluted thee. Last night I slept at the public-house. I there met with two journeymen, who to-morrow set out on their way to Germany; I make one in their company. We shall not then see one another again in this life, my good son, for I shall never more return home. Be honest and cheerful, and give pleasure to the good people who have taken to thee, thou poor fellow! If thy mother do not learn it from others, do not thou betray to her that I am yet living. Such tidings as those would only fall heavily upon her heart, and I shall ever love her."

He embraced his son.

"One must take the world as it is," said Peter Vieck; "if she goes thus with me, I go thus with her! — one must sail before the wind. As regards the boy, we will hope that sometime something will be made of him. For my sea-*Lucie* he is good for nothing; but my land-Lucie, the charming girl, she thinks a deal of him. I will make a brave fellow out of him, and then she can afterward take him, if she like to do so. They already write to one another. She has learned from her father German, as well as history; and now she shall learn some dress-making. I shall have her boarded and taught here in Odense; in six weeks she will be here."

Christian smiled at this intelligence, and it warmed his heart. The good, kind Lucie, was then his bride! — he had never yet thought on that. She was the cause of his happiness; unless she had interceded for him, things would have been very sad with him. His father's history led him to his own; in this the star of fortune was ascending, in the other it was setting: but rising and setting are in our fortunes just as much relative ideas as are the rising and the setting of the sun and the stars. It is only our own point of view which determines these.

If the road to that happiness which natural as well as positive religion promises to us leads from earth to a nobler star, and from that to one still more developed, more closely related to us, then is the whole unfolded life nothing more than a great journey of education, a wandering from land to land into the heavenly Jerusalem. Our earthly journeyings are a feeble, despicable image of this great flight. We make acquaintance, win for ourselves friends, from whom we rend ourselves with tears, because it feels to us painful that we shall not meet again; we are constrained to live hours, days, with people who are our torment, and after our separation from them they float before us like original points: that which gives us the greatest anxiety shapes itself only into a brilliant point. From the heavenly city, the goal of our endeavors, we may perhaps sometime look down upon our starry heaven, to which brilliant points our earth also belongs; we shall recognize her as the home of our first existence, and all the remem-

brances of our own childhood will float before us. How may it then be with those with whom we have here spent our best hours in indissoluble attachment? Wherever they may still also be abiding they will remember these hours, and hope joyfully for a meeting again. When in those dwellings of peace in other spheres, higher worlds of education, we recall in memory former years of life, it will be to us as if we here looked back to a so-called great journey. We glance upon the map: Paris! yes, there I was for four months! Rome, there I lived for half a year; and we feel the yearning wherewith we remember those persons with whom we became then acquainted, only to part from them so soon: and yet this yearning disturbs not the enjoyment of our present happiness. On the great journey through eternity we should learn not only to love single persons in particular places. We are no citizens of the earth but citizens of heaven. The human heart is no comet, whose beams only point in one direction, but a sun which is equally bright on all sides.

These thoughts, although he might not be so clearly conscious of them, filled the mind of the poor father and afforded him a certain resignation.

Late in the evening he bade them all adieu. Christian accompanied him toward the street in which the herberg lay.

"Farewell, my son!" said he to him. "When thou seest the stork arrive and fly away again, then think on me! Whenever I see the creature, I will think on our little room in Svendborg, where we used to look up to the nest, and I will then beg of the stork to salute my son wherever I have to find my bread in the world. Farewell, my dear boy, my beloved child!" and he kissed him with weeping eyes. "No, thou shalt not go back alone! I will spend with thee the few moments that yet remain!" And he went back again with Christian toward the church-yard where Mr. Knepus's house lay. That was the last farewell between father and son.

Next morning at sunrise there went three foot-travellers out of the western gate; they were on their way to Assen, in order to go thence to the duchy of Schleswig. Among these three was Christian's father.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"La jeunesse est le temps des illusions."

VOLTAIRE.

"Pretty art thou :
That knowest thou
Rather too well ;
Didst thou but know it
Not quite so well,
Better wouldst show it."

FR. RÜCKERT.

AROUND the castle-garden of Odense there wound a foot-path, which led from one end of the city to the other. On this way Christian and Lucie often went when they visited each other. It was in August, and Lucie had now been some weeks in the city to learn the dress-making business, according to Peter Vieck's arrangement.

The sun was on the edge of the horizon, no one could look at it without being dazzled by its splendor.

"Does it not look as if it came down to us?" said Lucie. "If it really came, and were not greater than it seems to be, I would run there and look at it."

"And I would run a thousand miles for it," said Christian, "but I would be the first that got to see it ; and not many should follow me. Then everybody would talk about it, and my name would get into all the newspapers."

"What good could that do thee?" replied Lucie. "Thou art in reality vain!"

"No," said he, "that is no vanity! How canst thou say such a thing? I should like to sit in a balloon and fly higher than anybody else before me. I should like to make discoveries. If I had been a mariner, and might have sailed wherever I liked, I would have made voyages of discovery in the great ocean, or would have gone to the Pole and over the perpetual ice."

"When thy fingers had been blue with cold thou wouldst soon have come back again," said Lucie.

"Thou dost not at all know me," replied Christian. "In little things I am no hero, and I am not for that ashamed. But thou mayest credit me, I should like to be present when there was something really important in hand. To be sure, I am afraid of sailing in a little boat on the channel; but I should not be at all afraid of sailing on the great ocean in the same little boat, if there were any reason for it. I am afraid of an enraged cow, and yet if I were in Africa I would ride on the tiger-hunt; because it would be worth while risking one's life for that. He has been drowned in the Odense Straits — a cow has killed him: see, Lucie, there is really nothing great in that. I should think nothing of venturing my life in cases where anything extraordinary was occurring."

"But why dost thou wish to be different to other people?" asked Lucie, and then suddenly paused. They were now in the suburbs of the other side of the city; the foot-path made a turn, and they saw on the way an old woman, who wore a common man's hat, in which she had stuck a soldier's feather, and which she had ornamented with artificial flowers. A crowd of children ran after her, who made fun of her and laughed at her.

"That is the shoemaker's crazy wife," said Christian; "she has all the boys after her."

"Poor, unfortunate creature!" sighed Lucie, and changed color. The recollection of her former condition of mind weighed upon her, yet without her imagining Christian knew anything of it.

"The poor woman!" said he. "But perhaps she does not feel her misfortune."

Lucie shook her head doubtingly. "Let us be thankful to God for that which He has given," said she; "and let us pray that we may never lose that which we possess! That is more important than to fly to the sun or go to the North Pole. God has given to every one of us so much that it is certainly sin to desire more than common gifts."

"But I do that, however," said Christian, in the willfulness of youth. "I wish to be famous, or I would rather not live."

"Thou art quite a child!" said Lucie, as they parted from each other.

Christian returned again the same way; some one seized him by the arm: it was the crazy woman.

"Art not thou the son of the Holy Lazarus?" asked she; and our hero, who was in truth no hero at all, but who yet wished to hunt the tiger in the deserts of Africa, and to make voyages of discovery in the clouds and to the Pole, became burning hot when the old woman, whose mind was diseased, approached him, looked at her for a moment, and then ran away. It was very well, however, that nobody saw him.

Bold ideas belong to youth; they throw themselves venturously into the stream, learn to swim, and often reach the goal. Those older than they, deliberate, attempt, and — come in too late; they are like the man in the parable, who bury in the earth the money confided to them, whilst the more daring ventures with it and wins. Happy youth! to thee stand open a hundred ways to renown and fortune!

A great many extraordinary ideas arose in Christian's soul; but every new thought, every new idea, like the Arab steed on the race-course, first underwent Lucie's inspection, yet never came to a proper race. As a matter of course, she shook her head and called him a child. She told him how, when she was a little girl, she often had thought about seeking for a great treasure, which should make her the richest lady in the world, and that she had taken a spade, and now had dug in the garden and now in the field, in the hope of meeting with a hidden treasure. Just as childish as this did she now regard every high-flown scheme of Christian's.

After every such conversation Christian always went home out of humor; but after a few hours the good understanding between them was always again restored. He felt that Lucie was certainly right, and that annoyed him; and every arrogant thought which he had expressed aloud, every "I would be famous, or I would rather not live," lay upon his heart like a committed sin. If he were then alone, he prayed God for forgiveness, and felt some consolation. But it was soon again with him as with the Catholic, who, after he has obtained absolution, commits fresh sin.

A joy was now in prospect; it had already been talked of for months: the Count's journey, as Mrs. Knepus called it, was to take place this winter. It was now five years since the great gentleman had spent a winter upon his estate in Funen; and, consequently, it had been so long since the professors and artists of the neighborhood had been able to celebrate this festal birthday at the splendid country-seat.

Mr. and Mrs. Knepus had both of them economy before their eyes, and the preparations for the journey were made in all respects with regard to this subject. They hired an old worn-out coach, and packed in, first the provisions, then the violin-case, and, last of all, the gentleman and lady: Christian had his place between these two. On the back-seat there came in, as travelling companions, a civil officer, together with his wife, nurse-maid, and child. In order to keep in the warmth, a bed cover was laid right across the knees of the assembled travelling associates. Directly over Christian's head hung a lantern, which nearly singed off his hair; and there lay upon the bed-quilt a fox-and-goose board, because they intended to play for pastime. They chose the night for their journey out, that they might arrive at the hall with the morning hour, and determined to employ the following night for their return. By this means the lodging for the night was dispensed with, gratuities to servants saved, and the cost of the carriage was less by twelve hours; which, being all put together, made up a very considerable saving.

In a closed carriage they managed to sleep quite gloriously; and the nocturnal tour reminded Mr. Knepus vividly of the journey which he had made many years before in North Germany with the diligence.

There was nothing very characteristic to remark about the other well-packed-in married couple. The lady had once had a severe nervous fever, and, therefore, she dated all her reminiscences from "before" and "after" the great sickness. Of the husband there is still less of the remarkable to relate, and we must take a leap back of several years in order to find only one trait worthy of our attention: he was at that time an admirer of the Travels of Mr. Nicolai, "Italy as it really is."

The snow lay deep and kept the farmers' corn-fields warm

in the severe frost, but the roads were well tracked. Quickly rolled away the carriage in the dusk of night. Christian was very happy.

In the public-house of the village, which was yet about ten or twelve miles' distance from the hall, they spent some hours, in order that they might not make their appearance too early as guests with the great folks.

The rosy-tinged morning clouds, the white snow, and the green fir-woods, presented a very cheerful prospect. Not far from the blacksmith's forge hung, upon the summit of a poplar-tree which had been cut down, an empty stork's nest; the former possessor of which now, perhaps, took his morning draught from the fountains of the Nile. Christian looked upon this with the same pensive recollection which creeps over us when we again find the withered flowers which we once, as children, had laid in our Bible.

And now the hall of the nobleman, with its many stables and out-buildings, lay before them. The residence itself consisted of two portions, the old and the new hall. The road wound itself around the old castle-ditches, which, to be sure, were now frozen over, but which, it was plainly to be seen, were well kept up. The old hall, with its thick red walls, small windows, its tower and loop-holes, indicated that no great convenience might be expected there; but all the more was that promised by the new building of two modern stories. One entered this in the centre by a broad flight of stone-steps, the lowest flight of which was adorned by two sphinxes. The principal story was not unlike a large hot-house. Trees and flowers of southern climates stood on both sides, and the cold floor was covered with carpets. Here all was warm and beautiful.

Every requisite which belongs to the winter enjoyments of a Danish country-seat was here assembled in abundance. Upon the castle-ditches sledges were whirling around a lofty pole, upon which waved the Danish flag. Within the narrow hazel avenue a slide ran down from a tolerably considerable height; and there were reared upon the great bleaching-ground two colossal snow-men, with eyes of coal and shields of ice, and with hop-poles, down which water had been poured, for

icy spears in their hands. Between these two knights of snow was placed the cannon which was fired when the healths were drunk.

Dilettanti, among whom were a clergyman and a burgomaster, played, under the direction of Mr. Knepus, behind a green curtain in a side room. Upon the table lay rich birthday presents; and among these stood a flower piece of Naomi's work, which, faithful to nature, was composed from three other similar pictures. The delicate sylph-like girl, who was advancing from childhood to maidenly years, and who possessed, in a high degree, the beauties of both periods of life, stood near a savage dog of which she was particularly fond. The great creature laid his black feet upon her white shoulders, whilst his red tongue hung from his mouth. The beautiful girl seemed, in fact, to be no more than sufficient for a slight breakfast for the dangerous animal; but it wagged its tail in a friendly manner, and her delicate hand caressed it. Naomi smiled; she and the mastiff seemed to be excellent friends.

"That wild girl!" said the old Countess. "She once terrified me to death; my life hangs only on a thin thread. Now she lets that mad animal loose that could eat people up; now she goes galloping on the most furious horse, without saddle, through wood and field. The dear God takes care of her, or she must long ago have been a cripple. If I had only a fourth part of her nature it would do me more good than all my drops and my mixtures."

The pale old Countess after this seated herself on the sofa, and entertained herself with the lady whose recollections all took their date from "before" and "after" her great illness.

"Now there is here quite a new sort of malady broke out," said she; "people call it the red-hound."

"I must have had this sickness of a certainty," replied the Countess; "because I have had all sorts of illnesses, and have had them to a much greater degree than anybody else. I know the whole apothecary's shop by heart, and could show you a press quite full of medicine-bottles, boxes of ointment, and pill-boxes. I only just taste of them, for they do me no good at all. Ah! even for the little excursions which I, weak woman, allow myself, I am obliged to provide myself with

medicaments. I was, during the last week, at a great soirée at the bailiff's, and amused myself; but I can assure you that I went there with sour dough under the soles of my feet, and in that condition I sat at the card-table. I am very sickly, and yet the physician smiles whenever I complain to him of my sufferings. He knows very well that I shall never get better, and on that account he does not pay me the attention which in all reason he ought to do. I become dizzy immediately when I see a mill."

Whilst this conversation was carried on half aloud, the music was playing. Naomi was captivated by it; she stood at the window and amused herself the while by bringing the Count's tulips to earlier bloom by blowing into their buds. A violin solo now began, the bold execution of which excited attention.

"*Charmant!*" cried the old Countess, quite forgetting her maladies.

Naomi drew the curtain aside, and there stood in the midst of the musicians, behind the low music desk, the scholar of Mr. Knepus, Christian, with the violin on his shoulder.

"We have, certainly, already seen one another!" said the Count: "but where?"

"In Copenhagen," replied Christian, in a modest tone.

"He has been confided to my instruction," said Mr. Knepus.

From all sides the tribute of applause was awarded to him. Naomi also smiled with unspeakable sweetness upon him, and spoke a long time to him, only not of former days.

What a time of joy and of happiness was this festival.

The company walked to the slide. Naomi here was more courageous than a boy; Christian held her back.

"You dare not get in?" asked Naomi of him; and he mounted into the sledge only to tumble out of it, yet without any further consequences to himself than that of hearing Naomi say to a by-stander, "How clumsy!"

That made him silent. He dared not any further to address her; but all the more passionately did his glance follow her.

Before dinner he had once more to play, and by this means

he was again in his true position. The old Countess conversed with him, and when she was made acquainted with his parentage she appeared particularly well-informed of his earlier convulsive fits, which were now quite cured; and spoke also of Lucie and her illness. "Yes, all sick people in this neighborhood are known to me. I will now candidly confess that, according to my own opinion, there may be individuals whose sufferings may be more severe than mine; but those are stronger constitutions, which have less to endure in their greater suffering than the sensitive by even less acute pain: and I am so infinitely sensitive!"

One might almost have believed that the interest which people showed for Christian was as much on account of his former infirmities as for his present musical talent. They insisted upon his remaining for a few days at the hall; there would be a very good opportunity for him to return to Odense, as the Count, in a few days, was going to set out on his journey to England, and would travel through Odense.

The table was arranged festively; the dazzlingly white napkins stood like fans out of the tall champagne-glasses; the lights beamed from massive silver chandeliers. Every gentleman selected for himself a lady; Naomi avoided every one; she approached Christian.

"Will the gentleman artist be my cavalier?" asked she, as she placed her arm within his and thus led him to table. He became crimson, and conducted himself awkwardly.

Naomi whispered into the ear of the gouvernante, "Thus shall we sit at table in the other world — the bird of paradise and the crow near to each other. But you must really entertain your lady!" said she to Christian; "or, if you will be the lady, then I will be gentleman." And now she filled his glass.

Christian felt that Naomi's facility in conversation, her liveliness — in short, it was a concerted plan. It was a kind of jesting which she was carrying on with him, in which, however, a certain affection lay. His whole soul belonged to her; of that he became more and more convinced. Again and again she filled his glass; and, without thinking upon the possible consequences, he drank glass after glass. The

blood began to flow quicker in his veins; he became more lively.

"He is coming out," said Naomi. Near to them sat the fair Ludwig, the son of the police-master, who, out of jealous despair of three others, betook himself to her, which should be a very rational means against an unfortunate passion; and Naomi still more increased his pangs by letting him see the devotion which she paid to Christian.

"Life to her whom you love," said Naomi softly to him, as she touched her glass to his.

"It is you!" said Christian, whose tongue the wine had released.

The company now rose from table; Naomi avoided him. He drew himself back with embarrassment, and did not venture to approach her. Deeply he perceived how very much he yet wanted to fit him for entering the higher world.

Dancing began. Neither in that could he take any part; he did not know how to take a step. Naomi flew like a butterfly through the saloon; exercise made her once more as amiable as before; the blood glowed through the fine skin of her cheeks; and her dark complexion gained increased beauty through the artificial light. She was especially captivating; a glorious Mignon, only too slenderly formed for a child of the south.

"She will dance herself into a fever!" said the old Countess.

Mr. Patermann, the chaplain at the hall, with his repulsively mawkish smile around his lips, was of the same opinion. It was with these two, with regard to dancing, as it is with the dogs and water — they had done without it until they had an abhorrence of it.

Naomi did not seem to trouble herself at all about Christian. The fair Ludwig was now the favored one. But Christian could not dance. All at once she stood before him, laid her hands upon his shoulders, and flew with him away in whirling mazes. Everything spun round with him, yet he did not dare to leave hold of her. He trod upon her foot; struck his knee against hers.

"I'm so unwell!" sighed he; and she let him sink down

upon a chair, laughed at him, and floated with another partner through the hall.

An American author relates that the elk, when wounded by the hunter, separates itself from the herd and retires to solitude to die. Christian felt a similar instinct; he left the dancing-hall, for he was, among the high-flying ones, a bird with a broken wing.

The servant lighted him across the court-yard to the old hall, for all the rooms were occupied in the new one. They entered by a low portal into the narrow hall, which had once received the whole castle-court, ascended thence a winding staircase, and, after passing through various lofty old-fashioned rooms, arrived at a little chamber which had been prepared in haste for a sleeping-room. Arms of all kinds, and a quantity of riding-whips, hung round about the walls of the little apartment.

"There is your sleeping-room," said the servant as he lighted the night-lamp. "And here hangs the ancestral lady, who will watch over you whilst you sleep," added he, with a smiling countenance, throwing the light upon a picture of a lady in the costume of the Middle Ages, which hung over the door. That which was most remarkable, however, was, that the lady had an iron chain around the neck, which hung down over her shoulders and breast.

"That was a valiant lady," said the servant: "she had not, indeed, such a great apothecary's bill as our old Countess. She had a quarrel with her neighbor, who made her his prisoner, put a chain around her neck, and had it riveted to the dog-kennel. Those were times! On that they drunk and caroused; but the ancestress, in the mean time, got loose her chain, came, happily, to her own castle, and then called out her people to fall upon the noble. See you, for that reason she had herself painted with her chain about her neck."

The servant now withdrew, and Christian was left alone with his thoughts of the picture of the valiant lady.

She had eyes quite as dark as Naomi. So bold and brave would Naomi also have been. He looked through the window, but the glass was so thick and burnt with the sun that he was only able to see the light shining in the new house.

He thought upon that evening in Copenhagen, how he hung as ship-boy in the wet cordage and saw Naomi also then floating away joyfully in the dance. He thought of the hours which were just passed -- of his wants — of his imperfections, and all his destroyed hopes.

A little after midnight he woke ; he heard the departure of Mr. Knepus, and was nothing less than glad that he remained behind.

What a healing power is there in sleep, when it is a youthful heart which is to be healed !

The sunshine already lit up the picture of the ancestress as Christian awoke from sleep, and the heavy chains around the neck of the lady were the first subject which occupied his mind.

"I also bear such fetters ! I am not much better off than if I were riveted to a dog-kennel, whilst others rejoice themselves in the dance ! But I also will rend the chains ! I will some day come forth as a great artist, and people shall bow themselves before the power of my genius. As in Joseph's dream the sheaves of all the others bowed themselves before his individual sheaf, so shall it likewise be with me ; and then I too, will have myself painted, but not with the sign of the yoke which I have borne, but hand-in-hand with Naomi. She is as beautiful, as wondrously beautiful as the angels of God, only not so good. But who can be so ? "

And he kneeled down and prayed to God that his beautiful dream might be accomplished.

In the forenoon, the old Countess wished to see all the guests assembled around her. The chocolate was served in the old hall, which was only inhabited by herself and the domestics appointed especially to wait upon her.

The way to her rooms, which at least in the last century, had suffered no essential change, was by the winding staircase in the tower. Old grim tapestry, which represented an ancient wood, out of which there appeared here and there the antlers of a stag, ornamented the walls of the sitting-room. A large stove of porcelain was erected before the walled-up chimney, and was adorned with sphinxes of gray stone. Through an enormous press, the doors of which were hung

with carpeting, one descended into the lower rooms. The chairs and sofa had an equally antique appearance, and the only modern object with which this room was furnished was a plaster-of-Paris Napoleon, which stood upon an old pyramid; upon all the spiral rings of which were placed medicine-bottles, ointment, pill-boxes, and such like trophies of sickness which her ladyship had subdued. Thus to place the hero of war amid the trophies of a lady — that was not at all a bad idea. People must do things as well as they can!

"Here is my residence," said the Countess. "Through the whole of the winter the new building stands desolate; then everything is according to the old *régime*, and the lights shine here — alas, they are the lights beside a sick bed!"

The guests had not yet arrived. Naomi stood upon a chair, that she might examine the contents of the uppermost drawer of an old exquisitely carved cabinet.

"Thou art a true Eulenspiergel," said the Countess. "Do get down, for the company is coming."

"It is not every day that the holy of holies is to be seen," said Naomi, with a jeering smile. "You have allowed me to look in here."

"There is nothing but old rubbish in there," replied the Countess; "souvenirs of fifty years ago."

"And this portrait of a lady," inquired Naomi; "why does it lie here? She is beautiful, but she is like a Jewess."

The old Countess fixed her eyes upon the picture, and then turned them upon Naomi with the words, "That is the picture of thy deceased mother!"

With that there was a pause. Naomi was the first who again spoke.

"My mother!" said she: "she, however, at least, shall not lie among the old things." And she concealed the miniature in her bosom.

"Do come down and shut the cabinet! The company is coming!" said the Countess. "You put my blood quite into a commotion; and yet you know that I cannot bear it."

"Tell me about my mother!" said Naomi, gravely.

"What are you thinking about, child?" replied the old lady; "that would not amuse you." She turned herself

about; the strangers entered, and the conversation was thereby interrupted.

Christian was again desired to play. He followed his own fantasies, because Mr. Knepus was not present. Naomi sat sunk in deep thought, and her eye seemed to rest, dreamily, upon him. Thus he had never seen her before. She admires me, thought he, and this thought inspired him. So silent Naomi had never before been seen.

There was to be a game of battledore and shuttlecock played in the new hall, and thither, accordingly, went the company. Naomi remained behind with the old Countess, took her hand and said, in a tone of seriousness very striking for her age, "Tell me about my mother! I *must* and I *will* know the whole!"

"You terrify me with your violence," replied the Countess. "Go across to the strangers, and take part in the game; that is better."

"You still always treat me like a child, which I am no longer, and therefore I will know something more about my own self. I am no stranger, which you took to live with you out of compassion. I am actually that which I ought only to appear, the daughter of your son, and you are my grandmother. It has been thoughtless of me, that I have lived so long among you without making any inquiry about my mother. Only twice have I mentioned her in my father's presence, and both times he rose up angrily, and left me without replying to my questions. Neither would you at any time tell me anything about her, and I have in my frivolity let it pass by, and almost forgotten the affair. But to-day, now that I have found her portrait, I will know more about her, and you shall give me information respecting her."

"Naomi, you know how delicate I am," said the old lady; "do not torment me, — because I neither can nor will gratify your wishes. Neither are such histories as those fit for your years! No! in course of time when I, probably, shall have long been resting in my grave, my son will tell you about these things. Go now into the anteroom and fetch me my brown cloak."

"You want to get me out of the room," said Naomi, "that

you may fasten the bolt, and then not let me in again! That you have done before now! Grandmother, you know my character: in the castle-ditch there is a hole broken in the ice; I will throw myself into it, if you will not immediately tell me that which I desire to know."

"You are a detestable girl!" said the old Countess; "you treat me, a weak lady, very ill. I will yield to your wishes; but that which you desire to know will become only a thorn in your own breast." The old and otherwise sickly and pale-looking lady became at these words of a feverish crimson, and her speech became quicker. "You are not of my blood, and not of the blood of my son," continued she: "it is a folly, a weakness in him, that he for some time believed this."

As an electric shock acted the next words of the old lady.

"The old Jew of Svendborg was thy grandfather," said she; "his daughter was handsome — handsomer than thou wilt be. She was gouvernante at the hall — she was a *servant* here. Dost thou understand me? — she was a servant here! But she had good sense and was well read, and therefore we treated her as one of the family. My son Fritz fell in love with her, his father opposed it, and your mother was obliged to return to her father. Fritz now took a journey, and we attended to our own affairs; but they kept up a correspondence, and seemed only to live for their love, although certain people did not speak well of your mother. There lived in Svendborg a musician, a native of Norway, who came to your grandfather's house, and became the confidant of your mother — yes, was very intimate with her. Fritz returned from his journey — we believed that all was forgotten; he devoted himself to the chase, but his rides a-hunting were only visits to Svendborg. I perceived it, and I knew what a sinful life they led — worse than you can imagine. It is foolish to talk with you about such things! I told Fritz what I had heard; but he had confidence in the love of your mother, until he once found the house-friend with her. In short, you are not of noble Danish blood — perhaps of Norwegian! My Fritz was now convinced, and became a rational man again. When you were born your mother wrote lamentable letters about you; and at last she put an end to her own life, because Fritz

would not listen to her fiction. That was all for effect, and it served its purpose. She was buried, and you came to us. I myself went and fetched you from Svendborg."

"I thank you for your communication," said Naomi, calmly, but pale as the wall; "I am then of the Norwegian, and not Danish nobility. Well, I have always had more delight in Oehlenschläger's 'Hakon Jarl' than in his 'Palnatoke.' Shall I now go over there and play at ball?"

"Child," replied the Countess, "you are excited! — I never knew any one like you! You do not yet understand the nature of the history you have heard. O, there will come a time when you will shed tears of blood over that which you have heard this hour!"

"I have heard," said Naomi, "that my mother was beautiful, that she was possessed of good sense, and that she had the courage to die when she was deeply wounded. Her portrait shall hang in my chamber; I will garland it with flowers, and to it shall all my kisses belong. Now I can go and play at shuttlecock with the strangers!"

With a smiling countenance she left the Countess; alone upon the stairs in the old tower she remained standing, and wept bitter tears. Ten minutes afterward the gay, loudly jesting Naomi was seen playing at shuttlecock. Instinct taught her, that tears only excited sympathy where a similar sense of suffering existed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

' Beside his pillow sat the maid
And fixed a look upon him
For which a kingdom might be paid —
But ah ! what ails thy heart ? "

TEGNER'S *Axel.*

"THE old Countess has circumvented me," thought Naomi : "she wishes to wound me, and has invented the whole story, or else she has received a false report for true. I *must* and *will* find out the truth of the whole affair ! " And she now hung upon the Count with flattering words, who often spoke to her of their soon being separated for a long time.

"For two years we shall not see each other," said he ; "I shall then return, and you shall go with me to Paris and London — to the gay and magnificent London ! "

"You are very kind to me," replied Naomi, "and you are the only one toward whom my thoughts and my whole wishes incline. Other people whom I know, and whom I must endure, I only like for my own sake ; they amuse me, and I need them, but they frequently are infinitely tedious to me."

"They do not indulge you in everything, as I do," said the Count.

"You ? " repeated she, as she looked inquiringly into his eyes, — "you yield to me ? No ! not one single time have you complied with my most innocent, my warmest prayer, and on that account I have endured mortifications of which I never once dared to tell you, because you became immediately so violent, so stern, and cold toward me."

She laid her cheek to his, twisted his hair round her finger, and seemed to hold in her breath. "You are ashamed," said she, "to call me your daughter before the world ; if I be not so, then tell me, at least, whom I may love as my father."

"Me ! " said the Count ; "me ! — you are my child ! " But

his eye became dark, gloomy wrinkles gathered upon his brow, his whole demeanor seemed to oppose the expression of his tongue.

"And, before the eyes of the world, who are my parents?" asked she: "the daughter of a Jew, of a —?" She was silent — her lips moved convulsively.

"Of a man whose name you shall never know," answered the Count. "He was from Norway. He is dead, and he died in a manner worthy of him."

"O, tell me about it, however!" besought Naomi.

"No!" returned the Count, and left her.

"He also is cruel!" said Naomi: "one human being torments another. Norman alone is kind and faithful to me; he regards me more than all the rest, and him they put in chains." She went down below into the court-yard to the mastiff, caressed him, unfastened his chain, and led the dangerous creature up and down in the court: and he, rejoicing in his liberty, made all kinds of bounds, whilst his steaming tongue hung out from his jaws.

"Thou dear Norman!" said she. "A Norman must also love me; and for the sake of thy name I will give thee thy freedom."

At that moment Christian was returning from a solitary ramble in the garden. The thaw which had commenced had weakened the legs of one of the snow-men, and his lance lay on the earth, dropped from his arm. The bell sounded for dinner — Christian left the garden. The moment that he had opened the gate he perceived Naomi and the dog, which began to bark, and to show his teeth. Naomi laughed aloud when she saw how much Christian was frightened. The dog sprang toward him; Christian, however, drew back into the garden, and prayed Naomi to fasten the dog.

"Poltroon!" cried she.

At that moment the dog tore himself loose, sprang against the gate, which gave way, and sprang upon Christian, who uttered a cry of terror as he saw the red jaws and sharp teeth of the animal directed to him. In order to save himself he sprang upon the snow-man, and seized the lance with both his hands at the very moment when the creature took hold

upon him. The snow-pile fell together with a dull sound, which in fact was a great piece of good fortune, because the pieces of frozen snow and ice, which flew in all directions, frightened the dog back.

Several people ran forward at his cry for help. Naomi stood, as if petrified, at the gate.

"He bleeds! The dog has bitten him!" they cried.

"There, you see the consequences of your barbarity!" said the Count, who hastened up at that moment, and who cast a severe glance on Naomi.

They took up Christian.

"The dog shall be shot," said the Count.

With that Naomi sprung forward weeping, and prayed for the life of the mastiff; seized Christian's hand, and besought of him, with looks of distress, to ask for the life of her favorite. Her lips touched his pale cheek, and he did that for which she had prayed.

The surgeon of the next town was fetched. Christian had been dangerously bitten by the enraged animal; the most careful nursing and attention were bestowed upon him. Naomi visited him; silently and gravely she seated herself by his bed. Christian offered her his hand, as a token of reconciliation; and in order to say something agreeable to her, he again besought for the life of the dog.

"I fancy that I could get to love you," said Naomi, in extraordinary excitement, whilst she looked keenly into his pale face with her beaming eyes.

The Count now set out on his journey, but it was not to be thought of that Christian could already return to Odense; they therefore informed Mr. Knepus, by letter, of the disagreeable accident.

"Terror and trouble rob me of life," said the old Countess, on the departure of her son. "Now you leave us, and I feel that we shall never see one another more. When, in two years' time, you return, you must go to the village church, into the closed chapel, and there you will find my coffin."

"Ah, mother, that belongs to a novel," replied the Count.

"It stands written in your mother's heart!" said the Countess, gravely.

The Count's journey was an important occurrence on the estate, and yet we only give the information of it by saying that he set off.

Naomi sat in Christian's chamber. Everything betrayed how dear she was to him, and that caused her for the first time to feel an interest in him. She inquired from him from whom he had learned to play.

"From my godfather, the Norwegian, in Svendborg;" said Christian, and then told her about this extraordinary man. "I once heard a story related about a magician who played a fiddle so well along the streets that the children came out of the houses and ran after him. He then went into a mountain, and the children vanished as he did. Even so, methinks, could my godfather play. He had learned his art, he said, from the Neck. I think, too, that that which he once told me had reference to himself. There was once, he said, a poor peasant-lad in Norway, who had an extraordinarily great desire to learn to play upon the violin. His father would hear nothing about it, and insisted on his continuing to labor. On that the boy, one evening, stole out of his home, and went with his fiddle toward the mountain-stream. Neck showed himself to him out of the water, and promised him that he would teach him to play yet a great deal better; seized him by the hand, and pinched his finger so violently that it bled. From that time forth, nobody could play so beautifully as himself; everybody wished to hear him, and he gained a deal of money by his fiddle. With that, his father now permitted him to devote himself entirely to his art. But one morning when he was returning from a wedding, Neck sat upon the bridge, and said he must now come down to him in the water, and remain with him, because he belonged to him. On hearing these words he flew faster than a horse could gallop, and Neck pursued him; but he flew into a church, and to the altar, else Neck would still have seized upon him."

"But who knows whether, after all, your godfather might not be Neck himself?" said Naomi, smiling. Her eyes beamed — the blood glowed upon her beautiful cheeks. She questioned him still more; yes, it was her father of whom Christian spoke: he, however, saw in this eagerness only

sympathy in the fate of his godfather, and therefore he took up the thread of his history at every fresh visit, in order to please Naomi. She was made acquainted with the journey to Thorseng, their meeting in the Glorup garden, and heard of the horrible morning when the godfather was found hanging in the tree. Naomi smiled; she laid, thoughtfully, her delicate hand upon her brow.

"He was an extraordinary man," said she; "but he was unfortunate, and that is much more interesting than being a fortunate, every-day sort of person. You, too, have very early in life had quite an adventure; but now all that is interesting is over: you are now arrived at the wearisome repose in which one day goes quite naturally before another. On the flat, every-day road, one never attains to anything out of the common way; at least not through one's self. If I were in your place, I would take my fiddle upon my back and steal away from all those wearisome people who are all just alike from the trimmings on their dress to the black cravat round the neck."

"What would then, indeed, become of me?" asked Christian; "I am poor."

"O, you were yet a great deal poorer when you left the house of your parents!" suggested Naomi. "Then you could not play as you now can, and the way leads still to your happiness. If you should for once know hunger for a day, or if your couch should be on straw, what harm then? That would really make your life very interesting. Only think how splendid it would be for you, when you are become a great man, to look back upon this time! The world would admire your bold step, and I — yes, I believe that I could then love you. But otherwise not! No! no! you must altogether turn out something distinguished."

With these words she seized his hand, and continued to describe to him her romantic views of a life with which she was not acquainted. It flattered that proud, self-willed girl, to be guide of another. She gave to Christian the place of her doll; with him she would realize her romantic dreams. There existed by that means a strong sentiment of affection for Christian, which yet was very different from love. She told him

about foreign countries, of celebrated men and women, and then sighed because it was her fate to have been a girl. "But, however, I will not, at least, be like others!" asserted she.

Christian was drawn more and more into the magical circle with which she surrounded him; all his thoughts, all his dreams, turned upon adventures, fame, and Naomi.

The blood careered feverishly through his veins. The night-lamp, which burned by his bed, was nearly extinguished; the flame sat only like a painted speck upon the wick.

"If I can repeat the Lord's Prayer to the end," said he to himself, "before the lamp goes out, then I shall one day become a famous man, and Naomi will be my wife; but if it goes out, then I am lost both here and hereafter!"

He folded his hands, and repeated the words mechanically; his eyes were riveted upon the lamp; the flame trembled — more rapidly did he speak the words. The prayer was ended, and still the lamp burned.

"But I have forgotten 'deliver us from evil!' The whole goes for nothing, and I must again repeat the prayer; if it then succeeds, it is a twofold token." And he said once more the Lord's Prayer, and the lamp burned on. "I shall be happy!" exclaimed he in joy, and the lamp went out.

It was the middle of the week.

"Next Sunday you will leave us," said Naomi, as she again paid a visit to Christian. "The physician says that you will soon be as well as the rest of us. Remember, then, your promise! I know that you love me, but I can bestow my love upon no ordinary man, and you can only become an every-day person in that shop-keeping Odense, and under the guidance of that foolish Mr. Knepus. Venture on a bold step in the world! Here you shall have, what nobody knows of and nobody shall, a hundred rix-dollars of my own pocket-money! Think of our first meeting in the garden, of which you have told me; I received your eyes and your lips as a pledge. You are now mine; I have a portion in you. As soon as ever you feel yourself quite recovered, you will venture on a bold step. Let me have tidings of it, and the night upon which you begin your wandering I will keep awake and think of you."

"I will do everything which you command!" exclaimed he, enraptured, whilst he threw his arm round her neck. And she sat there with her proud smile, and permitted him calmly to kiss her glowing cheek.

As is the life's coloring in the heart, so is the world mirrored in it. If we had on this evening been able to question Christian, Naomi, and, for example, the old Countess also, all three of them would have expressed their decided, but very different opinions about it.

To Christian the world was a temple of God, in which the heart opens itself to God and love; in which confidence grows and conviction becomes strengthened. The kiss on Naomi's beautiful cheek was his baptism; the sound of her voice, the powerful organ-tones which gave wings to his soul.

"The world is a great masquerade-hall," thought Naomi. "One must play one's part with address; one must become imposing. One has only character according to that which one can rightly do. I will be an Amazon, a Madame de Staël, a Charlotte Corday, or whatever circumstances may best allow."

"The world is a great hospital," said the old Countess. "With our birth begin our maladies; every passing hour brings us nearer to death. One can make one's self much worse by reading doctors' books; an innocent glass of water may contain an insect which may grow within us to a large beast. One may have a gangrene, one the palsy; one may be dropsical, and one may have the most horrible disorders which end only in death; and this is what we live for! All people are sick, but some conceal their sicknesses; others despise them; and there are misguided people, without nerves, but full of unhealthy blood which gives red cheeks, who carry about with them the false idea that they are actually healthy people!"

CHAPTER XXV.

"Les passions sont les vents qui font aller notre vaisseau, et la raison est le pilote qui le conduit. Le vaisseau n'irait point sans les vents et se perdrait sans le pilote." — *Esprit des Esprits.*

A BEAUTIFUL winter's day, when the hoar-frost hangs on the boughs of the trees, and the black ravens float away in the bright sunshine over the white snow, may awaken in us the desire to travel; but very different to this was the day on which Christian returned to Odense. A damp fog lay upon the whole country; naked, skeleton-like trees, on the boughs of which hung large drops of water, stood up amid the dirty snow; — and yet it was exactly this weather which awoke his desire to go forth into the world, a longing after romantic adventures. To him appeared the whole domestic circumstances, which awaited him, only an uninterrupted succession of wet and cold days. Only forth! and all would be changed into sunshine and warmth, he thought.

"Here my fortune would be as long in developing itself as the summer; I will leave my native land, therefore, and fly toward my happiness!"

A night's sleep under the domestic roof, where was no Naomi to inspire him, again tranquillized his mind. He thought on Peter Vieck; he recalled to himself all that this man had done for him, and he felt, with grief, what an ill return he had made him.

"But if I should some day come back as a celebrated man, what a surprise and joy would that be! But how am I to make a beginning in the affair? — The Bible shall be my oracle."

He opened the holy book, and read in the Gospel of St. Matthew the words of Jesus Christ to the sick of the palsy, "Arise, take up thy bed, and walk!" — "Yes, God wills it!"

exclaimed he; "He speaks to me by the means of His holy word, and I also have Naomi's money! This monstrous sum makes me richer than I ever was before. I will go to Germany."

Not in the least did Mr. Knepus imagine what occupied the mind of his scholar, when he made inquiries about a journey to Brunswick, Goslar, and North Germany. He formed a sort of plan, but to make out this two things were wanting — how he was to carry out the proper beginning, and how he was to obtain a passport. With regard to the last impediment, Naomi had already bethought of that, and she knew how to obtain the needed passport.

The fair Ludwig, the son of the police-director, whose stolen glances at Naomi tolerably well expressed the notes to which the nightingales in Persia sing to the roses, must furnish the passport. He was, indeed, the left hand in the police-office, of which his father was the right; and why need the right hand know what the left doeth? He must, as before said, furnish the passport, which was to serve for several European countries. That was Naomi's first prayer, and he must accomplish it. He had, indeed, love and youth, those bold twining plants which are able to bear a deal without breaking! But amid the folios of the council-room archives, among the dusty beams of the audience-chamber, there had also shot up a third plant; that was circumspection, and of it the beautiful Naomi had never thought. The fair Ludwig, however, had drank of the leaves of this plant every morning and every evening in his tea, and therefore he brought of a truth, quite secretly to Naomi, the desired, and, as she had directed, passport for various European countries for a young musician of eighteen, and Christian's name stood within it; but in order to make it unavailing, the description of Naomi's person was given therein; — the dark, sparkling, gazelle-like eyes; the delicate, slender figure; the jet-black hair: — only she alone could make use of the passport. Because *hers*, and not Christian's, exterior was described in it, he indeed, excused himself with the assertion that her image floated before his mind, and that she occupied his whole thoughts, and therefore the description of her person had been given in the passport. But with this passport Christian could not even go to the peninsula.

He had chosen the festival of Easter for his flight, and for this end he intended to request permission to go and visit his mother and his stepfather, whom, since the journey to Copenhagen, he had not seen. The days of the Lord's suffering and captivity in the grave were to become to him days of joy and freedom. What, indeed, could he learn from Mr. Knepus? What could his residence in Odense avail him?

He wrote to Naomi, to inform her of his determination, and beside that, besought her earnestly for a last meeting at the little inn, which lay only a few miles' distance from the estate. There they would see one another for the last time, in order to say farewell to each other. The letter was sent: and he was now firmly determined, like Cæsar on the Rubicon. O that he could only have dared to have confided in Lucie! But that he ventured not to do; her mind ascended not so high; she would either turn him to ridicule, or else she would endeavor to dissuade him from his journey.

The important day approached, and Christian strapped up his little travelling bag, but continually undid it again, as he had now forgotten to put this and now that into it, which he must by all means take with him, and thus some of the already packed up things had to be displaced. From his fiddle and his Bible he, however, could not part.

All that Peter Vieck had done for him demanded more and more his gratitude; tears rolled down his cheeks: he took pen and paper to write his farewell to him, and besought from him forgiveness; but scarcely was the letter finished than he again tore it. Suddenly a new thought awoke in his soul; his eyes sparkled: his hands folded themselves — a final determination was taken. He rapidly wrote a long letter, read it through, and exclaimed, rejoicing, "Yes, thus it is well! now I am tranquil, and Naomi also will be satisfied with it. The dear God has given me the ideas!" Joyfully he laid himself in bed, and slept without dreaming.

In the early morning he went with a return carriage to Nyborg.

Naomi had received his letter, and was quite captivated with the excellent adventure, whose originator in truth she was; and on that account she resolved to meet him at the

little inn, but that without the knowledge of any one. She could very easily get there — she needed nothing more than to take a ride; but it would, nevertheless, have been unpleasant to her to have been recognized at the inn, seeing that it was only a simple youth whom she had to meet there.

She therefore made a visit to the gardener, a dapper little man, who dressed remarkably well for one in his condition.

"I have a little jest in hand," said Naomi to him; "lend me your Sunday clothes for it."

She herself stole to the stable, saddled her horse with her own hands, and a quarter of an hour afterward she rode, in the form of the gardener, down the poplar avenue, — a light and bold rider, forsooth! She waved her hat, as the shepherd interrupted his work of sewing on soles to his stockings to open her the gate.

"Take care of my horse, and let the guests' parlor be heated for me," said Naomi, as she entered the little inn.

Ah, how often she looked up the road to see whether he were not coming at last! How carefully she studied all the names which were written on the window! For three whole hours that was her amusement.

"One shall see that, after all, he will not come; he has not courage for it!" said she, vexed.

And yet the hero came, but late, very late! And hot and weary was he with the long journey.

"You are come at last!" exclaimed she.

He started as he recognized the disguised maiden; and soon they began their mutual communications. He told her of that which had so actively occupied him, and gave her the letter to read which he had written to Peter Vieck. The contents were not a farewell, but a candid confession of his intentions, yet without any mention of Naomi's name. He expressed in the letter his romantic view of the world, and added his conviction that he must seek his own fortune, and that he certainly should become a great performer. He besought Peter Vieck to give him his consent to this journey, without which he could never be easy. He wished Naomi first to read his letter; he meant then to send it and wait at the house of his parents for the answer.

"Is that your real, earnest intention?" asked Naomi. "Now, that is just what I expected! You will never become a great man!"

She would not say another word to him; — called for her bill, and galloped away in the dusk of the evening.

Christian stood there forlorn; she had left him without an adieu; he was still in possession of her money, but it seemed to burn in his pocket.

The god of dreams weaves into the veil of night the most strange arabesques which the fancy can create; it is an attribute of the power of Michael Angelo to represent the lost soul in the day of the last judgment, and the tender beauty of Raphael in the representation of the heavenly. There is given to the youthful heart the same boldness in painting the extremes of despair and of hope, and the transitions are equally abrupt.

And if, indeed, in moments of the deepest pain, it paint a burial vault — a dark, damp vault, in which nothing but sulphureous fumes spring up — yes, to make its sufferings more perceptible to us, points to a rose-bud lying on the ground, the sacrifice of corruption, we shall yet see that it, by degrees, will strike out roots, unfold itself, put forth leaves and buds, and that the whole vault will be changed to an arbor of roses, in which the sun of spring will soon shine, and the blue air of heaven enter.

Thus also, in this night, was the transition in Christian's soul, whilst he, at random, threaded the labyrinthine byways which led in the direction of Örebäk.

Green is the color of hope. This image is taken from the spring, which clothes the again-awakening life in field and meadow in this color; but is not the regeneration of the morning from night much more allegorical? Here the coloring of anticipation is red; the rosy stripes in the east announce the regeneration of life and of light — if this be not, like human hope, only a false glory, the reflection of a burning village.

Christian saw the clear brilliancy in the east — the morning was at hand; but still, however bright the horizon might be, yet the sun did not ascend.

It was a conflagration. There was a fire in Örebäk — the

dwelling of his stepfather was in flames; and yet all in the house slept, and therefore the red flames stretched forth their polypus arms boldly through roof and beams. The air and the snow became reddened by them, the tied-up horses neighed, and the sluggish cows and oxen bellowed in the still morning hour: the human beings slept, and those who sleep are indeed happy.

Christian knew not whose house it was which was burning, and contemplated the distant fire with that interest with which the young look on when other people's houses are burning; but afterward! — Yes, in the morning the fire was extinguished; the last harvests were burnt; the cattle were burnt; and the possessor? With his head shattered, he lay beneath the ruins of a fallen wall. Two tottering chimneys rose out of the smoking pile of rubbish, and peasants and fire-engine people bustled noisily about the place of the burning.

Hither came Christian, with his bundle under his arm and his packed-up violin on his back. It was his home before which he stood.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"By studying you can become a priest: well, does not a cracked bell call a pious congregation to devotion?" — *Queen of Spades.*

"It is said that he died in the firm and confident belief that his people was the most excellent in the world, and in spite of its degeneration and all its distress, yet the only chosen peculiar people of God.

The Old Rabbi by INGEMANN.

WHEN a family is about to hire a servant, they do not merely consider his essential usefulness, but they take into consideration whether he have absurd manners or a bad mode of speaking. The actor who makes his appearance in public must be possessed of an exterior which is suited to the character which he wishes to represent, in order to deliver in a worthy manner the work of the poet, and in an especial manner regard is had to his voice. To the preacher alone, to the organ of divinity itself, do we permit most wretched elocution, and the most laughable behavior. We have singing, through-the-nose speaking, affected preachers, who for the most part have brought their faults with them from the capital, where they have endeavored to form themselves according to this or that celebrated pulpit-orator of the time. Thus, in former times, people believed that the Bible could not be translated into the language of the country; and many country people also now fancy that the Bible must only be read aloud in the affected tone in which they have heard their pastor deliver the dear word of God. Instead of reading in a natural voice and from a full chest, and looking at the community at large in the face, as if one man, the preacher often stands there like a Calcutta cock, and turns his head on one side and his eyes on the other. The word of God ought to be like the holy wine of the altar, offered in a pure and open chalice.

Every one of those qualities which a preacher ought not to

possess were to be found in the preacher of the parish, Mr. Patermann; who, according to the wishes of the old Countess, was to perform Naomi's Confirmation. Not in vain was honey mingled with the hissing of the serpent in his conversation! There was a something nauseously sweet, something insinuating, upon his ever-smiling lips; he turned, like the elfin king, his fair side toward people, but like him, at the same time, was a hollow figure.[1] The gouvernante discovered that he had a truly apostolic countenance, and called his conversation poetry in the prose of life. We cannot participate in this opinion. In the very worst taste he introduced into his discourse the malicious jokes of others against himself. He did not understand how to multiply the thoughts of others and to give again the product; but, in fact, he subtracted his minus from the given plus. Such a man as this could not please Naomi.

"Mr. Patermann is to make a human being of me!" said she, whilst all his prominent peculiarities passed before her. He was to her an object of ridicule; and that he, at least, should not be who treats of holy things. She had no esteem for him, and this excited opposition. The preparations for Confirmation became in this way disputations, yet all in becoming humility toward the young lady of condition. The sinful youth of the country had, on the contrary, to bear all the more for it. It was with him as with the schoolmaster who taught the son of a rich man together with his own; whenever the former thwarted and vexed him, he poured out his wrath upon the latter, assured that he had the right of acting according to his pleasure with his own flesh and blood.

Naomi was accustomed to ride to the parsonage, and the reverend teacher helped the gracious young lady always from her horse. On the day of which we would now write, the herdsman's boy sprang forward to hold her horse. He was sent by the cottager's wife to entreat the young lady to go to her for a moment, because a stranger lay dying in her house who had prayed for permission to do so.

"What trash is that!" said the pastor; "the woman is a

[1] According to the Danish popular belief, the elves are hollow behind, like a baking-trough. — *Author's Note.*

widow, and that is nothing but begging, lies, and pretenses:" whereupon he conducted Naomi into the parlor. It happened so, that on this day they read about the merciful Samaritan.

"That was beautiful conduct, which we must imitate," said the pastor.

"Then I ought, in this way, to have gone immediately to-day to the cottager's wife," interrupted Naomi.

"That is not the application one must make," said Mr. Patermann. "Here, in the country, poverty consists of pure ragamuffins—it is made up of tricks and devices; people cannot act with us as in the eastern history." With these words he smiled, because he meant to say something very beautiful.

In the dwelling of the poor cottager lay, where her only cow stood tied, a dying man on the straw; his limbs were covered with an old sack. No one was with him, the cow was his only companion: the skeleton-like fingers played powerlessly one with another.

The door opened and the woman entered, with a jug in her hand. "Lord Jesus!" said she, half angry and half bewailing, "now there he lies, and will die with me, a poor miserable being! That is what I have got by letting him come in and lie here for the night! Death was already on his lips when he came here! May God, however, help me!"

The dying man raised himself a little, seemed to smile, and then closed his eyes again.

"The young lady won't come," said the woman: "it is what I expected; and the pastor is angry about my sending the lad there, and I shall hear about it, of a certainty."

The dying man sighed, and then suddenly he raised himself up and pointed to a sort of traveller's box, which was fastened with a cord.

"Shall I open it?" asked the woman.

"Yes!" replied the sick man, scarce perceptibly, when all at once his eye brightened, for Naomi stood before him; she had entered through the open door.

"I have seen you before now," said she to the woman; "you have always saluted me so respectfully when you met me. Is that water which you are giving to him?" asked she. "Go and get something better!"

"A little glass of brandy might do him good," said the woman; "but for fourteen days not a drop has been in my house."

"Go and buy wine!" said Naomi, giving her money. The woman looked bewildered and inquiring, and hesitated a few moments before she went out.

A sparrow flew upon the stone floor, twittered, and then flew out again. The cold wind blew through the crevices in the miserable wall. The dying man seemed again to revive, and a few intelligible words proceeded from his lips.

"Might I look at thee, Naomi?" said he.

"You know my name?" asked she.

"I knew it before thou thyself knewest it," replied the sick man, gazing at her with a sorrowful expression. "I have carried thee in my arms; but thou canst no longer remember old Joel!"

"I saw you a long time ago, but you have never come to the hall."

"I dared not; nor would I, either," replied he.

"What have you to say to me?" inquired she.

He again pointed to the old box. What did it contain, and what had the dying Joel to say to her? If thou couldst have understood the twittering of the despised sparrow, thou wouldst have heard that which Naomi heard; if thou hadst understood the music which the cold wind of the early Year blew upon his pandean-pipe through the wicker-wall of the miserable cottage, thou wouldst know why Naomi was so thoughtful, why she went with slow steps through the wood toward the hall.

"Is not Judaism, the father of Christianity, a wandering Ödip, which is set up as a jest for the younger generation?" Could it, perhaps, be this question over which she was pondering? or it might be the holy remarks of Mr. Patermann upon the compassionate Samaritan which actively employed her mind. Her delicate fingers turned over the leaves of a book, and her eyes looked as fixedly upon the pages as the gold-maker when he watches the mingling of the mysterious powder in his crucible. Was it Luther's "Catechism," or a new and improved edition of the hymn-book, in which prosaic hands have stripped it of its poetry, that she looked through

so earnestly? The size was too large, the volume too old, and the pages bore only faded handwriting. It was the inheritance of the high-conditioned young lady on the mother's side. There were verses and thoughts in this book, and between the leaves lay loose papers.

"Is there any shame in belonging to a world-famous people?" inquired her thoughts. "The father of my mother was rich; Joel was his servant — his old, faithful servant. When I was left, and everything lay in ruins and in ashes, he gave me a home where it ought to be. The true, old soul!"

Tears started to her dark eyes, but she kept them back with her black eyelashes.

"Young lady!" cried the poor woman behind her, "now he is dead!"

Naomi stopped her horse.

"Is he dead?" repeated she. "Tell me, however, what he confided to you, when you sent the boy after me?"

"He only prayed me to send for you, otherwise he could not die; and I knew that to-day you would be with the preacher."

"You could not have rightly understood him," replied Naomi coldly; "and therefore you acted so awkwardly. You sent a messenger to me, and yet I never had spoken with the man. I know him not. You'll get into all kinds of unpleasantness if they come to hear of this at the hall. But, however, I will be silent about it, that I promise you. Only keep silent yourself, and tell the bailiff that the man who came to you is dead."

"Dear Lord! and so you did not know him at all?" said the woman.

"I!" replied Naomi, whilst she cast an ice-cold glance upon the woman; "how should I, indeed, know anything about the old Jew?"

And she rode away, but her heart beat violently.

"Poor Joel!" said she to herself; "God, indeed, has denied thy people, so also can I deny thee!" She drew forth the book which she had concealed under her dress, and read in it. She then put her horse to the gallop and careered away.

The poorest peasant finds his grave in the consecrated

earth of the church-yard, and if his poor relations are not able to place above him a grave stone, yet they stretch out between two willow-poles a piece of linen, and write upon it with ink the name, birthday, and day of death of the deceased. The honest Joel, who had carried to the grave the box containing the burnt remains of his master, that they might be laid in consecrated ground, received for himself only a resting-place outside the church-yard wall, where the cow of the cottager's wife grazed on the foot-path! Four days after the interment one might have seen the white sand, with which the poor woman had strewn the grave, hurled with stones by the children in whom the Evil One had a place, because they knew, indeed, that it was a Jew who had been buried there. And the despised sparrows sat themselves on the stones and twittered their song, and the cold wind of the early Year blew the while upon his pandean-pipe through the miserable wicker-work of the next fence.

There is something magnetic in reading; we look at the black letters, and there ascends through the eye a living image into our souls, that seizes upon us like a powerful reality. Naomi read in the book which had been bequeathed to her — she read the letters, and the house that was burned down stood again before her, with its old-fashioned presses and the inscription over the door, — "If I forget thee, Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning." The beautiful stocks sent forth again their fragrance, and the sun shone again through the red glass of the garden-house, where the ostrich-egg hung under the roof.

The old Countess had, however, been correct in her report regarding Naomi's mother. The Norwegian had overheard the lovers as they concerted their place and time of meeting. He took advantage of this — he was a demon who had no pity. Of a truth the joy of love was great, but greater still were the sufferings of love. The beautiful Sara wept, as had wept Susanna the daughter of Chelcias, but there was no Daniel to witness for her, — "I am clear of this blood!" There were many commentaries rich in meaning on this subject in the Book, but they were not right reading for one preparing for Confirmation.

"The Norwegian is Naomi's father!" was written with a trembling hand in the book. The old Joel had written these words; and more than this, which told of crime, of misery, and of violent death.

"The Norwegian was my father," said Naomi, "that is now certain! O my mother! through thee I belong to this outcast people! No one can rob me of this persuasion!" She stepped before the mirror. "I have not the fair hair and the blue eyes of the inhabitant of the North; in me there is nothing which betrays a descent from the land of the northern lights and the mist. My hair is black, like that of the children of Asia; my eyes and my blood tell me that I belong to a warmer sun."

And she read the books of the Old Testament eagerly, as one proud of his ancestry reads his genealogical table. Her heart beat loudly at the names of the valiant women of whom these writings make mention — of the courageous Judith, the wise Esther.

"My mother's people were already an enlightened, a victorious people, whilst the North was yet inhabited by savage hordes. The wheel has turned round!"

"The noble young lady is an Antichrist in belief," said Mr. Patermann after the hour's instruction; and, in fact, her questions might have perplexed a more able divine than he was. Left to herself, her mind speculated freely, often boldly. She looked beyond that which surrounded her, and it was to her a welcome pleasure whenever she could embarrass her spiritual teacher, which often was the case. She wished to know what it was which Mahomet had taught his people; she desired to hear the Brahminical lore as it was promulgated on the banks of the Ganges. "One must know everything in order to choose out the best," said she. "To the feeble and to the sick one may only give the appointed food, but I am strong enough to taste of all kinds."

At such remarks as these Mr. Patermann bowed, and thought to himself, "If anybody comes into eternal fire she will." And everything which was displeasing to him in Naomi he mentioned to the old Countess, and she sent intelligence of it to the Count. The gouvernante, who was by no

means fitted for the guide of so intellectual a girl as Naomi, had likewise gone over to the party of the Countess, and that indeed, in the threefold character of reader, nurse, and helper-on of conversation. She had been long attached to Naomi, but when this young lady began to make herself merry over the German poetry of the gouvernante, she then went over to the opposite party. That which the angel of the Lord prophesied to Hagar of her son seemed to hang over Naomi: "He shall be a wild man; his hand shall be against every man, and every man's hand shall be against him." With respect to the Countess, the pastor, and the gouvernante, they were all three severe enough against Naomi. "I know very well," said she, "that dark clouds easily arise when the meadow steams. But the storm is precisely that which interests me, — a self-arranged storm. They wish to be my masters! the Count alone is my royal master! If they go on too far with me, if they play the wicked part of Haman, then I will be as bold as Esther, and when they least expect it I will present myself before him as their accuser. It was a more powerful hand than that of the fair Ludwig which guided the pen, when my person was described in the passport which was designed for the womanish boy in Odense!" And once again she read about Abraham's rich flocks and herds, of David's victories, and of the pomp and glory of Solomon.

In the Forum of Rome stands the ruins of a pagan temple; and in the midst of these, between the tall marble pillars, a Christian church has been built. The past and the present, the old and the new, are here closely bound the one to the other; but the eye of the spectator rests, in an especial manner, upon the remains of the temple. Thus also Naomi, with her thoughts on Judaism, which she contemplated as built up together with Christianity. Accustomed in youth to change every myth into reality, there was in her a sort of Straussian mysticism, which explained everything historical by myths. By degrees she came to take that view of religious matters which is beginning to reveal itself in our days in Germany, as a sort of freethinking. As to her religious opinion in the year of Confirmation, if any regard must be paid to it, she might be called rather a Jewess than a Christian. The

thundering, sternly avengeful Jehovah, appeared to her more glorious than the gentle Spirit whom we address as an Abba, dear Father! That which she read in the Old Testament united itself with recollections from her childhood. She thought on Joel and the last conversation with him.

The cow of the cottager was grazing upon his grave the first time that she passed by it. She cast a glance upon the church-yard wall and smiled.

"There or here," thought she, "the worms still devour the body. The Bible announces resurrection from the dead and the Bible is the word of God, they tell me. But yet in the same book it is written, also, 'As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more.' That must also be true, because it too stands written in the Bible. I must just as well believe the one as the other! There is no immortality! Jehovah's most perfect creature must crumble to dust like every work of human hands, must cease to exist sooner than nature which has formed dust. All created beings, all worlds will perish; and Jehovah will then float in solitude amid the ruins of His works, amid chaos, as He did in the beginning. 'As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so also shall no one return from the grave,' says the Bible. 'My days have passed more quickly than a weaver's shuttle, and are vanished away, so that there is none remaining.' Thus live quickly, but enjoy whilst we live! Breathe in joy, and in a moment pass away!"

On the following Sunday satin rustled along the swept floor of the church, in which hung garlands of pine-boughs, and red lights burned upon the altar. Naomi stood before it; she was the first as well as the best of those confirmed. No one answered better than she did; no one proved his knowledge of Christianity more excellently than she did.

The coach rolled away from the church; the wheels passed over Joel's grave.

"To-day I have enlisted under the banner of Christ," said Naomi, sunk in thought. "They have educated me to it; have given me to eat and to drink that I might be one of them. An apostate will be punished; that I know. Well, in the end it must be all one, whether one be of the cavalry or the in-

fantry, if one serve the same king." She fell into deep thought. "O God!" she then sighed, "I am, however, so forlorn in this world!" And tears flowed from her beautiful eyes.

The servant summoned to the festal meal. Mr. Patermann conducted the old Countess to table. Naomi was dressed in satin; a red rosebud ornamented the swelling bosom.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Pretty pictures, this and that:
Half to weep for, half to laugh at;
How they stand, how they turn and flee,
Come and see!" F. RÜCKERT

AS the spinner has always a little thread upon the reel in readiness, that thereto she may unite the new thread which she is about to spin, so has also our popular language an established form of words, in its epistolary style, with which to begin, and from which to extend its correspondence, — "I am well and in health, and wish to hear the same of you," — although that which follows may not unfrequently very strikingly contradict this. With this opening form of words began honest Peter Vieck's answer to Christian's letter; the remainder ran in the following manner: —

"How long is it since thou began to be crazy? Do not set all sail before thou hast taken full lading on board! Take care that thou do not lose what little thou hast in the upper room! For the rest I am, till death,

"Thy true Friend,
"PETER VIECK,
"Proprietor and Master of the Ship *Lucie*."

The hand of a friend strikes deeper wounds than the hand of an enemy. And had not Peter Vieck properly reasoned in what he did? Christian could not deny that; he had grieved him, but he had not wounded him as Naomi had done when she left him angrily, because he would not blindly follow her venturesome plans. Then his self-esteem was wounded; and it had vexed him a hundred times since then that he could not have thrown her money back to her. Now he thought of a thousand bold answers which he might have given. On the morning of the following day he had found his home in ashes;

he heard the lamentations of his bereaved mother, and to her he gave half of the money: he hoped again to obtain this through industry or by some unlooked-for good fortune. It was the thought of the moment. Accept good advice from thy friend, but never gifts which thou canst not repay! The truth of these words he felt deeply; for when was Naomi not cold and hard-hearted toward him?

"I love her no longer!" said he; "she is beautiful, but that is all!" And yet his thoughts dwelt incessantly upon her; he yet dreamed of the time when she had sat upon his bed; had extended to him her hand, and he had pressed a kiss upon her cheek. That was a beautiful dream! He had given to his unfortunate mother the half of Naomi's money; this was a heavy load, which lay upon him and oppressed him only so much the more because his mother was not made happier thereby.

In the cottager's wretched room she sat with her little child. The rich relatives of her husband had never liked her; now she thought that the bond between them was indeed rent asunder. They wished to take the child; but that the mother would not permit, and spoke hard words in the deep feeling of her poverty. Niels sat by the table and heard her.

"And you may now take back your tailor to you," said he. "With the hundred dollars he has yet gone overboard!"

"He got a deal more," said Marie; "but he also gave away his life and his blood for it."

"Them he managed to keep," replied Niels. "You must not fancy that he is dead; I saw him here a year and a day ago. He came here, actually, one evening, and father gave him a hundred or a fifty-dollar bill, in order to send him out of the country. Now you can be the tailor's wife again!"

"Lord Jesus! what are you talking about, child?" asked Marie, clasping her hands.

"I say that you must not take it amiss of my connections because they will not support you. You brought nothing indeed into the house; thus you may go without taking anything again out of it! Your first husband is still living; with him you may be contented!"

"Thou, good Lord, be gracious to me!" sighed Marie, as

she listened to her step-son's relation. "You are an evil beast!" said she then to him; "out of your mouth there comes not one true word!" And she burst into violent weeping.

There came at this time, into Odense, a company of horse-riders, who were on their way to Copenhagen. People said a great deal about the handsome men and the magnificent horses; and Christian and other *dilettanti* assisted in the representation.

Naomi and the Countess were in Odense, and both of them were pleased with what they had seen. "One lady in the company shows so much grace in her demeanor," said the Countess, "that, without being embarrassed, one must admire her beautiful limbs; she stood with waving feathers in her hat and fluttering banners in her hand, whilst the black race-horse seemed to fly." Naomi envied her at this moment. The men were all of them so well grown, so strong of muscle, and of such a powerful exterior, that to them the most difficult art seemed only to be play. And yet it was asserted that the matadore of the company, Ladislaf, a Pole of one-and-twenty, had not yet made his appearance. His boldness bordered on temerity, it was said; he was just recovered from a severe illness, and on this account had not been able to appear. On the next representation he led a horse into the circus, and the attention of every one was turned upon the man whose exterior was the true *beau idéal* of beauty, and whose countenance of a truth bore the traces of his late illness, and the stamp also of a bold temper, nay, almost of arrogance. He was interesting to all, although no one as yet had seen any proof of his equestrian skill. Rumor busied itself with spreading abroad histories regarding him: he was a nobleman, it was said, who had killed his beloved accidentally; others stated it as a fact that he had been obliged to fly out of his country on account of a duel; and a third knew pretty certainly that he had left his home for love of a beautiful female rider, but that she was lately dead. What, however, might be truth or exaggeration in this report, this much is certain, that the pale and grave young man was a very interesting object.

"Yes, he has been very ill," said the Countess; "and

what nursing can the poor man, indeed, have had? I feel for him, because I know what being ill is. It must be a horrible life to be careering about without a home, from one country to another, and perhaps not once be able to get a little water gruel!"

"A happy life these people must lead!" said Naomi. "I envy the lady with the waving feathers in her hat, and the fluttering banners."

"The end of the affair, however, will be that she will break her arm or leg," replied the Countess, "and die as a miserable cripple, if she escape without a broken neck."

Naomi shook her head, and thought a deal about the handsome horse-rider. Since that night on which she had left the little inn in anger she had not spoken to Christian. When her eye rested upon the horse-rider he fixed his glance upon her. "*Amor et melle et felle est secundissimus!*" says Plautus; and in Christian's heart was the confirmation of this to be read.

Naomi and the old Countess had their places close beside the orchestra. Mr. Knepus spoke to the honorable lady; Christian made his bow, but he said not a word to Naomi. When the performance was nearly ended she leaned over the front of their box and whispered to him, — "Go with the company as leader of the band: you have now the best opportunity of going away!"

"What should I get by it?" replied he, rather coldly, although his heart was already softened; and he would have gladly kissed her hand the very next moment, and have prayed her forgiveness for every hard word.

"You would get at least this much by it, that you would go into another climate," said she, coldly, and then spoke no more to him.

Yes, climate! that was an everlasting theme in the disputatious conversations of the noble house. Let poets and patriots say whatever they would about the magnificence of Denmark, Naomi declared that we lived in a bad climate. "If Heaven could only have foreseen that our talent for admiration could have raised itself to such a potency," said she, "then we certainly should have been created, like the snail, with houses on our backs; and then it would not have been needful for us

to spend so much time on the condition of our cloaks and our umbrellas, which now constitute such an essential part of our persons. Our year consists, just as in the tropical countries, of a dry and a rainy season; only with this difference, that the dry season with us is in the winter when the cold has benumbed everything, and the rainy in the summer, which gives to us fragrant woods of which we are so justly proud, and beautiful formations of clouds, but which are too little studied, because not many of us can ascend so high. 'We may yet have fine summer weather,' say we in September, and when none comes, then we console ourselves by saying that 'It is now too late for us to desire steady weather! It is good that we should have cold weather! If the dear God will only give to us a good rain! otherwise it will be so bad for the farmer.' That is our perpetual national song, which we repeat all summer long, if the earth be not always as soft as butter. A man who has deceived his neighbor two or three times in his life we call a villain — a bad man: but a summer which insidiously gnaws into our health, upon which we cannot calculate for two days, nobody dares to call bad. 'We must think about the advantage to the farmer, and not on our own pleasure!' people say incessantly, but the peasant is just as little contented. Is the year really bad, then one hears him with reason complaining, 'Thou dear God! this year we have nothing!' Is the harvest prosperous, then he sighs again, 'Thou dear God! now there is such abundance in the country that we shall get nothing for our corn!' He complains and complains, and shall not we, who have a taste for natural beauty also, not complain and trouble ourselves? Perishable as the rainbow are the beauties of nature with us, or at least we see them under the same conditions — that is to say, always with a rain-cloud above our heads!"

These were Naomi's views. "She was not possessed of love for her native land," said the Countess; "and just as little of a feeling for Christianity," said Mr. Patermann. If he could not precisely declare her to be an anti-Christian, yet he regarded her as a female John the Baptist, which was the same as a precursor of these opinions. In regard to religion, her views were neither ascetic nor Hellenic; she was much

more of a preparatory partisan of "Young Germany." To this opinion it might be objected that she had paid no attention to philosophy, but one need only to have enjoyed it homœopathically in order to be just as deep in it as the greater part of this school, and then to be possessed only of eloquence and a due acquaintance with the so-called eleventh commandment.

Mr. Patermann growled his old song about "bad Christians," and the old countess sang her "*Danmark, deiligst Vang og Vænge*," and meant that no other country could excel hers. She had not, it is true, seen any other.

"I am no poet," said Naomi, "who endeavors to sing of Danebrog, neither am I a patriotic orator, who aims after a place in the Danish 'Court and States Kalendar.' That which is beautiful I call beautiful, and if other people did not make too much stir about it, it would, perhaps, also inspire me."

It was quite true; for she, perhaps, admired, even more than others, the green fragrant wood, the boldly-shaped clouds, the blue sea, and the ancient cairns and barrows grown over with their blossoming brambles: but she knew, at the same time, that there was greater beauty than this upon God's earth, and that our climate was a bad one.

"You should really set off to a country where the climate is better!" was therefore always the refrain to Naomi's litany about the bad climate of Denmark.

"I intend to do so," was the answer.

Thus passed the summer of 1819, and a little winter-journey to Copenhagen was determined upon. Naomi was to visit in a noble house connected with the Count's family, in which was assembled everything which the capital could exhibit of rich and magnificent. Fine spirits, whose talents in such houses are generally regarded as a sort of public fountains, were here invited, in order that their wit and spirit might bubble forth before the other guests. Naomi, beyond any one, could enjoy this intellectual exhibition, and she felt herself already happy in the mere thought of such a transition from the sick chamber to the drawing-room of the capital — from the edifying discourse of Mr. Patermann to the play and the

opera. She was now old enough to be presented in the world; she was conscious of her own beauty; she comprehended her own powers of mind: but one thing was displeasing to her, and that was, that in this noble house she had only these two qualities for her support, for she was wanting in genealogy.

"At length I shall here begin to live!" said she, exultingly; "at length I shall escape out of the bastile!"

Whether we may wish her happiness in remaining at least yet a year in the state prison — that time will show us.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Hep! hep!" a mocking cry, used in modern times at tumultuous scenes against the Jews. It is not capable of proof that the cry was already made use of at the persecutions of the Jews in the Middle Ages, and the explanation of it by *Hierosolyma est perdita*, of which the initial letters of the strange "Hep" are to be formed, is a complete failure. Hep is probably the provincial word for a goat, and would denote, by way of derision, the bearded Jews. It is very singular that this cry is spread even over the boundaries of our country, for instance, at Copenhagen." — *Universal Encyclopedia of Sciences and Arts.*

IT was on the evening of the 4th of September, 1819, that Naomi's carriage rolled through the gate of Copenhagen. What life, what motion, prevailed in the streets! Doubly striking was this for those who came from the provinces. So animated as now, Naomi thought it never had been on any former visit. Everybody appeared to be excited, like the blood of a delirious subject. In the side-streets were seen groups of people assembled; horsemen rode past as if they were of the staff who were sent off to the summer-palace to deliver dispatches. All indicated something out of the common way.

Naomi let down the carriage window, and looked out curiously upon the throng of people. The East Street, through which their road went, was impassable to them, from the multitude with which it was filled; wild cries resounded, windows were smashed, and a few shots were fired. The coachman was compelled to turn into another street. Two other ladies from Funen, who had made the journey with Naomi, could scarcely breathe for terror.

"What is all this about?" inquired Naomi from the carriage window, as they drove past a lamp, the light of which fell upon her whole countenance. A rude fellow made a thrust at her.

"That, too, is one of the race of Moses!" said he: "perhaps it is a whole Jew's nest that is taking flight!"

"Hep! hep!" cried all at once a wild crew, who thronged around the carriage. The fellow tore open the door and looked in. Naomi burst the opposite door open and sprang out of the carriage in the first moment's confusion, whilst the coachman urged on his horses; and several hussars sprang into the crowd, in the midst of which Naomi stood. She quickly collected herself, and letting her veil fall over her face, imagined that there was nothing more than some popular uproar.

"For God's sake come here!" whispered a voice in her ear. A man seized her by the hand, and drew her from amid the tumult into the nearest house.

"It is deep water here," said the man; "now we steer across the court, and then Mamsell is hidden as if in her mother's bandbox!"

"What is this tumult about?" asked Naomi.

"About your people, whom they will throw overboard!" replied the unknown; and then mentioned the name of a Jewish family with whom he did business, and to whom he believed that Naomi belonged. He was now about to lead her home across the court-yard.

"I am not a Jewess," said Naomi.

"By my troth the flag lies!" replied the man: "I actually saw you spring out of the carriage! My name is Peter Vieck; my ship lies in the new dock. You may safely trust me."

Naomi smiled. "We have already once before made a journey together across the ice from Sweden," said she.

"To be sure! At that time the ice had no beams!" cried Peter Vieck, delighted; and now both were old acquaintance.

She mentioned the street in which she was expected, and they now took the way thither through one of the lesser side-streets.

"These are good times for the glaziers," said Peter Vieck; "but they are breaking other windows than those of Jews. It is now a good thing to sit up in the garrets, and therefore I have stowed my women-folk up aloft. I have brought two with me, that they may look about here a bit, for I am lying here now only a few days. The youth is also here with me; yes, he is now shut up, and he handles his fiddle a little bit

better than he did formerly. They are sitting up there aloft!" With these words he pointed to a house hard by.

"Have these disturbances begun only this evening?" asked Naomi.

"Certainly!" replied Peter Vieck; "but they will not so soon be allayed. The affair began in Hamburg, and it has come here like a running fire. It is now said that there lie two ships with Jewish families on the Rhede, who wish to land here. It is all a lie, but the people believe it all the same."

Whilst they thus were speaking, a throng of people poured tumultuously out of the near principal street into the lane in which the two were, and closed the way against them. Several shots were fired. Peter Vieck stood for a moment undecided. On that a crowd of rude boys burst upon them, and just beside them shivered the panes of a window, which was beaten in.

"I fancy that we are gone out of the rain into the gutter," said he.

"We must see, however, if we cannot get through," replied Naomi.

"If only a stone do not knock us on the head!" answered Peter Vieck. "I am afraid that all the stones do not come from the street — there may so very comfortably come down on us a stone from a neighbor's floor. Such a land-tempest as this is worse than a sea-tempest. It would, according to my notion, be the best if the young lady would put up with the company of my women-folk, while I go and hire a coach."

The crowd increased both before them and behind, for the lesser streets were like the ducts which received the superabundant crowds from the high street.

"If the young lady will take hold of my coat-laps," said Peter Vieck, "I will then serve for a lantern;" and they now ascended a narrow and dark flight of steps. He knocked; a female voice asked anxiously who was there? "It is I, thou little goose!" replied the seaman, as he entered with Naomi the little apartment.

Lucie stood with the light in her hand, and the half-country and half-town attired mother sat with the hostess and Christian at the frugal supper-table.

"Wipe down a chair for the lady!" said Peter Vieck to Lucie: I am going further to fetch a carriage." He immediately left the little company, in which the mutual astonishment was about equally great. All three in the mean time had risen from the table, without a single word having been spoken.

Naomi begged pardon for disturbing them, and related that which had happened to her. The others became now somewhat communicative.

All were full of anxiety, especially Lucie, who was here now, for the first time, to see the great city. The widow with whom they lodged was an old friend of her mother; they had in their younger years served the same master. Peter Vieck had brought the Funen friend with him, as he would have to remain here from eight to fourteen days, and of this time already the half was passed.

As Paris in the three July days, to the inhabitants of the north appeared Copenhagen, in its present state, to the peaceful inhabitants of the country. What riches, what pomp, had not they here seen! — there was material enough in it for conversation for a whole year, for a whole life. The royal stables with the marble mangers surpassed actually, in grandeur, every country church that they knew! The Exchange, with its many shops, which formed two entire streets, was just like a little town with a roof. They had seen the royal family sailing on the canal in the Friedrichsberg pleasure-garden, with music before them; they had been on board a ship of the line, where all was so great and so bewildering that one there could have a very correct idea of Noah's ark, in which every kind of creature in the world found a place.

All this was related in a sort of narrative-duet by mother and daughter; yet the mother had the first voice, which was only interrupted now and then by shrieks from the street, or by the sound of horses' feet when a troop of cavalry galloped past. Then all were silent, and a low "Lord Jesus!" came forth with a sigh from the troubled breast. Lucie could not satisfy herself with looking at Naomi, Christian indeed had spoken so much to her about her.

Almost a whole hour was passed, and yet Peter Vieck had

not returned. It had been certainly difficult to obtain a carriage. Everything again seemed to be tranquil. They waited still in vain for the coach; every carriage which they heard they regarded certainly for the one which he had ordered, but all of them drove past. In vain they attempted to begin again the conversation; it would not succeed. Full of disquiet they looked toward the door, but no Peter Vieck came. It began to be unpleasant to Naomi to be in the little room among strangers.

The watchman called eleven o'clock, and yet they sat there all alone.

"O God!" said Lucie, "if he only be not shot dead! How easily might they miss their aim!"

"They only shoot with loose powder," interrupted Naomi. "For my part I am not at all afraid, and will very willingly go home, if Christian will only accompany me."

"No, no!" cried the women, "that will not do. We will wait a little while longer."

The hostess brought cards for pastime.

"But what if Christian were to go down and see after the seaman?" said Naomi. Christian was quite ready to do so, and promised soon to come back again.

"Only for God's sake take care of thyself!" cried Lucie after him. "Ah, I am so anxious about him!"

"He is a grown man," replied Naomi, "and if I know him rightly he will not go far from the house-door!"

But in that Naomi was wrong.

The women now found themselves alone.

"Hark!" cried Lucie suddenly, "the watchman whistles. O, how fearful it is here in the great city, where one lives so high up toward heaven, the one family above another! Would to Heaven that we were again in our quiet home!"

"But there one gets so weary," said Naomi.

"Ah no!" replied Lucie; "in summer one is almost always in the open air, and in winter there are so many things to employ one. I really long for the view upon the neighbor's roof and crooked window, which, from one year's end to another, has been the view from my little chamber. Yes, certainly, I long for it because I should not then have to

endure the anxiety which I feel here. At first I was delighted indeed at the sight of so much novelty and grandeur; but even whilst I saw all that, a distrustful feeling oppressed me of being among so many strange people. Not one of them all knew me; I am to all of them perfectly indifferent! That is, after all, a strange thought!"

In the mean time Christain was in the street. Everything appeared here to be entirely still; all doors and gates were, by order of the police, kept fastened: but the lighted windows showed plainly enough that the inhabitants were enjoying no repose in their beds. Every house seemed to be a silent night-walker, in whose interior living thoughts were in movement. In the dancing saloon alone it was dark; no beam of light streamed through the cut-out hearts in the window-shutters. Christian thought upon poor Steffen-Margaret: the cold earth had already covered her coffin for a long time. Of Peter Vieck he perceived nothing. At the livery-stables all was still; and when he knocked, nobody answered. It was thus only poor comfort which he had to take back to those who waited.

Naomi regarded her situation on the romantic side, the only one which afforded her anything agreable. Lucie, on the contrary, was ready to cry.

"If uncle do not come before twelve," said she, "then may God have mercy on him, for some misfortune must have happened!"

"God is good and merciful!" replied the mother, whilst she took up the cards to consult them.

"Ah, mother, lay the cards away, however! It seems to me like a tempting of God, on an evening like this, to consult the cards."

It wanted but a quarter to twelve: they counted every stroke of the bell. Like the crew of Columbus, they had fixed upon a decided time, after which they would give up all hope. Those fixed a day — these a certain hour: it was that of midnight.

Honest Peter Vieck had also, in the mean time, counted the quarters, but that already two hours earlier. Now, however, he was resigned. He found him in a numerous company, but to which Goethe's words, —

"Gute gesellchaft hab' ich gesehen ; man nennt sie die gute,
Wenn sie zum kleinsten Gedicht keine gelegenheit giebt," —

did not apply. No, of a truth! good one could not call the society in which he found himself, but it furnished rich material for poesy, especially for the romantic; for it consisted of a sort of mixed character, of a little *quodlibet*, such as the watchful police are always able to collect together on a disturbed night. All were assembled in a great hall, which otherwise served the purpose of an audience-chamber; a small window over the door allowed the light of a lamp to fall in upon them. All those who, on this evening, had been apprehended as disturbers of the public peace, sat and lay grouped here in various degrees of shade.

"Justice must have her course," said Peter Vieck; "it was a little mistake that brought me here: yet what will it matter? To-morrow will make it all right."

He thought on his women-folk, as he called them, and on Naomi, who was waiting for the carriage. Yes, she would have to wait a long time! But had he not told it plainly enough to the horse-soldiers, when they would force him along with the throng? But they were always so hand-over-head, and would hear of nothing; neither would the sergeant of the watch either: to prison one must go, and the bar before the door immediately! There was now nothing else to be done but to sleep through the night. To-morrow he would soon make his papers clear.

When it struck twelve he was sleeping a tranquil sleep; but in his lodgings they were convinced that some misfortune had befallen him. What were they to do? Naomi resigned herself to her fate; she leaned her head back in the chair, and, wearied with her journey, soon slept. As soon as she was gone to sleep Lucie gave free course to her tears, until her weary head bowed itself to the bosom; but she did not dream, as Naomi did, of some beautiful days in Funen, of the giants' graves, and of flying clouds; she dreamed of the agitated sea upon which she had sailed, and of the agitated city in which she now was. She therefore breathed deeply, and her bosom heaved like that of a sick person. The quiet, pious maiden, was, in sleep, the image of passion; whilst the

wild Naomi seemed to be a gentle, affectionate being, in whom all peace and tranquillity breathed. Christian contemplated them both. The uneasy dream which agitated Lucie with galvanic power recalled to him the recollection of that night which he had passed at the well, and it seemed to him as if she were thrown back by sleep into that former state of mind. It distressed him to look at her.

Involuntarily he placed himself by Naomi, and contemplated that beautiful being until his blood became a burning fire; he felt an impulse, a wild desire, to press his mouth to her lips. Thus regarding her, he drank in the poison of love by copious draughts. She lay immovably there: the beautiful Medusa head turned not his heart to stone, but, on the contrary, melted it; whilst Lucie infused into him fear and horror.

The light burned down; Christian observed it not until the moment in which the flame kindled up again, only to expire.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"He spurs quickly his steed at the setting-sun; his curls are splendidly fluttering; his look is manly and beautiful; there is something powerful in its quick, eager flight." — H. P. Holst.

"I have now lived through a whole day, — a day which thou never canst create for thyself. I had a dream of a merry existence, short and pleasant as a spring-morning, like an intoxication of champagne! But then. . . . — *A Gentleman's Perspective.*

THE baronial house in which Naomi lodged was wealthy; all the members of it were regarded as patriots, but they found that Naomi was not so; and yet the Armand Carrel of every country would have declared her the fittest recruit under the age's banner of freedom. There was a deal of reading here, and yet, for all that, their acquaintance with the literature of their native country was confined to reading "The Intelligence of the Address Office," and the new plays which the *abonnement* evenings of the family presented them with. But, notwithstanding, one often heard here the exclamation of enthusiasm, "Quite superb!" over this or that English novel, although these not unfrequently were inferior to the productions of their own land's literature.

They forgot how everything in the world is subjected to the laws of Nature, accordingly the poet also; his fame depends not upon his works, but upon the greatness of his country: this and his own greatness are multiplied, one by the other, and the country always stands as a ten. The family were very religious, that is to say, they went very willingly to church to hear the preacher, in whom the Count took pleasure. Naomi, on the contrary, was quite a heretic. Like as in our days the artist Adam has ventured to fly in the face of the Parisian clergy, by ornamenting the Panthéon with the saints of Voltaire and other intellectual writers, instead of Genoveva and the pious characters of the legends, so did she place in

the temple of her religion Socrates beside Paul, Mahomet beside Zoroaster. People thought Naomi beautiful, but still more odd. That everybody was acquainted with her descent was tolerably certain, and, therefore, something was deducted from her nominal worth. All, in the mean time, was courtesy toward her — that fine, ice-cold, highly-polished politeness that renders opposition an impossibility. Had Naomi been descended from this or the other celebrated family, we may very certainly believe that she would have placed great value upon belonging to a family which had at one time distinguished itself beyond others, which is always very agreeable ; and we scarcely think that she would have striven to have resembled those noble persons who, as we learn from history, inspired by the first French Revolution, gave up their diploma of nobility in order to become only citizens.[1] Now, however, she paid homage to this boldness of mind, and asserted that by this act these men had shown their nobility of spirit. Had old Joel at the time entered the drawing-room in which she and the noble young ladies sat, she would, perhaps, have had a pride in saying, "I know him!"

A Danish author has made us aware of the fact of there being so many Kammerjunkers in Denmark, that if a Dane went to Hamburg, and the people in the hotel were not acquainted with his title, they were accustomed to call him Kammerjunker, and that this generally was the right one. Into the baronial family was admitted nearly the whole of this class, and one of these was, in consideration of Naomi, treated with peculiar politeness ; and this gentleman went through every attention which betokens A, yet Naomi would not say B to it. He was from Holstein, and therefore, body and soul, a German. . Yet he was not to blame on this account, Naomi thought ; it is the language, and not the political boundaries, rivers, and mountains, which separate nations, she said. In the north, Norway and Denmark are sisters, Sweden a half-brother, Germany a cousin, and England a distant relation.

The Kammerjunker's father had lately celebrated his arrival at old age. "That every one might do," said Naomi, "who had done nothing but make the dear God not wish for them." Yet that was what she should not have said.

[1] Swedish history has also examples of this kind. — *Author's Note.*

In February there came to Copenhagen, from Sweden, a German horse-riding company, who, in May, were to go to Vienna. The Kammerjunker took a box in the circus, and invited thither the whole baronial family. Miss Emma was a passionate lover of horses; she paid, every fourteen days, her two rix-dollars to make a tour with the royal riders, and nobody was more delighted by the arrival of the troop than she was. As duenna of the many young ladies whom the Kammerjunker conducted to his box, his aunt, the Countess Höhn, made her appearance; she, according to the bad custom of many of our higher families, instead of the title appended to her name the syllable *en*, and thus was accustomed to be called Höhnen.[1] Beneath her portrait there might have been written the witty words of Le Sage: "C'est la perle des duègnes, un vrai dragon, pour garder la pudicité du sexe."

The Kammerjunker expressed his wish of being present at one of the performances of the horse-riders, for as to that which was given on our stage he had seen very much better acted in Hamburg, that extreme northern point of our civilized Europe.

How extremely rapidly drove the coach thither through the snow covered streets. The four carriage wheels rolled round many hundred times, and with them the great wheel of Fate. Would to Heaven that the coach had been overturned, and the ladies had been terrified a little, and Naomi had broken an arm! Yet, that might have been a horrible misfortune! But when did one ever hear of a misfortune happening when the criminal went to the place of execution? Never do the horses then run away, nor does the axle-tree break!

The circus was quite full. The orchestra played one of those light, buoyant melodies, which, when one hears them for the first time, operate upon us like the sight of a lady when she enters the ball-room; all is freshness in her life's joy and buoyancy. But afterwards — yes, then the melody again resembles the lady after she has danced through the night; the freshness is gone!

Handsome horses were led forth. During the first exhibition the most distinguished performers did not come forward,

[1] That is the same as "the Hen."

but Naomi had, during that, seen enough to recognize them as the same as those whom she had seen at Odense: she turned to the bill and read there the name of Ladislaf.

The lady with the waving plumes stood already on the horse, and the banners fluttered again in her hand. It seemed to Naomi as if she had only closed her eyes and dreamed a short dream since she had seen that lady the last time. There were the same movements, the same smile, the same music as then. And yet this lady since then had been in Stockholm and Petersburg, and this summer she was to wave the same banners to the same music before the good-tempered people of Vienna! O, what a happy, animated life! How charming it must be always to be riding about in foreign countries, always to be seeing something new, and never more coming back to stay! Coming back? Ah, that indeed signifies, in our language, nothing good!

The trumpets pealed, the barriers were opened, and Ladislaf sprang into the circus on his proud black horse. He greeted like a lord his vassals. He wore a Polish dress. His cap was edged with dark bear's fur, but his black hair came more strongly from beneath it. Every trace of sickness was vanished, yet there was no rosy hue to be seen in his countenance: a dark bronze coloring was on his proud features; seriousness and keen thought in his dark glance.

As soon as he showed himself, the handsome, powerful young man excited the interest of the whole mixed public, which was easily to be perceived by the general murmur of admiration. His whole attention, however, was turned upon the horse; he cast not a glance on the spectators. Now he flew in wild speed around the course, played with sharp swords in the air, and took the boldest leaps. It seemed to be sport to him, and as if he and his horse had practiced their arts only for their mutual pleasure. He exhibited a boldness which terrified, whilst his suppleness and his elasticity gave to his exhibitions the appearance of the easiest play. People looked at him with the same tranquillity with which we see the bird floating over the deep; we know that the power of his pinions will not leave him.

More than one lady held her slender, delicate fingers before

her eyes whilst the crowd applauded him. Naomi leaned herself over the front of the box; her eyes sparkled. That was the first man to whom she had looked up, whom she had admired in the feeling that he was in anything superior to her.

After Ladislaf, other performers presented themselves; yet none were so handsome as he, none so bold and courageous. He closed the performance by the representation of Mazeppa, bound upon the back of the horse, his head depressed, careering in wild flight over the immense deserts, like a Hetman of the Cossacks.

That was, however, a beautiful, glorious evening! Even the Kammerjunker was interested, for he spoke only of Ladislaf. Through the whole night Naomi dreamed of — Christian. That was the man, however, of whom one might dream; was Naomi's opinion; and she thought next morning, with regular vexation, on the friend of her youth.

A few days afterwards, Miss Emma told her that several ladies of rank had resolved to take riding-lessons from Mr. Ladislaf.

"I will be one of the party," cried Naomi; and as the eldest daughter of the house was also one of them, it could not well be refused to Naomi. The Kammerjunker thought, however, that the vagrants had too much success.

The year 1820 brought many kinds of casualties to our beloved Denmark: there was a leak in the financial department; Dr. Dampe, and several other uneasy heads, tried to occasion a leak in the vessel of state; a war of opinion showed itself in matters of faith, and each party discovered a leak in his adversary. At a time of such great and general leakiness, we need not mention the leaks which Ladislaf caused in so many female hearts, for these are to the machine of state what the water-bubbles are to the mill-wheel. In the mean time Ladislaf was conscious of the power which he possessed, but he betrayed not in the least degree this consciousness by his behavior. In the hours of the riding-lessons he was the most chivalric, but at the same time the most silent teacher in the world; that which he said was confined alone to what was necessary for instruction. Now and then, however, was to be seen a smile playing around the handsome mouth, over-

shadowed by the dark mustache, and then the dark eyes flashed. Emma thought that this expression conveyed a something unpleasant; Naomi, on the contrary, regarded it as the sign of a suppressed sorrow. However, that might be enough; he was precisely, because of it, much more interesting to the young ladies than if he had possessed the eloquence of Mirabeau.

Not one of his female pupils could match herself against Naomi in the agility and talent requisite for a clever rider; but then, not one of them had ridden without saddle, over stock and stone, as she had done.

Our forefathers of the Middle Ages in the North scratched love-charms upon apples, and they into whose lap the apple, which had been thrown, fell, burned with violent love. But there may be a variety of apples for such charm-writing; the charm may stand upon the brow, the smiles of the lips, and in the eyes they are often legible enough, says the poet.[1] A hand-pressure, a glance, may be the apple out of which the already smitten one sucks poison.

When people love for the first time, they see the world through a prismatic glass; upon every sharp angle, upon every boundary line, rests the sevenfold hope. Every-day people are inspired with poetic thought, and the poet sings in the most beautiful enthusiasm.

A man of two-and-twenty, for whom a young girl of eighteen already feels an interest, requires only a very few days in order to be beloved by her.

In the middle of April the riders gave their last exhibition. The doors were not yet open. Two grooms were busied with the horses. By the side of the beautiful horse which Ladislaf was accustomed to ride might be seen the handsome man himself standing. The raven-black eyebrows were contracted above the dark eyes of the bronze countenance. As yet he was in his every-day dress, the short jacket and the leathern breeches, which, as if cast to the limb, seemed to yield to every muscle. His left hand rested upon the shoulder of the horse, and was thereby still more exhibited: it was strong and yet handsomely formed. Ladislaf was reading a letter; it was

[1] *Svend Dyrings Hus.* A tragedy by Hertz. — *Author's Note.*

only a small sheet of paper, yet it was of a pink color and gold-edged, and the gay wafer still stuck to it. One could plainly see that the letter was from a lady. For that cause, therefore, perhaps that smile played around Ladislaf's lips.

The critics of our days assert that in ancient times many of the most distinguished works of the sculptor were painted. The objection which has been raised that such works must, of necessity, have that stiffness of finish which is found in wax-figures, is answered by the remark that wax-figures are in fact no works of art at all, but if they were elevated to this rank then coloring would enhance the effect of masterly works. Whether this be right or no we cannot tell, and it is only the suggested idea which we here attach ourselves to. What should we think of the Vatican Apollo as skillfully painted as it is formed, with the bronze-hued complexion like that of Napoleon, and an eye, dark and sparkling, like that of the sons of Arabia? — then we should have an image of the young Ladislaf.

The performance of this evening was the last which the horse-riders were to give. The public applauded its favorite. The baron's family had taken two boxes; Naomi and Miss Emma failed not to be there.

The representation was a tournament. Ladislaf entered the lists in the costume of a knight; he made his salutations with his lance, exactly toward the box in which Naomi and Emma were seated: they were, to be sure, his pupils. Emma blushed, Naomi only smiled.

O, what a dreamful night was that for Emma! Naomi, on the contrary, would not have her dreams until the second night — long and heavy dreams, for it had already struck ten and she had not yet made her appearance at the breakfast-table.

The servant was sent up to tell her that breakfast was waiting, but she found no young lady there, but instead of her a letter, which contained a slight apology, a sort of a request that they would not alarm themselves, for on the last evening she had set off to Funen. It was not a mere accident, she wrote, but a necessity which had occasioned her to make this sudden journey; but that she would write by the following post, and give them an explanation of everything.

This news made a great stir; they wrote that same day to the old Countess to announce to her this extraordinary journey. For the rest, people did not trouble themselves much, for it exactly agreed with Naomi's character suddenly to take it into her head to set off to Funen, and just as quickly to act upon the idea.

A few days afterward came an answer from the old Countess.

She was horrified in the highest degree, for no Naomi had arrived there, and not once had the horrible child given her any intelligence of where she was set off to.

It was, as we have said, in April. The spring was expected; the stork was expected — yes, the stork: that is a strange bird! When he comes to us out of the South we then feel an impulse to set out thither, whence he has come over to us. The warm sunshine entices us out of the house; we would so gladly see how large the buds are become upon the trees, and we go — out into the street; the Copenhageners go out to the sea-side and see the rapid movement of the ships. The steam-vessels send up their black columns of smoke into the air, the wheels rush round, and the ship flies thence. Longing looks follow it; we turn back pensively to our rooms. This or that poor soul is easily satisfied that it must remain behind. "It is here very comfortable!" is the refrain of so many a narrow-breasted heart. "Do we then only live to be comfortable?" The contented soul does not understand my question, and the fire-ship sweeps in the mean time past the sailing ship.

Gutskof says in his "Wally," "Nothing is more agreeable to shallow minds than to sketch themselves as they are; their aunts, their cats, their shawls, their little sympathies, their weaknesses. There are critics and authors who can only become enthusiastic in copying reality. Politics are now only self-advancement. Reality nourishes itself from its own overflowing fatness." The baronial family might furnish rich booty of this kind, but we will not bring forth the every-dayisms of every-day life, and we must, therefore, leave a house in which only these are to be found.

Naomi took the liberty of suddenly setting off. We will do the same; we will also leave Copenhagen; spring is really come; the steamboat lies ready — but the journey is not to

ward Funen: we cannot visit either Christian, Lucie, or any other of our friends there, for the vessel proceeds on the East Sea with its two water-dividing wheels. Well, then, for the sake of the whim, we will make the voyage with it on the Baltic Sea, for booty of one kind or other it will certainly give us, — we must meet with something. We will promise not to come home again till we have met with an adventure that shall in some degree recompense us for the journey; if we should meet with nothing, nothing at all, we would rather not come back again to Denmark. But yet we have an acquaintance in foreign countries — Christian's father, the poor tailor; perhaps he just now sends his annual greeting home with the storks which again visit us.

We find ourselves already on board the *Wilhelmine;* she sails away.

"What is hid in ocean's void
Is forgotten and destroyed."

No, that which the polished surface has once seen is quite differently forgotten. When the water has closed behind the ship's keel every trace of the ship vanishes. Were it not so, how many countenances would look up from the water's surface, if its mirror preserved the image of every one who has looked down into it! Then, in that case, the proud and handsome face of Ladislaf would be seen in it, for only a few days are passed since he, with his whole troop, went over this watery way. The company had strengthened their forces with *one* man, a Dane — a boy certainly not above eighteen; and yet that was already too old for one who would now first enter upon such a track of art. But he had delicate, flexible limbs, the eye showed power and good-will, and upon the fresh lip curled the mustache. He was called Mr. Christian; according to his passport he was from Funen. He rested his arm on Ladislaf's shoulder; they stood arm-in-arm as they approached the coast of Mechlenburg. The Dane glanced toward the North, over the sea, over the floating chain of Alps, which separates us from a fourteen days' earlier spring.

Yes, flowers and fields were fourteen days further advanced than when they commenced their journey.

The Danish boy pressed a kiss upon Ladislaf's lips. "I am thine," said he, "only thine!"

And Ladislaf answered, smiling, "Mine! thou wast mine upon the sea!"

The company chose the shortest way for the land journey. It thus did not take them through Lübeck to Hamburg, but through the little city of Mölln, which, like Verona and Assisi, is celebrated because of a grave; for here rests the world-renowned Till Eulenspiegel. He was placed upon his head in his grave; an owl and a glass are carved upon his grave-stone. At one time the grave was overshadowed by an old lime-tree, in the trunk of which every journeyman artisan who passed by, for remembrance sake and in sweet hope, drove in a nail; but in the war-time it was cut down. They tarried willingly for a few moments by this grave, for the owl and the glass are really a pun. It has been with Eulenspiegel as with Homer — a doubt has been thrown upon his existence; it has been thought that more than one person is hidden under this name. But we will not beat our brains any more about that. I will prefer wandering further into Eulenspiegel's native city to seek for our Eulenspiegel; then we have found our Naomi.

Mölln is an interesting old German market-town. We wander through one of the narrow lanes and into a house with thick walls, dentated gables, and few windows. Upon the spacious ground-floor stand the travelling carriage of the riders, the host's carriage, and a heavy roller; it seemed as if all the rooms in the house, with the single exception of the sleeping-rooms, incorporated themselves into this one, which was called the floor.

The troop, since their landing, had made a journey of several miles; therefore, they wished now to refresh themselves. The Danish Mr. Christian sat between Ladislaf and Josephine. The latter was the lady with the floating plumes and the fluttering banners, accordingly an acquaintance of ours. There was no end of the laughter and the mirth; and even Ladislaf looked to-day not so grave and gloomy, his proud glance was become eloquent and agreeable.

"Yet once more the beautiful country!" sang the Bajozzo, and chattered about "*Gefrones und gebacknes Händel*" in the Viennese dialect; and when the Danish Mr. Christian spoke softly about weariness, and sleep, and dreams, Ladislaf nodded to him and sang with Seidl, —

"A Trambiachl kaffa?
I wisst nid, zwegn we;
I ha nur dan oanzing Tram;
Den woas i eh."

There is in the Holy Scriptures an account of the words of the Saviour in the temple, when they brought before him a woman who had sinned and was to be judged. "Who among you is without sin, let him throw the first stone," spoke the Redeemer, and all stole away, one after the other, ashamed. Let us remember these words of the Saviour, as we in the Danish Christian recognize our Naomi; let us remember her education, her connections, and her opinion of the world.

She was alone with Ladislaf.

"I have done a deal for thee!" said she, in so melancholy a voice as we have never yet heard her speak. "If thou shouldst ever forget it?"

"Thou wouldst probably remind me of it," returned Ladislaf, smiling.

"No, never!" said Naomi, "let things have what end they might. I have acted according to free will: I did not like the people who were about me. Thee alone I love! Thou mightst kill me, and yet I should love thee still. To me it is as if a fever raged in my veins, and yet I never felt myself so happy before. A long, monotonous life of so-called good days, I hate; it disgusts me. Much rather a short life and actually live!"

"Many women have loved me!" said Ladislaf. "I could tell you foolish stories about it. There is not much in your whole sex; yet you are more man than woman, and therefore I may love you, — nay, I fancy that I might love you so much as to be jealous of you. I know not your faults yet, but before we reach Vienna we shall know one another better. Beautiful you are, and glowing as a woman ought to be; and you think like a man." He kissed her lips and her forehead. "On my breast," said he, "you must think on the Madonna and bow yourself to her."

"But your wife at first must wear a beard," said she, smiling. "As Danish Christian, I am not afraid of riding my horse: but you will always have more success than me, and for that I could envy you."

"And I," replied Ladislaf, "should, perhaps, not forget it. if you won greater applause than I."

They heard footsteps on the floor.

"Those are the wedding-guests!" said the waiter. "To-morrow there is going to be a grand wedding here. The strangers are from Lübeck; there are also some seamen amongst them."

As Naomi was about to cross the passage with her lighted candle, one of the guests came toward her — a short, broad-set man, with a jovial countenance. He was certainly rejoicing himself about the morrow's wedding-feast! He had his candle in his hand, and went directly toward Naomi; but the draught of air blew out his candle. Naomi had, in the mean time, seen enough; she recognized in the little man Peter Vieck, the ship's captain. The blood mounted to her face, she became crimson; but she collected herself again, and consoled herself with the reflection that it was impossible for the seaman to recognize her in her disguise. How could it ever occur to him that he should again meet with the young lady of Copenhagen, dressed as a horse-rider, and with handsome mustaches, in the good city of Mölln! She boldly stepped up to him, relighted his candle, and said, quite unconstrainedly, that she could hear by his German that he was no native.

Peter Vieck smiled and said, "Good night, brother!" as he confidentially gave him a blow upon his shoulder.

CHAPTER XXX.

"*Isenburg.* — How pale thou art grown, since I saw thee last!
Faust. — I have taken poison, the poison of doubt, in long draughts, and my bad dice are lying here." — LENAU'S *Faust.*

DOST thou know the father-land of the Hindus? There the sun burns hotly, but the air wafts coolness down from the Himalayan glaciers; the fragrant woods invite to repose; the fig-tree bows its branches to the earth, sends forth new shoots, and thus forms a bower; the cocoa-palm offers thee milk; the date-palm her fruit; whilst beautiful birds flutter around thee — purple-red parrots, golden birds of paradise. Here is the realm of color! That thou seest in the wings of the insects as well as in the leaves of the magnificent flowers. The swelling river, where the blue lotus grows, is holy as the water of baptism. Father-land of the Hindus, thou art possessed of that which is the brightest and the most transparent! Is it thy sky or thy still lakes, in which the antelope and the leopard quench their thirst?

Here lay, so says tradition, the garden of Eden, out of which Adam and Eve were driven; here still blooms the garden of Eden, and it is the home of the outcast, unfortunate Pariah. The wild Mongolian hordes drove out the children of the country. The Pariah shares the fate of the wandering Jew. People call the wandering people by the various names of Egyptians, Tartars, Gypsies. Even in the North, upon the sterile moors of Jutland, wander, homelessly, the Pariah's younger race — Tartar-folks: kettle-menders we call them. A corn-field is their summer-dwelling, a deep ditch their winter-chamber. The children of the Pariah have not, like the fox, a hole, or the birds of the air, a nest; they dwell in storm and wind upon the bare moor; their children are born in the fields. With her first returning strength the mother must set forth again on her journey, with her helpless child on her

back. Supported on her staff, she wanders by her husband's side over the uneven moors ; the cold sea-air blows, the heavens are gray and wet, yet she knows nothing better.

Upon the heaths of Jutland, as on the walls of the Alhambra, we find the dispersed race of the Pariah ; yet their herds are most numerous in the woods of Hungary and upon the great deserts. The throne of the gypsy-king is the mossy stone beside the kettle in which is boiled the stolen sheep. Wearied with their wandering the crowd rest in the long grass, where the black-eyed children play with the flowers.

No collected troop of them dare to show themselves in the imperial city ; only singly or by pairs steal they through the streets, still more suspected and still more closely watched than even the poor Sclavonian.[1] They show themselves most numerously in the suburbs, each of which surpasses old Vienna in size.

In the suburb of Maria-hilf, where the alley leads toward Schönbrunn, there walked in the year 1820 — in that year in which Naomi began her career — two gypsies in their white costume, with their great brown cloaks. One of them was quite a young man, who wore one of the broad Sclavonian hats, the brim of which hung down upon his neck and shoulders ; the second was much older, tall and thin, and he went with his head bare. His thick black hair, which, however, had some gray specks in it, served him as a shelter against the burning sun. They passed through one of the many parallel streets which lead from Maria-hilf to the Belvidere Palace.

"The suburbs might bring the city into a complete dilemma," said the younger. "I dreamed last night that Maria-hilf, Josephstadt, and all the four-and-thirty suburbs, set themselves in motion and went up against the city, which was led on by the tower of St. Stephen's. They fought until the white and yellow money rolled in the Danube."

"You had been drinking too much strong water," replied the old man. "Be prudent, Ezekles ! don't tell such dreams — the police have long ears. Besides, is that a sort of thing for a young fellow to dream about ? You should dream about pretty girls ! "

[1] To these it is not permitted to remain a night in the city.

"But I dream more about war," said Ezekles. "If I were but a soldier! then I could present arms before the Emperor, before the good Emperor Franz! He put his hand to his hat when I uncovered my head before him, and that was only to salute me; for I went quite alone on the road. What otherwise regards my dream, it was foolish enough. St. Stephen's Church, with the pointed hat, was the general; it has broad shoulders and ancient strength: the Trinity column in the Graben was his baton. The Emperor Joseph's statue sprang upon his bronze horse over the Kohlmarkt, and through the Kärnthner Street; they called down all the figures from the signs, and they followed them.[1] The marble warrior out of the Volk's garden set itself on the point of the marble image of the Kapuziner Church; and they mounted the wall and the Kaiserburg, and looked toward the hither-advancing suburbs. The villages of Hitzing and Währing united, and there was a noise far worse than there is in the Volk's garden and the Prater on a merry day."

"How the human brain can build up one thing to another?" said the old man. "Take care of getting drunk, Ezekles! Strong drinks put a magic circle round us. At first it looks very beautiful; but after we have swallowed down a few glasses it draws near to us, winds us up in its web, and only shows us from without that which we imagine. It winds us up so tight that we are no longer master of our own limbs. On that we sleep, and the fumes get dispersed; but when we again awake we feel that our limbs have been bound, and that during the debauch reason has slept too soundly to be able to give any account of that which has taken place in the sleep."

They went on their way, nor did they relax in their speed until they came to the Heugasse, where they could see the palace, which is just on the limits of the suburb.

"You would be a soldier, Ezekles?" said the old man.

"Yes, here in Vienna; I should like best to bear arms before the Kaiserburg."

[1] In Vienna every shop has a sign from which it is named: For example, the Cardinal, Madame Catalani, the King of Denmark, etc. These signs have, not unfrequently, great resemblance to the originals — often have great artistic value; as, for instance, "The Young Tobias," before the apothecary's. — *Author's Note.*

"That would be a fettered life, Ezekles. You would soon begin to long for your liberty. Restlessness lies in our legs, just as much as the desire to steal in the mouse which is under our thumb. If you ran away you would get hanged."

"Well," replied the younger, "whether we are gnawed by the worms or pecked by the birds is all one at bottom But why should we always imagine the worst?"

"To be food for the birds, that would be something!" said the old man; it would be a proud coffin to be buried in their stomachs; that is to say, to be always on one's travels, like our companions in life. I will remember your words, when I am wandering about in the Hungarian woods and hear the song of the birds. Perhaps I should soon hear the ravens cry, which pecked out the eyes of my dearest friend. Believe me, Ezekles, I never saw brighter eyes than those of my son Bela. You know, indeed, his son Ladislaf; he is the image of his father, only still prouder: there is more black blood in him. Bela was better, although they hung him on the gallows. But people shout hurrah before the son when he sweeps past on his horse, although he deeply despises them in his heart."

"He has actually left his race!" said the younger.

"And yet he has no peace in himself," continued the other. "He makes greater journeys than we do; he has travelled across the great sea, which is broader than the whole of Hungary: only think of such a Danube? He has visited all the kings and emperors, in their own countries, which we saw here at the congress. He flies much further than the bird of passage, and he has good luck in all that he does."

During this conversation they had reached the façade of the palace, which turns toward the great plain. Here sat groups of soldiers, and talked together; strangers and natives went in and came out from the great picture gallery. The gypsies silently contemplated the palace building, which is not distinguished by anything very striking; but whoever had watched the old man's eye would immediately have observed that he was looking for something at the windows: they stationed themselves at the open garden door, yet without going into the garden. Many people were walking in the stiffly cut walks and amid the scenes, which are all laid out in the style of Louis Quatorze.

The whole lower story of the palace is filled with excellent pictures. The connoisseur finds beautiful things here, especially of the Dutch school. On this day there were many strangers looking through the gallery; some admired Gherardins' masterpieces in bass-relief; others the rich collection of Rubens.

Attention was excited by the rapidity with which a young man with fine features and intelligent eyes went from one picture to another, and then again stepped to the window, to enjoy the view of the Imperial city and the Hungarian mountains.

"That is one of the horse-riders in the Prater!" all said who saw him. We, however, know the young Naomi.

Another interest than that about the pictures had attracted her to the Belvidere, and for this reason her observation of the pictures was so rapid. One piece alone excited her sympathy, and to this she turned back many times: it was Vandyke's Samson when betrayed by Delilah, — that masterpiece of the great artist. The painful reproaches which lie in Samson's looks are so eloquent that they would be understood from Greenland to Otaheite. Delilah's indifference, the interest of the hostess — yes, that is reality itself! Was it the exquisite delineation of art alone which fettered Naomi to this picture, or was it that association of ideas gave a deep meaning to the subject? We may not betray it. She often stepped to the window and looked down into the valley, only to return again immediately to Vandyke's Samson. Tempestuous thoughts agitated her bosom.

As she yet again approached the window, she became aware of the gypsies. She speedily left the hall and descended the steps. The gypsies saw her coming, yet no sign had been given: they went slowly forward; Naomi followed them at some distance.

As they approached a small house, from which a footpath wound through the field, the elder one remained behind, as it seemed, to fasten his shoe-tie; the younger, in the mean time, went onward. Naomi advanced to the elder, and spoke with him about Ladislaf; but Naomi heard nothing good.

"Thou liest!" she cried, embittered.

"Do I lie?" asked the old man. "He is, however, of my

own flesh and blood; but it is bad blood, that has caused me a deal of trouble. His father was my son. Ladislaf looks scornfully down upon his grandfather and his whole race; he does not hate those who hate his. I have told him the truth, and his whip has made a red weal upon my shoulder. I shall remember it of him! A man may forget the clear, fresh water which was to him a refreshing draught, but he never forgets the marshy, bitter water which he has drunk. Ladislaf may love you to-day, but to-morrow he will cease to do so; and because he has loved you he will be your tormentor. I know very well that you are no man. I have had experience enough to be able to see the past, and of the future I will be silent; it easily explains itself. Beware of him; and if you are possessed of a heart like your disguise, then punish him when you can. That I might say this to you, have I appointed this meeting. This evening you may meet him in Hitzing: there are handsome women there!"

"But I am not a woman!" said Naomi; "you are mistaken. Ladislaf is not good; I will credit what you say; but let him love the women — I do that myself! Nobody can enjoy his youth more than I do, and success is dear to me."

"And yet the blood mounts to your head!" said the old man. "My eyes do not see amiss, and my words have found their man." He made his bow and went on.

Naomi was undecided whether to follow the old man or not; but anon she came to a determination, and turned back toward the city through the old French gardens.

The gesellschaftswagen[1] rolled from Peter's Platz toward Schönbrunn and Hitzing. Naomi took a place. She joked with the rest of the company, for they all were inclined to amuse themselves. The honest Viennese talked in raptures about their good Emperor and Würstl and Händl, and of the brothers Shuster — all pell-mell, as is commonly the case in the Babel of conversation. Just opposite to Naomi sat a somewhat malapert-looking young artist: he perceived by her accent that she was not a native; he had seen her in the Prater, and now told her that she would meet her master in Hitzing, where he often came. "Her master!" repeated she to herself, and the stranger mentioned Ladislaf. They reached

[1] A kind of omnibus, which goes every half hour.

the pleasure-place of Schönbrunn in whose fragrant alleys "the Son of the Man"[1] had wandered with his mysterious thoughts: where Silvio Pellico had stepped behind the bushes, that he might not terrify the Emperor by his sickly appearance. Poor children followed the carriage, and threw, as they drove past, nosegays to them within, in order to receive back a few kreutzers. The artist caught a bouquet, and threw it, smiling, into the lap of Naomi: she involuntarily made a feminine movement to catch the flowers; the artist smiled again, and she felt the blood burning in her face.

Close by Schönbrunn lies the little country-town of Hitzing, with its church and its beautiful country-houses. The music resounded charmingly from the casino, which was at that time as much visited as now, only not as much celebrated by Strauss's and Lanner's orchestras. The little garden, crammed in between the adjoining houses, was then just as much filled with tables and tents as we now see it.

Ladislaf sat between two young girls at a table. Naomi took a seat at the next table; Saul's evil thoughts raged in her soul, but the exultant music produced not upon her the tranquillizing effect of the tones of David's harp. The buoyant dancing tunes breathed the animating spirit of the Volk's theatre, the delights of Schönbrunn and the Prater; all hearts accorded to the words, "There's but one imperial city — there's but one Vienna!" But in Naomi's ears the joyous melodies sounded only like sighs and the laugh of derision; they were the cold gales from the damp dungeons of Spielberg, and the stifling heat from the leaden-roofed chambers of Venice, which she breathed.

Ladislaf looked at her with proud and arrogant glances; she also looked at him, but she seemed not to know him: and yet they followed each other as the shadow follows the body.

The elasticity of human thought knows no bounds; it is immeasurable as infinite space, which the astronomers describe to us as boundless. The grandeur of the spirit increases our horizon; but suffering and important moments of our lives possess this power also, and not unfrequently do

[1] "Le fils de l'homme" of Barthélemi, the Duke of Reichstadt. — *Author's Note.*

our thoughts place us in a heaven or in a hell. Naomi looked with the eyes of a Newton, but she only gazed into a diabolical abyss.

When the open air was exchanged for the lighted saloon, Ladislaf and Naomi met in the dance. She was compelled to dance with a lady, her disguise demanded that, and there lay on Ladislaf's lips a jeering smile because of it; yet he said nothing to her, and she just as little to him. She moved to the stormy music, an Ixion upon the burning wheel. Her bosom heaved wildly, her eyes sparkled: Ladislaf seemed to be cold, a male Turandot, with the proud, deriding smile. O, what pangs the human heart may create for itself! It always beats, it always bleeds, — that is necessary for the maintenance of life.

Ladislaf vanished in the throng; in vain Naomi's eyes sought for him. It was already late; the last gesellschafts-wagen was gone, and there were now only a few peasants with their barrier wagons[1] drawn up before the saloon-house. A gentleman with two ladies mounted into one of them; yes, it was Ladislaf! Naomi also quickly seated herself under the tented covering, and the wagon rolled on toward the city.

The lights of Hitzing and Schönbrunn shone through the dark trees; several respectable citizen families sat likewise in the wagon, and were very merry; they talked about elves and fairies, with which the good Viennese are very well acquainted, from the Volk's theatre; they quoted witticisms of Kasperle and Pumpernickel, and chatted about their three Schusters,[2] especially Ignaz — the glorious, witty Ignaz!

[1] The wicker wagons with their arched coverings are so-called, because they are not allowed to drive further than the city barriers or limits. — *Author's Note.*

[2] Three brothers, and celebrated comic actors of the Leopold-stadt theatre, of whom, however, Ignaz is the greatest favorite. They gave occasion to the piece called "The Three Schusters" (or Shoemakers), in which the parts were given thus (Anglicizing the proper names): —

Mr. Anton Shoemaker, a Master Shoemaker . . } Mr. Anton Shoemaker.

Mr. Joseph Shoemaker, a Master Shoemaker . . } Mr. Joseph Shoemaker.

Mr. Ignaz Shoemaker, a Master Shoemaker . . } Mr. Ignaz Shoemaker.

Author's Note

We do not know the comic three-leaved Schusters; do not know the brilliant period of the Leopold-stadt theatre, but we can imagine it to ourselves. And if we have not also acquaintance with the muse of Bäurle, yet we do know that of Raismend and Nestroy, and we might amuse ourselves with the honest Viennese in the barrier wagon with the fairy world of the Volk's theatre, in which the good souls fancy themselves placed where they see the lights shining from Hitzing and Schönbrunn through the dark trees.

In one of these farces one sees the prince of the spirit world sitting upon a bed; he rings for the chambermaid, and asks, "What wet clouds are these which they have given me for a bed?" — "It is impossible," was the reply, "for you to have any drier this year; the police even have made a complaint about it. The seasons now run one into another; it is not now any longer as it was in the old times." — "Call me the Seasons here!" replied the king of the spirit world. These appear. Winter is an old man, who is supported by his staff. The prince calls him before him. "What is this that I hear?" asked he; "that thou art beginning to be so damp in thy old days! You must leave that off! Every one of you must attend better to his post than you have done, else you will have your dismissal, and that without a pension!" The Seasons were quite in a perplexity, and respectfully kissed the king's hand and promised amendment.

In another farce one sees a respectable Viennese family, which has read so many romances about knights that they are come to the opinion that the times of knighthood must have been much more glorious than those of the present day. They then fall asleep, and when they again awake they are in knightly costume, and find themselves set back in those happy days of chivalry. A robber-knight is announced, who comes to ask the hand of the daughter, and the whole family is enraptured at so splendid a match. But they soon become acquainted with the whole coarseness of the times; they must do without all conveniences of life, and at last are led into the castle-dungeon to die of hunger. With that they all wish themselves back again into our happy times, in which there is roasted *Händl*, and where one can drive to Hitzing and go to

the theatre in the Vorstadt. Cured of their whims, the magic brings them back again into our better and our happier times.

Ah, how Naomi wished that that magic-world, of which the honorable citizens talked, was but reality! Like the castle spirit which turned to stone the detestable bridal-company, she would have changed into stone Ladislaf and the two women; yet he should only have been half petrified, like Prince Agib in the fairy tale: his brain should still have thought, his heart should still have bled, that he might properly have felt his pangs.

They dismounted from the wagon at the barriers. Ladislaf made pretense that he now for the first time recognized Naomi, and threw his arm so heavily upon her shoulder that she certainly must have felt the effect of it for some time, and said laughing, "See, friend Christian, thou too goest out seeking adventures! Now, that I like in thee, my boy! I would properly caress thee because thou dost like the rest of us!" With these words he embraced and caressed poor Naomi with great violence.

"Let me be!" cried she; "I am not of the party!" And with looks which were more eloquent than words she turned herself from him and offered to one of the two girls her arm, who willingly took it.

In the interior of the city of Vienna there are many streets, which are connected one with another by gates and the courts of private houses. A stranger who is unacquainted with the locality finds himself all at once in another neighboring street, when he had fancied himself to be entering a house.

Ladislaf and his lady went into one such house; Naomi followed after them.

"But where are they?" asked she of her companion.

This one laughed, and led Naomi up a winding stone stairs, but no Ladislaf was to be seen. The girl pulled at the bell-handle which hung at the door.

"Where are the others?" asked Naomi again.

"They are there, and we are here!" replied her companion. The door opened; an elderly, well-dressed lady, with a silver branch-candlestick in her hand, welcomed them.

"The deuce!" exclaimed Naomi, and flew stumbling down

the steps. She saw by the light that she was followed; she quickly, therefore, entered the street: here also nobody was visible. "Ladislaf!" stammered she, and bit her lip so violently that it bled.

Half an hour afterwards she was in her dwelling in the Prater: Ladislaf was not yet come. She threw herself, without undressing, on her bed; but no tears came to her eyes, no sigh escaped from her lips. Some one was now heard to approach; it was he.

They looked silently at each other.

"Thou hast probably amused thyself well!" said Ladislaf, with a malicious countenance.

Naomi was silent and looked at him with a proud and sorrowful expression; he scornfully returned her glance, and then laughed aloud.

Her lips trembled as if they would open themselves to speak; but she was still silent.

"Hast thou not seen," said he, "that my mare, when she stands loose in her stall, follows me neighing when I go through? She does that out of pure love, and therefore I caress her. Thou also followest me, but from quite another impulse. I might be tempted also to caress thee, but according to deserts!"

With these words he took up a switch from the table, and lashed the air with it so close to Naomi that the end caught her neck.

It was the bite of the tarantula! Cold as ice, she stared at him. "Ladislaf!" was the only word which she could utter, she then left the room.

Josephine slept.

Without, all was still and dark; the roll of carriages alone sounded in the distance. The night was bright with stars; Charles's-wain pointed toward the North. Did Naomi think on her home in the north, or did her thoughts linger in the wooden abode of the son of the Pariah, with the proud Ladislaf? Not a tear moistened her eye, not a sigh sounded from her lips; with her eye riveted on the starry image, she went on thoughtfully a few paces. So gazed once Ariadne across the sea, when she was convinced that Theseus had forsaken

her. Hers was the smile of Medea when she met Jason at Kreusa.

On the self-same night, at the self-same hour, upon the monotonous high-road of Zealand, two other eyes were fixed upon the self-same star, but as hopefully and trustfully as Leander when he threw himself into the waves of the Hellespont and swam toward the fire which Hero had kindled for him.

Along the high-road of Zealand Christian travelled alone this night, on his way to Copenhagen. He had come to the conviction that he should learn nothing which was proper to be known with Mr. Knepus, and that he must go out into the world if he were to do any good. Peter Vieck was wrathful about it, and had said, "For my part, Christian may steer his own vessel himself!" Lucie had wept; but Christian's understanding was matured. He carried with him letters of introduction, and as there was one amongst them to one of the royal footmen, he dreamed of something quite different to mere promises and shakes of the hand. The quiet summer night was pleasant in the highest degree; the postilion blew a hunting-song, and echo repeated the slow tones from the heights opposite to Antvorskov.[1] Beyond all others shone one bright star in heaven; it was Cygnus — the swan, as the inhabitants of the South call it. That is my star of fortune, thought Christian, as he asked his travelling-companion the name of this star. "The evening-hen we call it," replied he of whom the inquiry was made.

Christian thought upon Naomi; but she gave free course to her thoughts, let them seek out every bitter flower which had grown up in her heart within the last few months, and from every flower she sucked in poison.

She listened; she thought she heard the dashing of the Danube. A falling star flew through the air, as some day the steam-balloon will cut through the clouds.

She turned back to the home where Ladislaf slept; but she remained on the ground-floor, seated herself on the lowest step of the stairs, laid her arm on the balustrade, and leaned

[1] Antvorskov was in ancient times a celebrated monastery, and is still a large estate near Slagelse. — *Author's Note.*

her head in her hand. She slept as the Arab sleeps, who slumbers with his mortal enemy in the same tent: they have eaten and drunk with each other; hospitality is the sacred shield which stands between the two. They offer to each other the hand and — sleep, but their last thought is, We meet in another place! The son of the Pariah and the daughter of Israel have Asiatic blood; the hot sun glows in it.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Ladislaus! Ladislaus! sounds anew, and the same voice cries afterward still louder: No!" — CASTELLI.

"It is a strange thing: I spoke German and thou Danish, and yet we understood each other in a trice. Yes, my friend, the language lies in the eyes and its key in the heart." — *Album leaf* for H. C. ANDERSEN, by CASTELLI.

I WILL hence," said Naomi to Josephine, the rider with the waving plumes in her turban and the fluttering banners, — "I will hence, let me find bread or death."

Josephine laughed. "We will drive this forenoon together to Josephsdorf and Kloster Neuburg," said she; "we two in the little cabriolet, with the fleet-footed Orlando: I will, for your sake, set at defiance the scandal of driving out alone with the young, fiery jockey. You will then get into a better temper, and Ladislaf will kiss away the marks which the switch has made on your lovely neck: and then there will be a reconciliation feast, in which we can all of us take part."

"Never!" answered Naomi.

"Indeed! no misanthropy and no repentance!"[1] said Josephine; "now that will look still merrier."

"Assist me in getting a passport to Hungary or Bavaria," prayed Naomi: "it is all one where I go, if I can only get away and never see him again."

"First of all we will take our drive," replied Josephine; "we will taste the chocolate in Josephsdorf, and look down from the mountains and see whether the valley of the Danube cannot awaken in you the desire to remain here. One must not overhasten, must never take too great steps; which, after all, are not becoming to ladies."

[1] *The Leopold's Day; or, No Misanthrophy and No Repentance*, — a piece which at that time was often given at the Volk's theatre. — ***Author's Note.***

"It is not the first time that he has filled my heart with poison," said Naomi. "In Töplitz, fourteen days after I had left my home for his sake, I understood him, and read in his heart as in an open book; but yet at that time he acted with both prudence and circumspection. My determination is made!"

The cabriolet was brought up; they mounted and drove away. In the long avenues of the Vorstadt they met many people driving and on horseback. The young gentlemen saluted Josephine; several ladies cast smiling looks at Naomi. The road ascended now to the mountain, from whence the fine view is enjoyed over the beautiful and blooming valley of the Danube.

"Just look!" said Josephine, "how gloriously the many avenues between the city and the suburbs look! The tower of St. Stephen's Church rises up boldly above all other buildings; and do you not see the Danube, with the lovely green islands? Those blue mountains lie in Hungary. It is this view which always presents itself before my eyes when I hear the song, 'Yet once more the lovely country!' Certainly, Austria is much more beautiful than Denmark!"

"Each country resembles the other!" said Naomi. "We have in Jutland mountains quite as lofty as these, and the Lesser Belt and the Sound present a far more magnificent view than the Danube. I know only one advantage which Vienna has over Copenhagen, and that is its milder air and its proximity to Italy."

"The Finlanders long after their marches, the Esquimaux after their snow!" replied Josephine, laughing.

"I do not long after Denmark, neither will I ever return there," said Naomi; "but neither will I remain here. I am a free woman, no Austrian, and they will not prevent my leaving the country."

"But Ladislaf would prevent it," returned Josephine,—"would endeavor to prevent it, because thereby he could torment you whenever he was in the humor for it."

They were here interrupted in their conversation by the grave-digger of the little place, who invited them in to take a view of the corpses, which were more than a hundred years

old, and which yet stand unconsumed in the burial-vaults of the church, and look now as if they had only been yesterday placed there.

"We prefer seeing living people," said Josephine.

But there were right beautiful curiosities there, the old man assured them. It was scarcely an hour before, he said, that a Polish gentleman had gone through, and he had found the things so interesting that he had noted down all in his journal. Yet notwithstanding this the gentleman in so doing had forgotten his journal; but it must be that very day taken to the police, and the gentlemen there could give certain intelligence about all travellers, so that he hoped before evening that the book would be restored into the hand of the Polack.

That which was written was in Danish. Naomi seemed to know the hand; she turned over the leaves of the book inquisitively, and read here and there in it. The remarks had not all been written for everybody's reading.

"The strange gentleman must be from Denmark," said Naomi.

"From the King of Denmark?" asked the old man in astonishment. "I saw him here at the time of the congress; he had white hair, and was as kind and polite as our good Emperor Franz. Whenever I go by the Stockameise I always must look at King Frederick the Dane."[1] The old man became more and more eloquent, yet Naomi did not listen to him, but read full of curiosity in the journal, and smiled and blushed in so doing.

"Was the stranger here an hour ago?" asked she.

"Yes, sir," replied the old grave-digger, "but I do not know in what direction he is gone, yet I fancy toward the city."

"Show us your church!" said Naomi, and they now went in with the old man. But Naomi inquired much more frequently about the foreign traveller than about the objects and curiosities which were shown to her: the journal seemed to lie much more upon her heart than the historical intelligence which the old man communicated to her about the well-preserved corpses.

[1] As already remarked, every shop in Vienna has a picture as a sign, and directly opposite the celebrated Stockameise there stands a shop with the sign of Frederick VI., king of Denmark. — *Author's Note.*

The two were again seated in their cabriolet; the fiery Orlando carried his head aloft, and trotted rapidly with them toward the convent, the lofty cupola of which, with its imperial crown, showed itself magnificently in the blue air

They entered the vaulted convent-hall. There stood a stranger. Naomi trembled; he, of all persons in the world, she would not have met. Yes, he it was whose presence the journal had announced; she was not under a mistake; it was the Count, — he whom she called her father.

He bowed, and spoke a few passing words to Josephine; Naomi went past him without his getting sight of her.

"There is not so much pomp and affluence here as in Kloster-Mölk," said Josephine, "but yet I love this old building that is so dear to me from my childhood. How often have I run from here to Castle Leopold! From above there, they say, the Duchess's veil flew down and got caught in a thorn-bush, which then stood where now the Kloster is built."

"I am not at all in a state of mind for your stories," said Naomi, and her voice trembled; "come, make haste, for we cannot stay here! The foreign gentleman is a relation of mine."

She drew Josephine to the cabriolet, which waited outside for them. They were just about to mount as the Count came out of the church.

"I beg your pardon," said he, "but is not this convent celebrated for its wine-cellars? There should be a tun here which belongs to the curiosities of the country."

"I have heard of it," said Josephine, "but I have never seen it."

"Here is the tun, your honor," cried the cooper close behind them, who, together with one of his journeymen, was busied in hooping barrels.

"Have you not a desire to see the celebrated tun?" asked the Count.

Josephine, embarrassed, looked at Naomi, who was immediately collected. She bowed to the Count, and entered with Josephine the work-place. This was a large vault of brick-work in which lay round about great and small wine-barrels, the king of which, however, was the well-known tun, which

holds a thousand and one gallons. By means of a ladder one might get to the top of this. The bung-hole is so great that one can comfortably descend into the tun through it, and the interior space is large enough for a dance.

"The tun has just lately been cleaned out," said the cooper, "and the cellar-master has had this beautiful verse set upon it here." The Count read, —

> "A hundred and thirty years were told
> By me within this cellar cold;
> Then thousands on my back were pressing,
> Yet that to me was not distressing."

"Yes," said the cooper, "thousands have danced upon his back who now lie in the grave. But the tun is still strong and polished, it will know our children's children as great-grandmothers and great-grandfathers! Certainly that it will! But you must descend into it, or else you cannot rightly become acquainted with it."

Naomi sprang up the ladder and descended into the tun; the Count followed her, but his demeanor expressed astonishment, for the way and manner in which Naomi descended betrayed her sex. Josephine peeped only through the opening into the tun; it seemed to her to be a large room.[1] Naomi danced around the Count, whilst her thoughts wandered over mountain and valley.

Before long she was again sitting beside Josephine in the cabriolet and driving away.

"Do you know these two?" asked the Count of the cooper; but he shook his head.

"They were riders from the Prater," said the journeyman: "it was Mamsell Josephine and the little Jockey. They understand riding and doing tricks. The jockey is not good for much in that way."

The light cabriolet took the road along the Danube.

"I must and will go hence!" said Naomi. "You have indeed relations in Munich, Josephine; give me a letter to them! I have yet several things of value; for eight days I

[1] The length of this gigantic tun is 14 feet 4 inches, the diameter 12 feet —*Author's Note.*

have no need to beg, and a week can bring about a great deal."

Whole folios have been written about love, every degree of it has been run through and sung about; very little, however, has been said about the hatred in love, and yet this is just as rich in shades, just as strong as love itself. The hatred of love is a devilish delight, but yet it is a delight to hate burningly, to hate him who maliciously trampled upon our best joy, our most innocent pleasure! All men know the feeling of hatred — it is an animalcule which lives in the blood of men.

Naomi was wounded; and as the sylphide loses its Psyche-wings and dies with the first sensual embrace, so with her had the first harsh treatment killed love. As the wine in the cup of Tantalus vanished when a drop of it was shed, so was it with Naomi's love.

"I thought to have exalted myself so much above others," pondered she, "and I have humbled myself to the son of a gypsy, whose nobility alone consists in the deceitful natural play of their bodies. Now his form disgusts me like the skin of the snake."

"You are more of a man than a woman," said Josephine.

"In case of need I could help myself through the world," replied Naomi. "Ladislaf thinks, probably, that I am like the rest of women, who have their hearts for three or four days full of gall, but then become weak and appeasable. I am no longer so! With us people say, 'One misfortune does not come alone!' My father has this day met me; he was the gentleman with whom we conversed in Kloster-Neuburg. If he should have recognized me? I have always thought the prodigal son despicable, not because he ate with the swine, but because he again turned back. He must have known his father to be a weak man. To accept of marks of kindness and benefits may be called passports to make up for mortifications endured. Will the world be ever in a condition to show one benefactor who never afterward wounded the feelings or overlooked the receiver of his benefits? I will hence! Ladislaf is to me as the post-boy who has driven me a station: my weakness was a dream, — a foolish dream in the diligence!"

The police in Vienna are able to give intelligence of the departure of every stranger, the old grave-digger in Josephsdorf said; and for that reason he had sent to them the forgotten pocket-book: before evening it was in the hands of its owner. "The police know about everybody," the old man had said; and therefore they were aware likewise this morning that there was a young man in the horse-rider's company in the Prater who was called Christian, who was of a fine, almost femininely delicate figure, and was commonly called the little Jockey; the police said not a word about his possibly being a lady in disguise.

The Count wished to be present at the performance this evening. It began. Josephine floated away on the back of her horse with waving banners; Bajazzo struck the wheel with his grandmother on his back; Ladislaf appeared this evening as a Greek, in dark red satin. The tall cap accorded excellently with his proud countenance; the coal-black eyes sparkled beneath the strong eyebrows; and again around that mouth of antique beauty showed itself the disdainful smile which was peculiar to him. Never did a handsomer gladiator enter the arena. The most stormy applause welcomed him on all sides; but that moved him not, for he was just as much accustomed to it as to the music to which he sprang round the course. Within, his mind brooded the poison which the smile of his lips betrayed. He knew that Naomi, whom he had seen at the commencement of the performance, would set off during it; he had been informed of it; he knew that she had obtained a passport which enabled her to travel to Munich. She was the first woman who had dared to defy him. This must be revenged; he would torment her; and that was easy to do. Without doubt she travelled at this very moment extra-post, or rode on her way to Linz; but the diligence went this evening the very same way, and at this moment a place for him was taken in it. He would overtake her — meet with her he must; and if he doubted as to his success in inducing her to return with him, yet it was in his power in this meeting with her to distress her in the most acute manner, and to place her in a most unpleasant situation. She was a lady, and her passport was drawn in the name of a man; that was sufficient

to shame her. In this conviction he smiled still more sneeringly than common, and took the boldest leaps in the air upon his flying horse, who knew his rider so well, and people applauded still more enthusiastically than ever.

The Count sat close by the lists; he forgot for some moments her for whom his eye had in vain sought, as he joined in the unanimous plaudits when Ladislaf left the circus. At the close of the performance, Ladislaf drove with a groom in the little cabriolet to the city.

In the post-court stood the diligence ready to start; the passengers took their places. One was going to Kloster Neuburg, a second to Salzburg, a third to Paris, and so on. In the furthest backseat sat a young man with a handkerchief tied over his head, and his cap drawn over his ears; he was suffering from toothache, and was on his way to Munich. Opposite to him was the place assigned to Ladislaf. Each one now arranged his legs with his opposite neighbor, so as to sit comfortably. Ladislaf and Naomi were thus placed together, either by fate or by chance. She recognized him, but would not trust her eyes until he spoke; then she was convinced of his presence.

She had thought it best to travel with the diligence, because it went through without any stay. That now Ladislaf was here among the passengers prophesied no good, for he was here on her account: what would be the end of it?

The postilion blew his horn, the whip cracked, leave-takings were heard, and the carriage rolled across the Stephen's Platz, and through the lighted streets. The performance was just at an end in the Burg theatre; the spectators streamed along the street, and all the passengers looked out from the carriage to see if they could recognize an acquaintance. Naomi alone laid her head more backward, and turned her face to one side, that it might not be seen by the light of the lamps. They were soon through the green avenue, and in the suburb of Maria-hilf. All chatted and endeavored to pass on the time pleasantly; Naomi alone pretended that she already slept, although the consciousness of not one of the travellers was more alert than hers. She thought over her condition, and considered upon what was the most advisable for her to do.

She might pass the night very well in the carriage — there would be no occasion for her to get out; but when day dawned, when they had to take breakfast at St. Pölten, what then? Ladislaf spoke to her, but she made no answer; she trembled in every limb, and that he certainly would observe, for their knees almost touched each other.

They had already travelled for an hour, and were now in the little village of Hütteldorf, which, like Hitzing, is a summer residence of the Viennese. The latter, however, lies nearer to Vienna, and is at the same time a summer sojourn for the court, and has much noise, dust, and bustle. Hütteldorf, on the contrary, is more rural, and possesses a more open view over the green low hills, so that the country villas lying here have a trully idyllian site.

The diligence drew up before the inn. The gentlemen got out, Naomi followed their example, but she was determined not again to return. She quickly turned into the first little street, which led into a meadow, and ran on with all her might. At the end of this lay, on the right, a small country-house. Naomi concealed herself in the ditch which inclosed the garden; her heart beat, she listened whether any one was following her.

The post-horn sounded; she heard the diligence again rolling on, and said in her inmost heart with Riguebourg, but with different feeling, "Now he is gone!"

At that very moment loud laughter resounded in the garden; ladies and gentlemen came out of the little gate and went across the meadow. They were a merry company, and every name which she heard was well known to her. Mrs. Von Weissenthurn, the intellectual poetess, and Costenoble, the actor, were among them.

"You will read your Sappho to me to-morrow, will you not, Grillparzer?" said the lady; and all talked merrily together.

"Good-night! good-night! sleep well!" resounded from the other end of the lane. "Good-night! good-night!" and one of the gentlemen turned back over the meadow. Probably this was the host, who had so far accompanied his guests; he had a dog with him, which suddenly sprang into the ditch where Naomi sat, pointed his ears, and then began loudly to bark. The gentleman approached the spot.

"Who is there?" he asked.

Naomi rose.

"That is a bad resting-place for the night," said he; "the dew falls; you were not thinking of passing the night there?'

"Pardon me," said Naomi, "with whom have I the honor of speaking!"

The gentleman laughed. "I am Castelli," replied he; "and you, my friend?"

"Castelli!" repeated Naomi; "the poet?"

"Yes, I am," replied he.

"I have known you for years," said Naomi; "your poems have caused me many happy hours. As a little child I learned your 'Praise of the Little Ones.' You occupied me a long way from here, and then it never occurred to me that we should meet, and meet thus."

"You are not a German," said the Poet; "and, if I may judge from your soft accent, I should suppose you to be a Dane."

"I am so," returned Naomi.

"Did not I directly think so?" said the gentleman; "there was here this evening a countryman of yours, a young doctor."

"I will entirely confide in you," said Naomi, "for it has always appeared to me that a poet must have a warmer, a nobler, and a better heart than ordinary people."

"I cannot quite assent to that," returned the gentleman; "most poets have only this advantage above other men, that they can apply their own experience to others, and that they express what they feel and think." With these words he opened the gate, and they entered the little flower-garden.

"Chance has conducted me to you," now said Naomi; "you must counsel me, you must help me." And she then related to him that she was a lady, and a Dane; that she had left a tranquil, care-free life at home, in order to be deceived in all, even the very least of her hopes. She told him all her adversities, and what had happened to her until this very evening.

The good-natured, excellent man felt himself, as any one else would have done under similar circumstances, somewhat embarrassed by this confidence of poor Naomi; for what actu-

ally could he think of such a girl! The Danish ambassador was certainly the proper person to whom she ought to apply, he thought, But now it was so late at night; she was so handsome; she was so forlorn, and her lips breathed eloquence. The Poet sent for his housekeeper, and Naomi was now led into the little guest-chamber, which looked over the mountains.

In the still night she opened her window. The waning moon stood low in the heavens; before her horn wholly disappeared an important step must be taken on her path of fate. Dreamily she lost herself in thought, whilst her eye was directed to the starry host: but her thoughts were fertile; she laid a plan for the following day.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Farewell — thou windest thine arm about mine?
Thou holdest me fast — I shall not go?" — CASTELLI.

"Know'st thou the land where the lemons are blooming?
Thither"! . . . . — GOETHE.

THE next morning, as Naomi made her appearance at the tea-table, the Poet extended to her kindly his hand; his dog sprang toward her, and she caressed the animal. Its barking had been the introduction to her acquaintance with the Poet.

"It is a faithful animal, quite devoted to me!" said the good host; "it would grieve me if it were to die before I did."

At this moment a cabriolet rolled hither along the little street, and drew up at the entrance to the garden. They were morning visitors. It was the young physician, Naomi's countryman, of whom Castelli had spoken; another foreigner accompanied him, a Dane likewise, who wished to make the acquaintance of the beloved Poet. It was the Count, whom Naomi called father.

The Doctor was possessed of that which is peculiar to many Danes abroad — great susceptibility of all that is new, together with an easily excited love for father-land, which soon becomes home-sickness. In an especial manner was he given to drawing comparisons, and where is there more opportunity for so doing than in Vienna! The present inhabitants have so many things in common with the Copenhageners, as well in advantages as in trifles, that the resemblance strikes the eyes of both, only the Viennese are a gayer people than those of the northern capital. The Prater with its swings, and all its merry exhibitions, is our park; the palace of Schönbrunn is altogether our Friedrichsberg; the Stephen's Church with its lofty tower, is, to be sure, something quite peculiar to the Im-

perial city: but the Doctor recollected St. Saviour's Church, the tower of which is also a rarity — a tower around which a spiral staircase winds, which is provided with a gilded balustrade, and which conducts him who ascends up to the great ball, upon which is throned the copper-man with the waving banner. "If one had from St. Stephen's tower the view of the Hungarian mountains," said the young Doctor, "it would not be less imposing than that from St. Saviour's, which looks down over the whole Sound and the opposite coast of Sweden."

Of all foreign cities, he said, Vienna pleased him the best, for there it was so pleasant to live. The families of Jäger and Sonnenleitner[1] carried him quite back again into Danish domestic life; but how very frequently were not melancholy feelings excited in his soul, also, from this very cause! He was really such a long way removed from his young wife and his dear little daughter! It not unfrequently happened that tears came into his eyes when, in the streets of Vienna, he met little girls of the same age as his daughter. He said that had happened to him that very morning as they drew up at the Baumhofe, where a young girl and her little sister were tending a goat which grazed there, and was milked whenever a passer-by desired to have a draught of goat's milk. The Count talked jestingly about the sentimentality of the young man, as he called it.

"You do not know what it is to have children," said the Doctor; "if you had only such a daughter as I have, you would be just like me. A new world full of pleasure would open to you. There is a blessedness in the smiles of a child! you should only see how it stretched out its little hands to me! you should only hear its first shout of delight! O, I would wish you a daughter like mine!"

The Count riveted his eyes on Naomi, and then said gravely, and in a deep tone of voice, "I had once a daughter, but she is dead!"

He was silent, and the young Physician was somewhat embarrassed; it had not been his intention to wound the Count.

[1] In these two families the Danes have always met with the most friendly reception. — *Author's Note.*

The conversation then turned to the Count's short stay in Vienna, and his projected journey into Italy, whence he would return to his native country by way of France.

In going away, the Poet accompanied his guests through the garden; Naomi remained behind. Nothing could be more natural than that he should confide to her country-people that which he had heard, and how he himself had got mixed up in the adventure. The Doctor laughed; but the Count became thoughtful and grave.

They went further across the meadow and through the green valley, which extended to the hills. A small footpath wound in agreeable mazes through the garden.

Along this footpath, half an hour afterward, might be seen the Count and Naomi walking together; their conversation was carried on in their native tongue. The sparrows twittered merrily the while, the flowers sent forth odors as sweetly as if the whole of nature breathed pure peace and joy, and the snails bathed themselves in the warm sunshine.

"Naomi," said the Count, "how could you so far forget yourself as to bring shame upon me, and to disgrace yourself in the worst manner?"

"My birth was the consecration thereto," replied she. "I am to blame; but many things may speak in my extenuation, if such were needful. My existence is a youthful sin, and as is the seed so is the fruit."

"What will be your further fate?" asked he.

"That of a thousand others," she answered; "an existence that is not worth life. But I have lived, even if it were only for a few days. I, however, became free and independent when I was wronged in the cruelest manner, and, for the first time, in this moment your glance has a power over me which binds me. The world does not regard me as your daughter, and you, yourself, do not really believe it. I am thus only a stranger to whom you have shown kindness, and from whom you may desire obedience. I have not shown it, and you cast me off. Our ways part. Every false step, every sin, is succeeded by its own punishment; let me bear mine! One benefit only I beseech of you yet to add to the former ones, and this is, that you do not know me."

They remained standing under a tree; the voice of the Doctor called them back.

"I do not trouble myself about the opinion of the world," continued she, "but your opinion is everything to me, and before you I would desire to stand as before my own conscience."

"They are coming!" said the Count, as the Poet and the Doctor approached them.

"We are not agreed," said Naomi, smiling: "the Count calls this pale little flower a violet; but I say that it is only a wild little step-mother."[1] With this she pointed to a flower of this kind, which grew on the path.

"When cultivated in gardens they attain to extraordinary beauty," said Castelli; "but I cannot understand why people have given them this name, when they have not at all been step-motherly treated."

"They explain why they are so called," replied Naomi, and stooped down to gather one of the flowers. "Only see here the five petals! two of these are set upon one little seat; they are the two which are set furthest behind — the step-children; these, one on each side, are the mother's own children — each one sits upon its own chair, and this great petal above is the step-mother herself — she has indeed two chairs to sit upon."

"That is, in truth, an ingenious explanation," said the Poet, smiling, "which I have never before heard."

"Thus it is said with us in Denmark," returned the Physician. "But how strange it is that one always hears of bad step-mothers, but never of wicked step-fathers!"

"Their fault is, perhaps, over-indulgence," said the Count.

Whether we should accuse them of the same thing will depend upon our own views of life; in the mean time we transport ourselves from the Poet's company to the mountains of the Tyrol — there where the young fellows, with flowers in their hats, jodelled in the fresh morning air, and sang of their Andreas Hofer, as the Swiss do of their William Tell and Winkelried.

Five days are not yet passed since we saw the meeting of the Count and Naomi, and heard their conversation about

[1] Pansy.

bad step mothers and good step-fathers ; and already reality shows us a forgiving step-father.

The light travelling-carriage rolled away along the high-road ; foot-passengers, people who drove and who rode, met them for the first and for the last time in their lives, and yet the Count closed his eyes for sleep. Beside him sat a young lady in female travelling costume ; the map of Italy lay open on her knee, and "Mary Ann Stark," the well-known guide for travellers in Italy, lay at her side. Deep below the road foamed the turbulent river, and the clouds hung like fleeces upon the lofty peaks. The lady cast a glance upon the wild country, and we recognize Naomi. Her thoughts were dreaming of the peninsula, and therefore she did not enjoy the present ; they flew to the true country of the Fata Morgana, toward Italy's sacred halls of art. The Alps are their portals ; the eagle a sparrow, which builds its nest in their cornice ; the pine-trees lift up their lofty columns with their evergreen capitals. Here is the home of music ; here blooms the rose in the Alpine snow. The earth on which thy foot treads is drunken with the blood of her noblest, is sanctified by the marble with which the temples of antiquity are reared. Into the dead stone is life breathed ; it becomes an image which ravishes thy soul. The sea is beautifully blue as the petal of the corn-flower, transparent as the drops of the fountain. Houris, lovely as those from the paradise of Mahomet, smile on thee, land of music and of coloring — Italia !

"Thither!" sang the poet of Mignon, and a thousand hearts repeat, as a lamenting echo, the words of painfully sweet longing, which will never be realized.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Nature was not the poor man's friend;
Hard-hearted nurse was she:
Your graciousness can that amend,
And Nature shall ashaméd be."

KARL BAGGER.

There is among the treasures of French literature a spirited treatise on garrets, in which the author says, that as in mankind the understanding and mind have their seat in the uppermost part of the human body, so is also the case among the authors and artists of Paris; they live in garrets. Scribe has written a vaudeville on the Parisian artist-life, and has given to it the title *La Mansarde des Artistes*. But in all great cities, as well as in Paris, it is the lot of poor artists to be placed up aloft with respect to their dwellings.

Thus was Christian placed in Copenhagen; up six pair of stairs dwelt he in a little back garret, with the widow who had once provided a lodging for him, Lucie, and her mother, during the short time they spent in Copenhagen. His view extended over chimneys and roofs to the high tower upon which the night-watchman took his stand. If the rich people who dwelt in the five stories below him had the whole lively street before them, he could, up there, look over the whole blue vault of heaven in which the stars, on clear evenings, were kindled.

As regarded his chamber, it was much smaller than the one which he had inhabited at Mr. Knepus's; it was, as it were, in the shape of a triangle, for from the door by which one entered it ran obliquely toward both sides, with one exception — that of the projecting window. The bed was a sort of alcove; directly opposite, in the roof, was set a pane of glass, through which in the night he could contemplate the moon and stars.

With a thankful heart he praised the dear God for his rare fortune: he had four engagements, and should receive about sixpence an hour; two others furnished him with a dinner without cost, four days in the week; and thus there were only three days remaining on which he would have to live on bread and butter. But now, also, it was requisite that he always should be well dressed; he therefore repaired himself the somewhat worn apparel, brushed it up and stitched it, and, if a white-worn place became visible, he dyed it black with ink. His boots, too, he mended himself; that they were a little failing in the soles mattered nothing, so long as the upper-leathers were whole. His behavior was a little awkward, and it would be still more so if a little hole had to be concealed, and he recollected that his coat permitted no violent movement with his arms. Much rather would he suffer in his own person than betray his poverty. He endeavored to conceal from his hostess that three times in the week he enjoyed no dinner, by taking a walk out about the hour of that meal; and then he made little tours either through the citadel, that he might devour his bread and butter on the shore of the Sound, or toward the King's Garden, to amuse himself, like the nurses and their children, with a view of the playful fountains.

He dined on Fridays and Sundays with the counselor-of-war, who had once sailed with Peter Vieck to Copenhagen. That was a genteel family; but the genteelest person in it was the eldest son, the student, who by means of his clothes was a handsome man, and, because of his little entertainments, had attained a certain consequence among his comrades. He never exchanged a word with Christian, never saluted him when he entered the house, nor when he left it again. The mother spoke of his virtuous life, and the young seamstress blushed at what she said. If strangers were at table, Christian was displaced; it could not at all amuse him to be in company with people with whom he was not acquainted! Besides, could he not have brushed his coat so as to make it fit to appear in company?

On Tuesdays and Thursdays he dined at the lackey's, the royal lackey's — an acquaintance who, he confidently hoped, would assist him to fortune and honor, for this man could

speak of him to the great; and this, madame, his wife, hinted at every moment. Her husband could go in and out there where counselors-of-war, and much genteeler gentlemen, must stand before the door and wait. She never, however, called her husband lackey, but said that he was connected with the royal family.

The little daughter of this married pair was now the object of Christian's engagement in the family. The little girl was called after the whole royal family, and had received in baptism the following names: Marie, Karoline, Wilhelmine, Charlotte, Amalie, Juliane, Friederike; but her every-day name was Mieke, which was an abbreviation of the queen's name, Marie Friederike.

He only found it comfortable in his own little chamber, although it was cold here as the winter came on. Turf and wood he purchased by pennyworths, and it froze great ice-flowers upon his windows. Neither had he every evening the means of purchasing a thin candle, but he could play his fantasies very well on his violin in the dark.

"There stands a maiden for you on your window," said the servant girl, as she swept out his room and pointed at the frozen window-pane. The hostess had shaken her head thoughtfully, for exactly such a maiden, seven years before, had stood upon the window at which her husband sat shoemaking. "Dost thou see, mother," he had said, "the handsome maiden here? She beckons me!" and two months after he lay in his grave. That must have been the cold death-maiden, who was come for him; but in this case it could not, indeed, mean anything like that, as Christian was a young man. The thought of cold death thrilled through him, and in the midst of want which encompassed him, and without any prospect of a better future, the desire for life awoke in him, and, seizing his fiddle, he forgot hunger and cold in the exquisite melodies which he drew from his instrument.

On many a solitary evening were these tones his only supper, until the extreme coldness disabled his fingers for the delicate movement. Soul and sentiment were in these fantasies, but nobody heard them. Fortune, fortune which alone can cherish, would not mount so many pair of stairs to seek out genius in the garret.

Mendelssohn-Bartholdy has written several musical compositions, which he calls "Songs without Words," but every spirit kindred to his own will read text to them in his own soul. To Christian's violin playing we also could give words; might they only find hearers in the drawing-rooms of the powerful! might but one being of true talent be saved in a century from perishing through want and sorrow!

You mighty ones of the earth! you understand the works of the painter and the sculptor because they ornament your halls and your rooms of state, but that which the poet and musician create is still to you an enigma — the richest treasures of the soul, which neither moth nor rust can corrupt; you only can comprehend it when a century has taught you the value of these divine works: LET NOT, we beseech of you, TRUE TALENT, WHILST YET ON EARTH, SUFFER SHIPWRECK! Will these words, too, like Christian's violin playing, sound unheard?

Elegance reigned in the dwelling of the lackey, — that is to say, in furniture and a brilliant collection of books. All the books were bound in morocco, yet when they were looked at they were found to be the annual volumes of the "Citizen's Friend" to which this outward honor had happened.

The lady of the house was fond of reading, and therefore she was a member of a book-club, from which she was allowed to take two volumes at a time, mostly a horrible robber-romance for day-reading, and a love-story for the evening. She acted also in a German dramatic society, because she had been confirmed in a German church.

Upon the whole, she estimated Christian's talent. Every artist has, like Goethe, his Bettina, only they do not all of them write. Madame was thus the one who admired most Christian's talent, or rather, she was the only one who gave words to her admiration. Christian was always invited whenever she had company, that is to say, to bring his fiddle with him; and then he played to the company, and undertook late at night the not yet, with us, wholly abolished social bond-service, of attending home the ladies. Often when he was dejected in spirit she assured him that he was a much more fortunate man than thousands of poor starving wretches, who were a deal worse off than himself.

That which is said of a great portion of the critics is very true, that they chew through a book in order to find out whether there be not some little stones which will crack between their teeth. Such chewing had become a continual custom of the war-counselor; but as the stomach only, and not the heart, with him was spoiled, he divided books into two portions, — those which were examined in mild weather when he was in good humor, and those which were to be grumbled at in bad weather. The good counselor-of-war annoyed himself and many others; they mutually forgot that in another world, where we must all of us be submitted to criticism, the errors of the press will be corrected, false readings improved, and we shall certainly go together hand-in-hand and smile at our common zeal in the boyish years of our earthly life. A criticism is always only the judgment of one man, and it often only shows whether the dreamer stands above or below him upon whom he passes sentence.

The war-counselor showed kind sympathy toward Christian, and therefore the young man loved him; through his influence he was to have the so-called honor of being listened to between the acts of the dramatic company, of which the war-counselor was a director. That would be a great and a decided step in his fortune! he hoped thereby to excite an interest in many persons.

"I have spoken in your favor to my colleagues," said the war-counselor to Christian; "they are all for you, even the manager, who is quite as important as a director."

By means of a dirty back-staircase the temple of Thalia in the fifth story was reached, in which the actors looked as if they had all been set upon a waiter. It was a rehearsal, and therefore the greatest disunion and confusion prevailed. The lover threatened that he would immediately go his ways if it were not permitted to him to interpolate wherever he was not able to remember his part. That which he said was just as good as that which stood in the book, and it might quite as well be permitted to him as to the war-counselor to make interpolations. The lady of thirty, who was to act the grandmother, would on no consideration allow that she should be painted older: she looked quite old enough, she said, very prudishly. In short, all was strife and discord.

At length the Friday evening came. Christian borrowed a suit of black clothes, and his hostess curled his hair with the fire-tongs. His cheeks glowed, his heart beat violently, as the curtain rose and he now stood there before the whole, for the most part, citizen public which stared at him.

He played extremely well, and the directors received him behind the scenes, shook him by the hand, and complimented him. A barber, who played the violin himself, and a lottery-collector who beat the kettle-drum, sprung upon the stage to thank him, and lifted him up into the third heaven by praising his flageolet-tones and his wonderful management of his instrument.

"My fortune is made," thought Christian; "this evening everybody will speak only of me, will think only of me." Every performer, down to the poor satellite who has only spoken the single word "Back!" had thought the same of his performance. Not until half-past eleven was the representation at an end, and only in regard to him can it be said of this sort of pleasure that it holds out.

Christian could not sleep when he was come back to his garret; he looked out into the star-bright night and thought upon his good fortune, on Lucie and Peter Vieck, on warm summer days and on Naomi.

Every letter which he wrote home breathed joy and youthful courage; he expressed in them livingly every hope. His mother received gladly the sweet thought that his fortune was already half made; he was admitted really into great families, and played his violin in the theatre! In her poverty she imagined it to be a splendid life. She knew his good heart, and as God had taken her little child to Himself she got a seat as gratis-passenger beside the driver, and set off, although but poorly, in the middle of winter, to Copenhagen, that she might live there with Christian, of whose good fortune she had told all her neighbors and friends.

It would be such a surprise to her dear son when she arrived! — and so, indeed, it was.

There sat now the mother and son in that little three-cornered garret! The snow blew in at the window, and the hostess was disconcerted at the visit.

"Things are going on well with thee," said Marie: "with me they got worse: but thou hast, indeed, a good heart. I thank my God that he has given thee to me for comfort."

She slept upon Christian's bed and he stood at the window, at the frozen window, and prayed with a pious heart, — "Thou God of mercy have pity upon us!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"More magnificent than we in our North, the beggar lives at the angel's-gate, for he looks on the eternal, the only Rome." — SCHILLER.

IT is too melancholy in that cold, narrow garret, where the mother sleeps and the son suffers. We will leave it; we will flee away out of the cold air and from deep sighs, flee away to the large and magnificent saloons of the warm South to seek for Naomi, and when we have found her we shall find ourselves in the world-famous Rome, the city of remembrances, the coliseum of the world.[1]

The soft air waves toward us, the lamps burn before the image of the Madonna, where the lovely children kneel and sing, with the soft voices of the South, their evening hymn. The burning candles shine through the painted windows of the churches, where the mass is read and lovers have their meetings. The peasant and the beggar wrap themselves up in their cloaks, and choose for themselves a couch upon the broad steps. The masked procession with burning torches advances through the narrow, crooked streets. Upon the Piazza Venezia torches, which are fastened upon iron forks, are burning, and papal soldiers on horseback are drawn up there as guards. A ball is given at the Duchess Torlonia's; the greater part of the invited guests are strangers from the other side of the mountains; the colonnades are dazzlingly lighted; busts and statues look as if animated by the flickering light of the torches; the principal staircase is adorned with ornamental shrubs and beautiful carpets, and even the picture gallery is a promenade. In the two large saloons dancing is going on upon the polished floor, smooth as a mirror; the side rooms are devoted to card-parties and conversation.

[1] "O Rom . . . .
Du werldens Colisée!" — NICANDER.

Steel engravings and English and French newspapers are to be found in the library.

Let us enter into the great dancing-room: magnificent candelabras around the room diffuse a blaze of light; sixteen chandeliers depend from the lofty ceiling. Directly before us in the great niche stands a colossal Hercules, who in his wild agony has seized upon Lichas by one foot and by his hair to dash him against a rock — forming a strange contrast to the soft dancing airs and the joyous youth.

The Count was in conversation with an Italian of an agreeable exterior, whose countenance had remarkably pleasing features, — that was the sculptor Canova, the pride of Italy. He pointed to Naomi, who was floating through the light dance on the arm of a young French officer.

"Of a truth, an uncommonly beautiful girl!" said he; "a perfectly Roman glance! And yet I am told that she is from the North."

"She is my adopted daughter," replied the Count; "the young officer with whom she dances is the son of the Marquis Rebard, one of the most splendid families in Paris. He is a young man of spirit and talent; I have known him ever since his fourteenth year."

Naomi, full of life enjoyment and in the possession of her entire youthful gayety, seemed like a younger sister of Titian's "Flora," or a daughter of Raphael's "Fornarina," — at least she was related to these portraits. Her round, white arm rested upon the shoulder of the Marquis. He was tall and slender, his look was full of spirit and life, and he could scarcely have attained his three-and-twentieth year. A gay life had, it is true, paled the roses of his cheeks, but the fire of passion kindled in his eyes. He now conducted Naomi to the rich sofa and brought her refreshments.

In the North, where the snow was now falling, Christian dreamed, in his desolate garret, of Naomi; she sat upon his bed, laid her arm around his neck, and kissed him on the forehead. In the Prater, in the wooden house, Ladislaf also dreamed; the switch hung beside his bed: he also dreamed of Naomi, and laughed jeeringly in his dream. She, however, in the enjoyment of the delightful present, had forgotten them both.

"One can fancy one's self here transported to Paris," said the Marquis; "everything here reminds me of our saloons. But if anybody desires to obtain in Rome a representation of the feasts and the bacchanalian mirth of ancient Rome within four walls, they must take part in the guild of the young painters. They drink crowned with ivy-garlands, and cool the burning forehead with fresh roses. As the greater part of the many artists who live here are Germans, these festivities have therefore a German character. The French, English, and Danes join them; as artists, they all form one great nation, that of mind. During my first short residence here, or rather, I should say, on my journey through Rome, I was present at their *cervaro* — a sort of modern bacchanal in the Campagna. The greater number of those who took part in it were masked, and dressed in the most whimsical costumes, and rode thus on horses and asses in the very early dawn through the Porta Maggiore. There was a Zoroaster, who was drawn by lions, which were nothing more than two well-fed asses. Don Quixote and Sancho Panza were two excellent figures in the pageantry. The whole thing formed a perfect carnival procession, in which were knights armed with spears and wooden swords, and in which songs in every possible language resounded in the early morning hour. Outside the city the three-headed Cerberus stood before the cave at which we halted. Little cobolds danced about on the green heights, pistols were fired, and great fires burned. The donkeys threw many of the knights into the grass: there lay the Chinese Tschang-Tsching-Tschu beside her majesty the Queen of Sheba. I shall never forget the races; every second jockey was a complete Dr. Syntax."

"Are ladies permitted to be present at these festivities?" asked Naomi.

"By all means!" replied the young man. "I have seen natives and strangers — in short, ladies of all nations, there. In the Osteria, on the contrary, where the artists assemble every evening, no lady is admitted: there then, also, is such a smoking of tobacco, that a Frenchman can hardly breathe in it. Nevertheless I have amused myself excellently well the few evenings I have been able to spend there. One must

know everything. If I were a painter, I would give these gay groups upon canvas; and if I were a poet, I would also write a vaudeville upon what I had heard there."

"You excite in me a great desire to go there," said Naomi; "is not there somewhere a peep-hole, through which one could be an unobserved spectator of these festivities?"

"Not unless you could disguise yourself as a gentleman, could I venture to introduce you."

"A lady from the North ventures upon no disguise," returned Naomi.

"One of my friends," again began the Marquis, "will be introduced to-morrow; there will then be a *Pontemolle*, as it is called: he will be conducted over the bridge of the Tiber. Formerly it was the custom among the artists, when a well-known countryman arrived, to go out to meet him as far as Pontemolle,[1] and to drink to his welcome in the inn there. Now this takes place in Rome, in the hostel where the artists themselves assemble in an evening. Every artist, be he of great or of small repute, is a brother of the order as soon as ever he has given a Pontemolle; that is, has paid for everything which, on this his evening of induction, the guests have consumed. The waiter sets one jug of wine after another on the table; several right comical ceremonies are likewise performed, and the new candidate for membership is nominated Knight of the Bajocco order, the decoration of which consists in a copper bajocco attached to a ribbon, which at every fresh Pontemolle is hung around the neck. Horace Vernet, Overbeck, and Thorwaldsen are likewise masters of this order."

A new dance began, and by this means the conversation was interrupted, and, arm-in-arm, the young couple sped away over the polished floor.

At noon next day the light cabriolet of the Marquis drew up before the hotel in the Spanish Square, where the Count lodged. Naomi was invited to a drive in the garden of the Villa Pamphilia. Although one finds one's self here close beneath the walls of Rome, yet still it seems as if one were in the country, far removed from the city. Nothing is to be seen of Rome; and the extensive view over the Campagna

[1] Pons Milvius. — *Author's Note.*

opens itself to our eyes, where the aqueduct, raised upón brick-work arches many fathoms high above the earth, and thirty miles in length, which conveys water to Rome, bounds the horizon in beautiful wavy lines.

Although it was January, the sun shone warm; the day resembled a September day in the North. The proud pine-trees lifted their evergreen heads into the pure blue air; laurel-trees, especially the *Lauro-cerasus*, formed the undergrowth, and gave to the whole a summer-like appearance. Yellow oranges hung between the green leaves; roses and anemones bloomed; and round about, in the walks, sprang forth the water in little jets from vases and columns. Naomi spoke again of her great desire to accompany the Marquis to the Osteria. She had, she said, had a male suit of attire and a blouse made for the approaching carnival; and besides this she had (but of this she said nothing) also her jockey costume from Vienna, which, however, it would have been impossible for her to have worn again, because it would have reminded her of a time which she would willingly forget. Nothing more was now needed than to persuade her father to be of the party; and that would be easily done, thought the Marquis.

They had now gone through the whole garden, and stopped again at the trellis-gate toward the road: there sat, upon a broken capital, a Capuchin monk in his brown cloak; a white straw hat shaded his bald head, and sandals defended his naked feet.

The Marquis saluted him as an acquaintance, and told Naomi that the monk came to visit him sometimes. "I see him," said he, "when he collects little donations for his convent. He is satisfied with my presents, and he treats me, therefore, to a pinch of snuff. Besides, you must know, he is a countryman of yours, for he is out of Denmark."

"My countryman?" repeated Naomi, inquiringly, as she looked more nearly at the man, who rose at the moment to put his leathern wallet on his shoulder and to proceed on his way.

Naomi addressed him in the Danish tongue. The monk reddened.

"You are from Denmark?" she asked.

"O God, you speak Danish!" exclaimed he, and his eyes sparkled. "I never hear that language. I cannot have intercourse with my countrymen on account of the position in which I am placed, and therefore I never meet with them. O God, you are out of that dear, to me so beloved, Denmark!"

"Were you born there?" asked Naomi.

"Born and bred," replied the monk. "Many happy days lived I there; but then I endured a deal before I came hither, and into this dress."

"Visit me also when you again collect for your convent," said Naomi: "I live in the hotel in the Spanish Square." And she mentioned the name of her foster-father.

"You are his daughter!" interrupted the monk. "Don't you know me? I used to live in Svendborg — had a wife and son there. Ah! I have endured a deal of misfortune; and here I might have died of hunger, had not the convent taken me as a serving-brother."

It was Christian's father; Naomi knew him.

When the sun went down and the bells sounded the Ave Maria, Naomi stood ready in her male attire, which was so very becoming to her, and with the little mustache on her beautiful upper lip. The carnival time was approaching; and, besides, these disguises were not such very uncommon things in Rome, she thought. The Count shook his head a little about it. But now the servant announced the young Marquis; and in half an hour the three were on their way to the Osteria, where the artists assembled.

This Osteria lay close beside one of the little churches in Rome. By day, the light alone entered it by the open double door; the floor was paved with common stones; the whole length of one wall was occupied by a fire-place, where one fire beside another burned under the most various kinds of eatables, which were prepared by husband, wife, and two sons, amid incessant laughter and gossip. Upon the crooked table lay, in the most picturesque arrangement, and ornamented with green leaves, every kind of fish and flesh: one could select from amongst them that which one desired to have prepared. At the long wooden tables sat peasants with their wives and

daughters, with great wine bottles wrapped in straw standing before them. A garland of red-glass lamps burned around the somewhat tawdrily painted picture of the Madonna on the wall; and an ass, heavily laden, which certainly was waiting for its master, had likewise a place in the room. The peasants improvised, and the women sang in chorus. Near to the chimney, where the signora of the Osteria stood, there hung a little child in a basket on the wall, that played with its little arms and looked down upon the bright and merry assemblage.

The Count, the Marquis, and Naomi went through this room toward the high stone steps which conducted into another larger room, which had once been the refectorium of the convent; but the convent had now vanished, and the church alone stood there. Here (which is a rarity in the South) the floor was covered with wood; the vaulted roof formed several arches; on the walls hung withered garlands, and in the centre an O and a T woven in oak-leaves. These letters denoted the names of Overbeck and Thorwaldsen, who had both given here a Pontemolle; and these garlands and these initials still hung here in memory of these much honored men.

As in the first room, the long tables here were also covered; yet it must be confessed that the table-cloths were a little gray in color. Brass lamps, each with six wicks, were burning at short distances from each other; a strong cloud of tobacco-smoke rose up to the ceiling. Down the sides of the tables, upon wooden benches, sat old and young painters, most of them German, the proper founders of this Kneip-life. All wore mustaches and whiskers and long hair. Here sat one in his shirt-sleeves, there another in a blouse; the old celebrated Reinhardt sat among them, in his leathern jerkin and red woolen cap; he had fastened his dog to the chair, and the creature sat there barking loudly at another dog. There was also to be seen Overbeck, with his bare neck and his long locks, which hung down upon his white shirt-collar; he was clad *à la* Raphael, yet not as a costume for the occasion, but in his ordinary dress. By means of his geniality, he approached Perugino and Raphael in art; through his little

weakness he resembled them also in his dress. The Tyrolese, Joseph Koch, the old painter with the jovial mien, extended his hand to the Marquis. They seated themselves.

The festally attired dignitaries of the Pontemolle were soon seen to take their places at the head of the table. Next to the general, whose uniform was, as it were, overlaid with stars and orders of paper, and on the right, was the executioner, with bare arms, a tiger-skin around his shoulders, and the fasces and axe in his hand; but to the left was the Minnesinger, with the barret and the guitar. The minstrel struck a few accords on his instrument, which were answered from without. There began a sort of duet; a painter stood outside the door, who desired to cross over the Tiber. A musical "Come in!" sounded, and upon that the traveller entered. He carried a knapsack on his shoulders; his face was painted white; the long hair and beard were of flax, and his finger-nails were of dough. He was conducted to the table with a measured song; a glass of wine was given to him, and the laws were read aloud to him, of which the most important were, that he should love his general and alone serve him; that he should not covet his neighbors' wine, etc., etc. He then mounted upon a bench, then upon the table; the false hair and nails were cut from him, and his travelling attire taken off. Standing there now in his customary dress, he descended again from the other side of the table, and that was Pontemolle. During these ceremonies, banners, on which were wine-bottles, eagles, and emblems of painting were erected. One blew the trumpet, another struck the cymbals, which consisted of two tin plates; the dogs barked, and the Tyrolese jodelled. With this the bacchanal began. Each one bound his napkin around his head, and a monk's procession, with singing, commenced; they went round about and over table and benches, both world-renowned and ephemeral painters. Every one now had to distinguish himself; a laughable song, a characteristic cooper's-song, was struck up, to which every one had to beat time with his hands upon the table, and the delighted cooper-bench gave every line a point with white chalk on the black table.

In the midst of this merriment four actual gens-d'armes

stormed into the room, with fixed bayonets, and seized one of the most respectable of the painters in order to arrest him. On this there arose a universal confusion, cry, and opposition, until one of the gens-d'armes broke into a loud peal of laughter, and the whole was explained to be a concerted scheme of the newly inducted painter. That was the stranger's contribution to the night's merriment. Four steaming punch-bowls were then borne in, which were the presents of some unknown person in the company. On this they all joined in the song. "Long life to the unknown giver!"

A poor Italian now entered by chance, and prayed for permission to exhibit his art, or rather that they would listen to it; which was granted to him. He could imitate the voices of animals, which, however, the dogs took very ill; and thunder and lightning, also, with his eyes and mouth, which made them all very merry. But the man had his weak side, which was the pleasure he had in hearing himself sing, and he might have become a very good singer if his voice had been cultivated in his youth; but as it was, his performances were lamentable. He sang duets, as well the part of the lover as the mistress; turned up his eyes, and made the while all kind of ludicrous grimaces. His auditors, however, incessantly interrupted him, and desired to hear the cries of animals, and the thunder-storm, which he considered far inferior to his singing. There was something quite affecting in the extreme emaciation of the poor man, and as the plate went round to collect contributions for him, Naomi was reminded of Christian. She had for a long time forgotten him; this poor man, in whom she seemed to see something kindred to him, brought him back into her remembrance.

"Have not we two seen one another in Vienna?" inquired a young man with a strong beard, as he made an easy bow to Naomi. "We certainly made a journey together to Hitzing in the gesellschaftswagen!"

Naomi crimsoned over and over; she looked keenly at the inquirer, and recognized in his pragmatical look the man who had been in the carriage with her when she sought for Ladislaf in the casino, and who at that time had said to her that he knew by her accent that she was not a native, that he had

seen her in the Prater, and that she would find her master in Hitzing. All this rose vividly to her remembrance.

"Is the horse-rider, Ladislaf, also here in Rome?" asked he, in quite an unabashed tone. The Count was uneasy.

"What does the gentleman say?" inquired the Marquis.

"They are not quite the same sort of artists as are accustomed to assemble here," continued the German, and whispered something into his neighbor's ear.

Naomi was seized upon by such an oppressive anxiety as she had never before felt. What if this man should here relate aloud that she was a woman, and that she had formerly lived under circumstances of a very doubtful character! The German drunk one toast after another; his cheeks glowed, and his pragmatical glance incessantly rested on Naomi. A roundelay was now struck up, in which they moved in procession around the table. When the German came opposite to her he whispered in her ear, "You are a lady!"

"Is that to be an affront?" asked Naomi.

"Just as you please," replied the artist, and passed on. The Marquis heard nothing of it; he did not understand German, and besides this, was deeply engrossed in the enjoyment of the moment. The Count also seemed to forget the occurrence in which he had heard the mention of Ladislaf's name, for he took the most lively part in the general entertainment. They were again seated at the table, as his eye fell upon the German artist, who that moment leaned across the table, with a malicious smile, to whisper something into Naomi's ear. She turned pale; her hand grasped convulsively the knife which she had just taken up, and she raised her arm.

At that moment, "Hutjehu!" resounded through the room. One of the older painters sprang in as Befana, upon an ass, and the creature, terrified at the large and noisy company, drove so violently against the table at which Naomi sat, that glasses, wine-bottles, and lamps were overturned by the blow; so that neither the German nor any one else observed the agitation of mind which was visible in Naomi's countenance, nor yet the advantage which the Count's presence of mind had taken of the lucky general disturbance. The mirth of the company assumed a boisterous character, and the Marquis

only became aware of the absence of his companions when the waiter privately whispered it to him.

Without, the moon shone so bright that the dark autumn days of the North are not brighter than the moonshiny nights in Rome.

"I really was alarmed!" was all that the Count said. Naomi clung fast to him, and burst into tears.

"Don't go yet!" cried the Marquis after them; "it is just beginning to be right merry in the company."

"Our young hero found it too hot there, too oppressive; he soon would have been ill," replied the Count.

"O, that is quite over!" said Naomi; "but I would rather not go back. I have very much amused myself this evening, and I thank you for the pleasure, Marquis!"

"These sort of merry-makings bear the stamp of genius," said the Marquis; and now described the scenes which had most amused him.

"It has been, I could almost think," said Naomi to him in a low voice, "the pleasantest evening which I have spent in Rome."

An hour after midnight the Count was gone to rest, and slept soundly on the events of the day. In Naomi's chamber also was the night-lamp extinguished; all was still, but yet she was not in bed. Scarcely undressed, she had thrown her silk cloak about her, and had opened a door which led from the balcony to her room; she leaned her head against the door-post, and stood thus lost in thought. The meeting with her foster-father in Vienna had not shook her so deeply as the scorn-denoting conduct of this stranger, at his hints with reference to a time which she wished to bury in eternal forgetfulness. In Vienna she had given up all pretensions to a higher grade of life, and she had become tranquil; but now she had entered anew into another sphere, and found herself in brilliant circumstances. Who would be able to give a picture of such a moonlight night as that in which Naomi gave herself up to such grave observations! It is a night which neither resembles day nor the moonlight of a northern night. If one should compare the daylight of the North to the clear burning of a lamp which we do not see, and a bright night to the flame

of a candle, one might between these two find an expression for the clear nights of the South in the light which the astral-lamp, with its softened brightness, diffuses. But in that the eye alone would have its enjoyment; the soul would remain cold because we should not breathe also the air of the South. The most beautiful summer evenings of the North, enjoyed on the sea-shore or upon open hill-tops, are filled with a gentle and refreshing air; if, however, thou couldst see thyself suddenly transported to the South, thou wouldst find the strong difference between the two to be as great as the difference between the enjoyment of a sensual and a purely intellectual pleasure. The blue, frosty heaven of the North raises itself like a lofty vaulted roof above our heads; in the South this far-off boundary seems to be a transparent glass, behind which the space of heaven still extends.

Naomi drew in this pure air, and yet she breathed heavily and deeply; this illumination rested above the city of remembrances, the Rome of the Cæsars and the monks — but for that she had no thought. There, below in the Spanish Square, is a fountain; the great basin is hewn out in the form of a ship, the deck of which is half under water, and there, where the mast should heave itself, springs up the broad column of water. Even in the most bustling days is heard the splash of the again descending water; now, in the nocturnal stillness, it was yet louder. The moon mirrored itself in the water. Beneath the Madonna's image, at the corner of the Propaganda, a whole family slept upon the cold stones. Naomi opened a side-window of her chamber; the Spanish Steps, which are of great width, and almost as high as the hotel, lay here before her; and her eye also discovered, here and there, a sleeper, who had wrapped himself in his cloak. The dense avenue above the steps towered up double against the clear air; the white walls of the nunnery rose up ghost-like. Without having one thought for all this which she saw, Naomi looked up; the bell of the convent-church now sounded; serving-sisters were now, in the hour of night, busied in the tower, whilst other sisters prayed at the altar. The sound of the bell awoke Naomi out of her dream; she bethought herself of her kindred sufferers, — for suffer they certainly must

She fancied that she remarked white garments through the sounding-holes, and she thought of the captive maidens to whom it was only permitted in the hour of night to cast down from the lofty tower a glance upon the dead Rome which lay below, whose roofs seemed to be a wavy sea, and the many cupolas, sailing-boats. The figure of the angel high above, upon the Castle of St. Angelo, was for her no consoling cherub which bounded toward her across this petrified sea; dead, like Lot's wife, it stood there beckoning to her, as if with the words, — "All beloved ones are dead for you!"

"There are many, after all, who have to bear much more severe sufferings than I," said Naomi, with a low voice: "if I were one of these I might feel myself still more unhappy! Our own dissatisfaction depends upon our own firm will and our view of life. I know that which I have to do!" She waited still a moment, sunk in thought, and glanced up toward the convent and the dark avenue, which seemed as if it were the entrance to this home of death; and yet, by day, it was a gay boulevard of the ever-visited Rome.

Close beside the avenue, exactly by the brick-work balustrade of the Spanish Steps, stood a young man supporting his head upon his hand, and looking down over the city. Was it not an artist who had lost himself in the contemplation of the beautiful picture of which, even if it were impossible to represent it in color, the peculiar joy should never leave him, let Fate conduct him wherever it might? How many might not envy him this view! Yet, no! he saw nothing. The wine which he this evening had drunk in such abundance in the Osteria had changed itself into jesting sprites, some of whom hung themselves, like hundred-weights, to his feet; but the heaviest of them bent down his head, for which reason he feared to descend the steep Spanish Steps: yes, as he looked directly down them, they seemed to him like the cascade at Tivoli. All that was done by the imps of the wine! He leaned himself against the balustrade of the steps and slumbered, as many another painter has done before him, and many another after him will do.

Naomi observed him. He wore a very peculiar cap, and from that she had recognized him as the German in the pro-

cession round the table in the Osteria. Only upon the road to Hitzing, and here in the Osteria, had she seen this man; and yet she hated him almost as much as she hated Ladislaf.

"If one were only now acquainted with the use of the arrow," thought she, "what a good thing it would be! The ball announces its deed so noisily, but the arrow whistles softly through the air, and silently pierces the heart of the detested foe. Nobody here would hear its flight! no one recognize it! I wish death to this man. And what then should I wish to Ladislaf?"

"Our thoughts are the blossom, but actions are the fruit of the blossom," says Bettina. We are of the same opinion, but observe that not all blossom arrives at fruit, the greater part falls before its time. We shall become acquainted with the rich blossoms which in this night unfolded themselves in Naomi's soul in their development, when the sun has shone longer upon their bloom, and the *area cattiva* of life and the sirocco of passion have paid their visits.

But for that, at least, days are required, often months and years.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"Who never with tears hath eaten his bread,
Who never hath passed the night's dark hours
Weeping on poverty's lonely bed,
Knoweth you not, ye heavenly powers."

GOETHE.

THAT evening was the first, and at the same time the last that Naomi assembled with the painters in the Osteria. Her judgment on the merriment which took place there was, that it presented a new edition of German student-life. She considered as much more beautiful the German translation of Roman art, as she called the representations which were given in the hotel of the Austrian Ambassador, and at which she had had a few opportunities of being present. As these representations had an influence upon her after-fate we will pause over one of them, and will select the first which occurs.

She had visited every celebrated picture which exists in the churches, convents, or galleries of Rome, and had spent whole hours in the contemplation of Raphael's sibyls in the church of Maria della Pace. They seemed to her to be perfect masterpieces, but still when she saw the sibyls which Michael Angelo has enchanted on the walls of the Sistine Chapel she forgot those for these.

Even when a child, beautiful pictures had given her great delight; the art of the sculptor was a stranger to her, as to most Danes: for at that time there was no opportunity in our country for the growth of taste in such works. Weidewelt was then a John in the wilderness.

Naomi had seen, it is true, glorious works in marble in Vienna, Lucca, and Bologna, but she did not understand how to value them — she could not discover the beautiful in these works of art. It was not until she was in Florence that the

mist fell from her eyes when she was standing in the great hall there, which is entirely occupied by the group of "Niobe." In the middle of the hall stand Apollo and Diana, who hurl the deadly shafts; and round about, along the walls, sink down and lie the already dying children of Niobe, who have been struck by the arrows. On the right, in the furthest distance, stands the despairing mother, spreading out her garment over the last, yet spared daughter. One sees that the arrow is directed at the hand of the child, and that by the position of the hand the arrow must strike. The spectator thus finds himself in the middle of the group, and seized upon by terror and admiration at the same time. It was this group which gave intellectual power of sight to the eyes of Naomi. She had lingered here for whole hours; the soul-captivating magnificence here moved her much more than the view of the Medician Venus in her pure, ideal beauty. And when now, still later, she had studied the treasures of art in the Vatican, she had raised herself to that higher degree of knowledge in which she valued more highly the works of the sculptor than the painter There was that in her character which made her prefer the strongly marked works of a Domenichino to the soft, languishing ones of a Raphael. Thus was she more attracted by the "St. Jerome" of the first than by the charming "Psyche" of the latter.[1]

There was given in the house of the Austrian Ambassador a combination of *tableaux parlants*, and that which Fetis gives to the Parisians, and calls *Concert historique*, that is to say, the ancient music of various centuries, together with the costume accordant with the time.[2] Among the tableaux, that

[1] Both these celebrated pictures are in the Vatican.

[2] Each division of the subject was opened by a treatise on the music of the century, let it be of whatever kind it might, whether church music, concert, or vocal music. In order to make this more intelligible to the honored reader, we will give here a few portions of a concert of this kind which was given in the year 1833: —

(*a*) Villanella, à quatre voix, chantée dans les sérénades Napolitaines, 1520.

(*b*) Chansons françaises, à quatre et cinq voix, par Clement Sannequin, 1530.

(*c*) Ave Maria, à six voix, par Nicholas Gombert, maître de chapelle de l'Empéreur Charles V., 1520. — *Author's Note.*

especially out of the Palazzo Rospigliosi produced great effect. It was the "David" of Domenichino, who returns triumphantly with the head of Goliath; a page bears the bloody head, and the daughters of the country come out to meet the hero with cymbals and lutes.

The next time the curtain was drawn aside Naomi was seen standing there in a white dress, with a large transparent veil in her hand wherewith to robe herself, and showed how exquisitely she had entered into the spirit of the works of the sculptor, and how high a degree of personal beauty and of intellect she possessed, by means of which she could represent their living images.

She seized the tambourine, threw the veil around her, raised the one foot, and every person recognized and admired Terpsichore as she stands among the Muses in the Vatican.

She now spread out the veil as if for shelter; pain, and the terror of death were expressed in her countenance. It was the Niobe, only somewhat more youthful than the artist had made her.

She then kneeled; the veil fell behind down the back; the feet were covered, and the breast rested upon the beautiful arms: it was the Egyptian Sphinx, yet not as the marble gives her, but the living Sphinx itself, doubly terrific from the stonily cold glances.

Each new plastic representation called forth a burst of applause, a rapture which sprang from the natural impulse to give expression to the feelings. The Count himself was amazed at Naomi's talent, which she had been able to cultivate so quietly. The Marquis loved her, and was himself conscious of this love; his eye beamed, but his admiration was silent.

Now again she rose, raised her arms aloft, and bowed her head forward. It was the Caryatide; the heavy burden lay evidently on the beautiful shoulders.

Then she was Galatea, before the kiss of Pygmalion had animated her. The transition to life was extraordinarily deceptive; the eye without the power of vision received life; the first faint movement was visible; the smile of the lips was enchanting.

At length the curtain fell.

Ah! that had been an evening of happiness and joy! Like the mild breath of the southern air its incense enwrapped the delighted Naomi.

But in Denmark, in the mean time, the cold wind sped over the snow and whistled at Christian's window, whilst the mother grew sick in the little chamber with care and sorrow. Do not all of us know care and sorrow? — yet dost thou know the sorrow of poverty? Didst thou ever see the withered hand, which attempts to conceal the half-naked body with its poor garments? the hungry lips, which smile because they can no longer beg?

"I have good friends," thought Christian, "and friends help in need!"

Yes, yes! in spring, when the earth is wet and moist, the brook also is plentifully supplied with water; but in summer, when the earth is in need of moisture, then is the brook dried up, and thou findest therein only hard burning stones.

A poor youth sat upon the steps of the royal lackey's house; the bitterest poverty was inscribed upon his dress as well as upon his countenance. Beside him stood a jar, in which was broken meat; he put some of it on a plate that he might carry it more easily. A beautiful lap-dog, which had been washed and combed, and wore a gay collar, tripped down the steps, stood still, and smelt at the jar.

"That is no eating for thee, thou genteel dog! thou art accustomed to that which is better; this is only a beggar's meal!" And he took up the jar, and, concealing it as well as he could under his worn-out coat, he carried it up into the garret to his sick mother.

"My son, I shall die!" said the invalid. "But Death has his whims; he at least comes where he is called for. And is not the world also so beautiful? Yes, life is a glorious gift of God; and they only can consider it as the fountain of all suffering and of every misery, whose eyes rest alone on its dark moments — on the crushed worm and the nipped-off flower. A worm is crushed, a flower perishes, and the sun shines through the whole of nature on millions of happy creatures; the birds sing, the flowers send forth odor" —

We will not gaze upon this suffering and this misery; we will speed away over a long space of time We will take a bold leap in the life's history of Naomi and Christian, not to spring over single points in them, but that we may collect them into a whole, and be able to observe them from a better point of view.

Dost thou hear, friendly reader, the strokes of the whirling wheel as the years vanish? Twelve long years were over and gone since Christian sat in his garret by the bed of his sick mother; twelve years have sped on triumphantly since Naomi enchanted every one as Terpsichore, Niobe, the Sphinx, the Caryatide, and Galatea.

We are in Paris. The tricolored flag waves upon the pillar of the Vendôme; before the shops caricatures are hanging of the self-elected citizen-king, the prudent, world-experienced Louis Philippe. It was in the beginning of the year 1833.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Paris with its Parisians is the most beautiful abode here below. Paris is the only place in the world, where it is allowed to live after one's own inclination." — *A Gentleman's Perspective.*

. . . "Alle fare vild, og Alle drukne
I Lidenskabens Hav, og Alle see
Af endelig Forblindelse bestukne,
Snart af et daarlight Haab, snart af en falsk Idee."

H. Hertz.

WE are in Paris. Come! we leave our room and descend the smooth steps of the hotel. Light-footed garçons slip past us — they go out to wait; pretty grisettes meet us in the court; they lodge here at night, and now they are going out, the charming girls! to serve in shops, or else to their dress-making business. The porter greets us; and now we are in the street, which swarms with people and with carriages of all kinds, and in which the houses, up to the very jar-shaped chimneys, are painted over with names, signs, and letters an ell long, in all the colors of a harlequin. The carriages sweep past close by the houses; old women are singing airs from Béranger; an unknown person sticks a note into your hand, which you must either throw away again or quickly conceal. All around hang beautiful copperplate engravings and lithographs, but we counsel you not to look at them. If you be a zealous Royalist, a horror will come over you at the daring caricatures which here hang out publicly. We now enter a passage that is called a street, provided with a glass roof. Here are shops of two stories high on each side, and little passages branch off like side streets from the greater one. In cold and rain you find a shelter here, and when it is evening hundreds of gas-lamps change the night into day, and you may find in these handsome shops everything that you need, and which are always able to gladden the heart of

man. If you are tired of rambling about, the omnibuses are rolling through the streets; thus you can drive away to the Cimetière du Père la Chaise, where, if you are romantic, you must kneel on the grave of Abelard and Héloïse; but if you are a manufacturer, drive on yet further to the carpet manufactory of the Gobelins; a pious soul, to the island in the old Métropolitaine de Notre Dame, — but you will find it empty, and only priests wandering about with the vessels of incense: a beggar before the door is its entire community. The Parisians have at this moment no religion; they have forgotten the Madonna, nay, almost the Father and the Son: mind is the only ruling power amongst them. You no longer see any monks in the streets, no processions; and even from the stage the poet preaches Protestantism. You see in "*Robert le Diable*" the ruins of a nunnery in the middle of a Catholic city; the moon peeps into the dark halls, where stand overturned monuments. Suddenly lights burn in the old brass chandeliers; sarcophagi open and the dead nuns ascend out of their graves: they float from the church-yard by hundreds, and seem only lightly to touch the earth — like shadows they float past each other. Anon and the winding-sheets fall off, and now they stand there in luxurious beauty; and the bacchanal, as it was carried on in the concealment of their convent walls, begins. In the Catholic city you observe these signs of the times. Notice the stir in the streets: women offer liquorice-water cheap, men offer you walking-sticks: but they all, great and small, bear the tricolor. Even their Henri Quatre, the bronze king upon the great bridge, must bear the citizen-flag which waves on all towers and façades. "*La Liberté!*" that is the great watch-word of the Parisians.

We are now in the middle of Paris, in the world-renowned Palais Royal, — it colonnades inclose us. Under the thinly leaved trees, sit a little knot of Danes; they draw a parallel between the view before them and the representation of the same upon the Copenhagen theatre in vaudevilles. The reality exceeds the mere imitation. Flower-girls offer you roses; ladies with waving feathers, accompanied by the old *mama* — so she is here called — distribute their glances. Among these Danes there is one who is here for the first time, — an acquaintance of ours. They all tell him what he ought to see first.

"Taglioni!" said one: "you should see her as *Natalie* and as the *Sylph*. That is dancing! She raises herself like a bird, and then sinks down again like a floating soap-bubble!"

"You should go to Versailles!" said another; "should go when the water plays! — And do not forget the Théâtre Français!"

"I will see everything which is to be seen," said the newly arrived one. "I especially delight myself with the debates in the Chambers of Deputies and of Peers. I have letters of introduction to the Marquis Rebard. Is this gentleman known to you?"

"I go sometimes to his house," replied one of the company; "his wife is from Denmark, as far as I know, but a complete Frenchwoman — a most charming and interesting woman of the world. I am invited by the Marquis this evening, to be present at the great opera. If you will allow it I will introduce you to him in his box."

"I am infinitely obliged to you, but I have got a ticket for the Théâtre du Palais Royal, where I shall see Demoiselle Dejàzet in the vaudeville, '*Sous Clè!*'"

"We can visit them both; go and see, first of all, '*Sous Clè*,' and then go to the great opera."

The countrymen separated. The one would be so fortunate as to hear Grisi — *la bella divina*, as he called her; the other was to go to M. Comte's theatre, where children acted, that he might see that most charming child which would soon grow up and obtain his heart. Our two gentlemen wandered into the theatre of the Palais Royal, to see the youthful Dejàzet in a vaudeville which could not be given among us. The one who acted as guide was an officer in the Danish service.

After this piece the two gentlemen went from the lesser to the greater theatre, the Académie Royale du Musique, where at that time Nourrit and Damoreau transported everybody with their voices, and where now the newly arrived Dane was to be introduced to the Marquis and the Marquise, his countrywoman, at which he smiled very strangely.

There was given in the great opera this evening no one entire piece, but, as is often the case, acts from various operas.

The second act of "William Tell" was just ended; they were at the finale of Comte d'Ory, and the second act of the ballet "*La Tentation*" was to follow.

The two Danes ascended the broad and commodious staircase, and went through the magnificent illuminated saloon, where the glare of the light was thrown back from looking-glass covered walls across the spacious corridor, and entered the box of the Marquis. Several elegant gentlemen, so elegant that they might have served for models of the newest fashion, stood behind the ladies, who were dressed as if for a ball. The concluding chorus resounded, the curtain fell; and now venders wandered about and mounted to the boxes and to the pit, and cried out with loud voices, "*L'orguet du marchand! Voilà l'Entr'acte! Vert-vert! Voilà le programme! la pièce!*" The clock above the proscenium showed the hour of nine.

The Marquis, whom we have not seen since he was in Rome, twelve years ago, received the two strangers with French politeness. The handsome, stout lady, with dark intelligent eyes and royal bearing, saluted with her fan the newly arrived gentleman, who was presented to her as captain of a Danish regiment, He was a native of Holstein; the Marquise was acquainted with him: she, indeed, had once received his homage in Denmark; had driven with him out of the gate of Copenhagen to see the handsome Ladislaf, who was now forgotten. The same recollections, no doubt, were awakened in both of them as they conversed together, although it was quite on other subjects. They recognized each other by their names. A convulsive trembling with the eyelashes was now the only movement which betrayed Naomi's feelings; the next moment she was again the Marquise, the woman of the world. Perhaps, also, this slight agitation might be merely accidental: but the Dane, the former lover, had observed it. The whole conversation was carried on in French; Naomi's countryman prayed her to introduce him to the fragment of the ballet which was to be given.

"The principal thing is that which is to be seen, the treating of it is very insignificant. It is the history of the holy Anthony and his temptations. The second and the third acts are given, and you will see Taglioni."

In the first act of the Temptation one is in a wild mountain region, in which the holy Anthony has chosen his abode; his couch is a straw mat. High up among the mountains a marriage procession is seen to move along, and the sound of their singing is heard. Anthony listens and thinks upon worldly joys and their felicity. A female pilgrim brings to him fruit and wine; at first he refuses them both, but hunger and thirst induce him to partake of them: the wine heats his blood — he drinks again — he empties the cup, and becomes intoxicated. The blood now glows and riots in his veins; he seizes the saintly maiden who had brought him the wine, but she starts back with horror. His eyes burn, he stretches out his arms to take hold on her, when suddenly the image of the Madonna raises its arm and Anthony is struck by a flash of lightning. Black, fire-red clouds, spirits of the abyss, now ascend from the deep to seize upon his soul; but there descend from the air silver-bright clouds with kneeling angels, in the midst of which stands St. Michael with his shield. A combat now ensues between the good and the bad spirits; St. Michael then raises his shield to interpose peace, and permits the soul again to enter the dead body. It is granted to the spirits of the under world after this to tempt the reanimated, but if they cannot seduce him to sin against the Holy One, then he is to belong to heaven. "He is ours!" shout the evil spirits exultingly; "we will entice him to sin!" The good angels, however, intone a hymn, and Anthony again stands up. Here ends the first act; the two following ones are the representation of the Temptation and the Victory of the holy Anthony. It was thus probably that Naomi introduced her countryman to the ballet.

The curtain rolled up, and the second act, which on account of its greater magnificence has kept its place the longest, began. The scene opened in the crater; deep below, in an exhausted volcano, an immense flight of steps, the whole height of the stage, filled the background. The march resounded; and now descended many hundreds of demons in the most whimsical and fantastic of shapes. Here there was a wandering hand, a torso of demons, a rolling eye, and gray animal forms The Sabbath now began, the kettle steamed

upon the fire, and every demon threw in his gift. The steam fashioned itself as it rose to demon-like shapes, and before long a beautiful woman arose out of it, — a child of the under world, who was destined to tempt the saint ; an image of the most perfect beauty, as she once arose from the foam of the sea, and as sculptors have created her from marble. Thus floated Taglioni among the demons, who adorned their child and taught her the use of the senses. Like an ethereal being she floated around among the wild shapes, and the black curl which hung upon her bosom alone told of her hellish origin.

In triumph then ascend the wicked spirits with her to the upper world.

Naomi sat there as if lost in dreams ; now she became crimson, now again she grew pale, and her eyes closed.

" You are not well ! " said the Danish gentleman to her softly. She again cast down her eyes and breathed deeply.

" Ah, it is nothing ! " replied she with a faint voice. " I felt a kind of dizziness ; it is now passed." She then smiled again and said, " There is so much fantasy in the demoniac Sabbath that one cannot reconcile : it seems to be an entire delirious dream."

The third act now began. The demons had raised a castle — one could see through the window into the magnificent saloon ; the little goblins roasted and boiled, dressed up as cooks, in the kitchen ; all above danced pretty little ladies. St. Anthony now approached : overcome with hunger and fatigue, he begged for a crust of dry bread and a draught of water. The cook laughed, pointed to a crucifix which stood on the road, and desired him to overturn it, and then he would invite him to dinner ; but Anthony refuses. Demons then appear in hunting-dresses on horseback before the castle, together with the woman that they have made ; and she also makes the same proposal with the same promises to the holy Anthony. The beautiful woman proffered to him the enjoyment of her whole splendor if he would overturn the cross. On this he knelt before the sacred symbol, whilst the wild song of the demons to the ringing of their cups resounded from the castle, and one sees the tumultuous company from the windows. The woman approached Anthony, but his address to her operates

upon her like sunshine upon the poison-plant — her black lock becomes less and less. The creature of the nether world listened with intense admiration, and with human thoughts and human feelings, to the words of the saint; and whilst he kneeling embraced the cross the beautiful woman sank into the earth, and the castle, together with everything which it contained, was hurled into the abyss, out of which red flames sprang forth.

Only these two acts of the ballet were given. "The holy man had such powerful influence over that demoniac child," said Naomi, "that she also was fitted for heaven. You ought to see the conclusion of the ballet, where Anthony belongs to heaven, and conducts the dear girl to bliss. Spirits of hell, wrapped in burning sulphur clouds, occupy the lowest part of the stage; white clouds ascend, and then all is filled with angels: as if by millions one sees the kneeling groups; then the white-garmented grown-up human beings, with large white wings; then children; and behind these innumerable groups painted on the background. The lighting is so beautifully managed that the eye observes no transition from reality to the mere appearance; one seems to gaze into infinite heaven, which, as well as the clouds, ascends higher and higher, ever extending itself until the curtain falls."

The party left the theatre; it was twelve o'clock, and the Marquis had company at home, who were awaiting the return of the host and hostess from the opera.

"You will meet in the *soirée* Alexandre Dumas, and some of the young painters who have become celebrated by their decorations for the Temptation," said Naomi to her countryman, as in going out she saluted him with her fan.

The strangers now drove to the hotel of the Marquis, where they entered a magnificent suite of rooms. In the first two new pictures, by young artists, were exhibited by the most favorable lamp-light; one was a scene from Victor Hugo's "*Notre Dame de Paris*." It represented, bound to the pillory, Quasimodo tormented with thirst and hunger, and the slender, amiable Esmeralda, who offers to the misshapen monster a draught of water.

The second piece was a representation of the concluding

scene in Casimir Delavigne's last tragedy, "*Les Enfans d'Edouard,*" — the heart-rending scene where the two children, dressed, sit upon their bed and listen. They know that the murderers will come to slay them, but they know also that an endeavor will be made to save them ; when they shall hear the anthem of "God save the King!" struck up, their salvation is at hand. The song is heard — one sees the smile of the younger brother ; but in that very same moment the door opens, whilst yet the song of deliverance resounds. The two children were portraits of the female artists Menjaud and Anais.

One single guest stood before the pictures, but the greater part of the company betook themselves to the large conversation room, where the Marquis and the Marquise received their guests. A young officer spoke of the siege of Antwerp, another group of the last transactions in the Chamber of Peers. No mutual introductions took place, each one came and went according to his pleasure, and the whole had rather the appearance of a public than of a private saloon.

A young man of genius fell into discourse with the Holstein officer, and when he understood that the foreign gentleman was a Dane he spoke of the opera of "*Gustaf,*" which must interest him out love for his country. He spoke also of Bernadotte, who just lately had been brought upon the stage in the vaudeville "*Le Camarade de Lit ;*" of the Danish king, who had been a French general. That which related to the North was somewhat apocalyptical to the gentleman, for at that time France had not sent out a Marmier, who had written so beautifully and so livingly of the geysers of Iceland and the Scandinavian kingdom, with its rocks, woods, and fragrant plains ; of Sweden's preponderance in politics, and Denmark's in the regions of science. In English and Italian literature, on the contrary, the Frenchman was quite at home. Naomi's exadorer, however, made a face about this — we will not say like the cow before the painted wall, but something like Moses when his eye was cast upon the promised land, which his foot was never to tread. At last, however, that he might say something important, he said "Goethe!" and the eyes of the Frenchman flashed at the name of the German Corneille, the author of the philosophical, intellectual poem of "Faust."

Naomi stood near them, and assured them with smiles how much she also admired "Faust." "This fragment," said she, "appears to me like a comet created by astonishment, like a comet with an intelligible head, but which is followed by a bad tail, that 'is to be continued,' as is written under it. But, however, I believe that people have given a higher value to this poem than the author himself did. When Europe has once got to the end of writing commentaries on it, it will then also find time to look at other works of this kind quite as good."

"Goethe belongs no more to the living," returned her countryman: "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum!*"

"A great and true poet never dies, and therefore one may also very well speak of his faults," replied Naomi, whilst she cast a compassionate glance on her ex-worshipper.

The conversation now again turned upon Denmark and Scandinavia, and Naomi well knew how beautifully to unfold her idea of the North being the very land of romance. She spoke about the melancholy rocks of Norway; of its foaming waterfalls, which might match themselves against those in Switzerland; of its solitary pasture-huts on the mountains, and of its dark pine woods; she delineated the beautiful situation of the Danish islands, which, she said, lay like a blooming lagoon between the North Sea and the Baltic; and told of the ancient, and yet ever-resounding Scaldic songs; of gypsy people who lived upon the heaths of Jutland; and of the solitary cairns, and the fragrant clover and corn-fields.

"Your description," said the Frenchman, "as you give it, would be a pearl for our '*Revue Du Nord.*'"

Naomi smiled.

A gentleman decorated with orders gave a political turn to the conversation; and here also Naomi gave her views unhesitatingly, as well about the marshy city of Petersburg as about the dwarfish tent of the Arab; and only bowed her head before Napoleon, the hero of the age.

"You have seen the splendid volcano from a distance," said the courtier, who knew how to value the world-experienced Louis Philippe, and declared him to be the first of all rulers who belonged to the new age of mankind. "If your ladyship

had been a mother," said he, "whose sons had been torn from home — if you had seen how these sons, tied by the thumb, had been driven through the country like cattle for slaughter, you would have not have blessed his name. He was cold; it was not alone in his exterior that he resembled Nero."

"The God whom we all worship," replied Naomi, "seems in his government of the world to have also his dark side; but is it so in reality? Napoleon was the angel with the flaming sword; he divided the new age from the old. When the ploughshare goes over the field it cuts through the roots of the flowers, tears up the grass, and crushes the innocent worm; but after this necessary evil one sees the rich blessing of the harvest wave where the fear of death was felt, and thousands have been the winners!"

The conversation now turned to the politics of the day, and Naomi showed herself more and more interesting on every subject which she handled. The card-tables were arranged, the cards presented. The Marquise played with enthusiasm, and was eloquence itself the while. Puns were made and exchanged; Naomi was worshipped, and deserved to be so. Intelligence and the happiness of life spoke in her dark eyes.

It was three o'clock in the morning before the lights were extinguished in the hotel of the Marquis. Naomi sat in her chamber in her night *negligée*, with her cheek resting upon her round arm; her long hair fell over her shoulders; her countenance glowed. She swallowed down a glass of iced water like one sick of fever.

"What a tumult my blood is in!" said she to her maid. "I am fatigued, and yet I cannot sleep: go to your room."

"How unfortunate I am!" sighed she. "And why should I suffer and float in imaginary terror, which increases every year?" She thought of the demoniac creation of the ballet-opera, of that being to whom life and human feeling were given, and she fancied that she saw herself in this being. "Yes," she exclaimed, "by demons was I called into this life! Would that all the past could crumble into nothing, as will sometime be the case in death! It is disease, it is nothing else! Every one of my countrymen becomes to me an instrument of new torture, and my executioner is here himself! Let his body

perish at the bottom of the Seine! Ladislaf!" she sighed deeply, and suddenly paused. "I will not be my own tormentor! I will enjoy the fragrance of this false life!" She riveted her eye upon the portrait of her husband, which hung opposite to her on the wall.

"He smiles," thought she; "I also will smile, for my youthful sins are not greater than his; and yet — ! Perhaps he kisses at this moment the fair locks of some insignificant head: Grassot has assured me of it. O, why cannot I love him?" She bowed her head upon her wildly agitated bosom and sat long silent, sunk in thought. The lamp threw only a feeble light. Naomi slept.

The daylight appeared through the long curtains before she awoke from her uneasy slumber. She threw herself upon her bed, and deceitful dream-shapes gamboled around the sleeper

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"Elle seigna tout ce sang du cœur qu'on appelle des larmes." — *Nouvelles Impressions de Voyage*, par ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

DOST thou know the beautiful Tivoli? Not the picturesque city which thy eye perceives among the mountains of the Roman Campagna: no! the garden in the Parisian suburbs, to which the advertisements, those dumb sirens, entice thee? Fiacre, coucou, and omnibuses will take thee to its entrance for a few sous, and for only three francs a Niagara of merriment will be poured over thee. Musard's orchestra played gallopades from "*Gustaf*" and "*La Tentation*," waltzes from Strauss, and quadrilles out of "*Le Philtre*," "*Robert*," and "*Pré aux Clercs*." For the same money two theatres are opened to thee: in the lesser one experiments in natural philosophy are shown; in the larger one whole vaudevilles are given. Sledges fly down the slides, thousands of lamps burn between the green branches; and when the cry is heard, "*Feu d'artifice!*" thou followest the stream toward the darkened place for the spectators, where now the three-hued rockets change the night into bright day.

Thither, into the noisy vortex, will we hasten!

The tricolored lamps threw the false splendor of the rainbow through the green branches, music resounded at a distance — it was the song of the demons in "*La Tentation;*" and the daughters of the earth whirled round in the circling dance with the sons of rank.

The view which one here enjoys, when one enters the thick shrubbery, and thence observes the gay illumination, the whirling figures, and the sledges which slip down the slides as from the tops of the trees, is in fact peculiar of its sort — a nocturnal Sabbath of the Brocken.

Did he indulge in some such thought as this, the man there,

near to the darkened place where the spectators stood, who had to kindle the fire-works? He had just bound on the last rocket; he seats himself on the grass; the thin, withered hands tremble; his countenance is yellow; the blue rings below the coal-black eyes, the relaxed features, plainly betray that here the soul only haunts, like a bat, the ruins of a body.

He, from whom our eyes would now gladly turn away, had once brought the crimson to the cheek of the daughters of beauty; this wrinkled form was once the model of a hero; this malicious expression in the eye, the glance of pride. He, who had set the great crowd in exultation, now lay here, sick, despised, forgotten: to fasten on the rockets to the whirling wheel was his important business — he, the son of the Pariah, Ladislaf!

When the enjoyment of life has unstrung thy nerves, their sound is only an agitating music. It was their melodies which sang to him the song which would last to coming times.

"My thoughts flee not out into the world; they return back to the heavy and suffering body, which feels that the damp mist hangs in its wings, and holds it fettered in the intoxication of sleep; it feels the refreshing breath of the air, which to it is an ice-cold wind; the weak nerves tremble; my limbs quake, my head is dizzy, and it is to me as if the wind blew in my brain, and whistled there as in an empty snail-house. I feel only a desire to sleep, and yet sleep does not refresh my wearied body. The warmth-infusing beams of the sun quite dry me up. If for once a thought should wander out, it is like a sick man going on crutches: the meadows may smile, the sun may give warmth, he yet hangs upon his crutches!"

How brilliant was this merry evening in Tivoli! The rich gave their louis-d'ors, the poor their sous, and youth a few rose-leaves from their blooming health, that they too might one day sing the song of the raven in the solitary bushes.

Thou who hast visited all the capitals of Europe, and who seekest in Paris the centre of the peculiarities of all, thou wilt often have met Naomi there. In the public justiciary proceedings, which afford to thee a compensation for the Spanish bull-fights, where the throng is quite as great and the

crowd of richly dressed ladies is not less, thou must often have remarked her as one of the most zealous of the listeners. At the Bicêtre, where the criminals, riveted the one to the other, have been led to the galleys, thou hast certainly recognized, among the handsome equipages which were drawn up on the way, that the gentlefolks might enjoy the heart-rending view, the carriage of the Marquise ; and in the solitary night, when only the red lamps burned on which was inscribed, *Ici on loge à la nuit*," and the ragman who shuns the day seeks for tatters among the sweepings, thou hast seen Naomi take a place at the gambling-table, where the gold chinks and passions express themselves by the eye.

Outside Paris, Louis Philippe has erected forts for the defense of the city, but the Parisians declare that these forts were only raised that they themselves might be shot therefrom. The party opposed to the citizen-king began to raise their voice. The July festival approached ; the most audacious caricatures, and every kind of jest upon the festival-days, were hung out ; but the wise ruler kept himself quiet the while, and permitted the hot tempers to relieve themselves by such like fire-bubbles. It was expected that the Egyptian obelisk would have been erected, in the festival-days, in the Place de la Concorde ; but that did not happen, and instead of it a wooden imitation was placed there. Everything was prepared, everything happened to make these three world-famous days as festal as it was possible they could be. The most splendid part of the festivities was, however, the uncovering of the statue of Napoleon upon the Vendôme column. Already the scaffolding was seen to be erected, and the work-people in great activity ; in the night the statue was hoisted up, and then covered with a blue veil woven with silver bees, which was not to be removed until the moment of the solemn unveiling.

Naomi belonged to the many who foresaw that in the approaching three festival-days a political storm would break out, and for that she longed. Only in the days of the Revolution, when not the phantoms of freedom but the goddess of Freedom herself led the noble French people, had she felt herself tranquil : she had courageously fired her pistol out of her

window at the royal guard. The unrest of her soul required agitation from without, in order to find tranquillity.

The three days were now at hand, and brought to some of the daughters of fallen heroes great joy — a magnificent dowry. At sunrise the firing of cannon from the Hôtel de Ville and the Hôtel des Invalides sounded as overture to the festival. The tricolored flags waved from Pont Neuf and all the church towers. The Hôtel de Ville and the Pont d'Arcole were adorned with trophies and garlands.

Sleeplessly listened Naomi to the firing, suffering as in that night in the Prater, as in that night in Rome, and ah! as in so many other nights in animated Paris. Large sums of money, drawn in advance from her allowance, were lost at play. Ladislaf was here, and a countryman of hers who knew her connections.

Upon the site of the former Bastile, by the Fontaine des Innocens, and before the Louvre, catafalques were erected, which were hung with crape and ornamented with banners, garlands of everlastings, and celebrated names; mourning music played, and each quarter of an hour cannon were fired. Unusual stillness reigned in the otherwise so noisy Paris. The carriages drove at a foot's pace, as in a mourning procession; the foot-passengers went slowly across the place of mourning, and threw their bouquets upon the graves.

Naomi drove in an open carriage. They who walked were crushed against the wheels; sometimes one among them held himself fast by the carriage. She felt that some one touched her hand: a little billet was thrust into it; she saw near her not a single face which she knew.

In the evening, when the long black cloths waved before the houses in which the connections and friends of the fallen heroes of freedom lived, and the blue fires burned upon the graves, Naomi read the billet which she had received: it was from Ladislaf. He had inquired after her in her hotel, but had been repulsed; he earnestly besought for an interview with her, and reminded her maliciously of happy hours which they had spent.

"How many persons were found murdered in Paris and its suburbs last year?" asked Naomi of her maid.

"Three-and-twenty, as I believe, were murdered and thrown into the Seine. It is horrible!" replied the girl.

"The Parisians have southern blood," resumed Naomi. "Is everything quiet?"

"Everything," said the girl; "but I have a horror of the festival-days."

"So have I," replied Naomi thoughtfully; and her mind dwelt upon Ladislaf.

In the "Thousand and One Nights" there is a description of a palm-tree, in the summit of which the rich treasure is hidden which has to be found. Every one may ascend it, says the story; the broad leaves bend themselves obligingly aloft; but if you look back and wish to descend, every leaf is changed into a sharp and strong knife, which, if you are not pure and innocent, thrusts itself into your limbs. This image floated before the eyes of Naomi.

"Every little sin was to me once a green, fragrant leaf, which bowed itself to my hands," sighed she; "now it is like the knife of the executioner as I look back. O, I am as ill as the old Countess in Denmark — a nervous, sick person; and that is the most painful of all sicknesses!"

The second day of the festival was come. The long Boulevard was the parade of the national guard; along the green alleys stood the well-dressed rows of people, and all the windows and balconies of the houses which lay behind were filled, like the Boulevards themselves, with human beings; wild boys hung on the branches of the trees, others balanced themselves on the stone balustrades of the fountain. Everywhere was the throng as great as in one of the most frequented passages.

Louis Philippe, surrounded by his sons and his generals, showed himself; he extended his hand, and kindly saluted his citizens. A "*Vive le Roi!*" resounded, amid which was heard, "*À bas les forts!*"

The blue veil covered with the silver bees still lay over the statue of Napoleon upon the Vendôme column; windows and roofs were filled with people; the king and the dignitaries of the kingdom stood with bare heads before the column; the sign was given, and the veil fell.

"*Vive la Mémoire de Napoléon!*" was the cry of admiration.

"Où roulent les cannons, où les légions passent! —
Le peuple est un mer aussi!"

Naomi's eye fell upon the moving mass of human beings, and she saw, standing below her window, between the casks turned upside-down, which people hired as charming places, Ladislaf, — the emaciated, sick Ladislaf. He fixed his eye upon her and smiled with a demon-like expression, like the fiends in the ballet; he spread out his left hand, and with the fore-finger of his right hand made the movement of writing in it.

Naomi stepped back. The review would occupy several hours, and the most magnificent part of the show was really over, said she, as she took the arm of her husband. They left the house, but they were only able to go out by the back door, and they therefore chose this way. An old woman passed them on the ground-floor; she thrust a note in the hand of the Marquis, and he concealed it. Naomi observed it all.

On the evening of this day a great concert, consisting of five hundred hautboys and three hundred tambourines, was to be given in the garden of the Tuileries; a sea-fight was to take place on the Seine, between illuminated ships; the contours of cupolas and towers showed themselves in a blaze of light, and the most magnificent fire-works were exhibited.

"Noisy as this music, flaring as these lights, is human life!" thought Naomi to herself. "Why then should I torment myself? my husband is a greater sinner than myself. I will take him to task about the contents of that letter; for one minute, at least, he shall experience my pangs."

Without all was pure jubilation; stormy music and dazzling light. Naomi stood in her room and looked across the Seine to the cupola of the Hospital of Invalids, which was as brilliant as that of St. Peter's on the holy Easter Eve. She sighed deeply.

"I cannot show the letter; it might disturb your peace," her husband had said, as she questioned him regarding its contents. "He was embarrassed," continued she to herself. "The Marquise might not read the beautiful handwriting of the blonde lady! All men are like him, therefore I will, for once, be like other women."

Her maid brought in the new ball-dress. On the following evening there was to be a great banquet and splendid ball given in the Hôtel de Ville, to which people of all conditions, from the fishwoman to the queen of the land, had free entrance.

"To-morrow I will be beautiful!" said Naomi: "you must try your whole skill; bring all my jewels to me, and my pearls. The fair-haired lady will also be at the ball," thought she, "unpretending, amiable, and innocent, as the novels say."

It was the third and the last day of the festival. Naomi and the Marquis drove to the Champs Elysées, which in their whole extent, even to the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, was filled with people. In Paris itself, on this day, the theatres were thrown open; and in the Champs Elysées, music, swinging, and every kind of exhibition was gratis. Two companies of horse-riders gave in their circuses, in the open air, alternate representations. It was many years since Naomi had been present at any exhibitions of this kind, nor had she any desire to see these; but the Marquis wished it, and praised so highly a young lady-rider of scarcely sixteen, that she was at last prevailed upon to go. She felt herself urged on; she laughed, and threw out jeering hints about the note of yesterday. "Married people should not have any secrets with each other," said she; "not even as regards little sins."

The Marquis looked fixedly at her; she smiled, and fancied that she saw embarrassment in his countenance, and now her eloquence had met with a desired subject. All around them reigned pleasure; four orchestras were playing; in vain poor fellows climbed up the greasy poles, the *mât de cocagne*, to reach the enticing prize.

One of the tournaments on the Seine now drew the crowd away. Boats maneuvered one against another; on the bows of each stood a sailor, dressed in red and blue, the point of whose lance, however, instead of being sharp, was furnished with a round plate, with which he endeavored to push his adversary overboard. Whoever fell into the water was obliged to swim to land, amid the triumphs and laughter for the conqueror.

Naomi's eyes glanced uneasily around amid the crowd; she

had no thoughts for all this merry-making: the Marquis, on the contrary, interested himself very much; his eye followed every turn which the boats made.

"A heart full of sins, to be so calm!" thought Naomi, as she glanced on all sides to see if her eye could not discover either fair or black locks.

At dinner Naomi drank with smiles to the health of all blonde ladies.

And now her toilet awaited her. Bird-of-paradise plumes waved in her splendid turban; diamonds glittered on her beautiful bosom; she looked at herself, well pleased, in her dressing-glass.

Some one knocked at the chamber door. The waiting-woman received a letter for her mistress; it was from the Marquis. The letter contained only two lines, Naomi's own words of the forenoon, "Married people should have no secrets with each other, not even as regards little sins." This inclosed a note, the self-same which the Marquis had concealed; it was from Ladislaf. Everything was set down in this letter, from the first kiss until the stroke with the switch — he had maliciously laid every secret open to the light.

"This is done out of revenge," was written there; "she repulsed me as I begged before her door; she is happy, I am in misery, as one says; I swear by the holy sacrament that every word which I have written is the truth."

Naomi turned pale. "Now there is an end of all!" thought she.

"The carriage is at the door — the Marquis waits;" was announced to her.

She was ready to drop. The satin rustled, the diamonds sparkled. The Marquis conducted her to the step of the carriage; two gentlemen, friends of the family, were in company with them. The conversation turned on ordinary things, and the Marquis was quite good-humored.

The streets resounded with huzzas, all the towers and cupolas were illuminated on this evening also. The carriage drew up at the Hôtel de Ville, and they alighted. The steps were ornamented with gay carpets and fragrant flowers, and the two dancing-halls in the second story were connected by a hang

ing-garden, which went obliquely across the court; orange-trees and colored lamps adorned it, and garlanded the fountain which had been placed in the centre, from which streamed eau de Cologne. In the largest saloon, in which the royal throne was erected, were raised on each side amphitheatre-like terraces, with footstools. Here sat the festally attired ladies, the wives of the citizens and the peers, side by side, presenting the gay appearance of a flower-garden.

The music of the full orchestra sounded; the floor was all astir; and on all sides shone eye-glasses, which were directed to the ladies. It is true that Naomi could no longer count herself as one of the young ladies, but still she possessed a fullness of beauty which, in connection with the exquisite taste of her dress, made her an object of admiration and homage, both to young and old. She smiled joyfully in her dazzling magnificence, like the trembling butterfly on the needle which transfixes it.

The broad folding-doors were opened, and the king, the queen, and their children entered. In the dense crowd it was only possible for them to reach the throne singly. The orchestra played a gallopade from "*Gustaf*," precisely that very one amid which the Swedish king is shot. It certainly was only accidentally that this very dance was just then played, but it was easy to read the effect which it produced on the queen by her anxious looks. The suffering expression of her features told the incessant apprehension which she felt for the life of her husband and her children. Many of the guests who stood near her could plainly see what she, decked out with diamonds and waving bird-of-paradise plumes, must endure. Naomi, the smiling, life-enjoying beauty, as she was called, wore almost the same dress, and every one who saw her wished that the noble queen could be as happy as she.

At two o'clock in the morning supper was announced. The Marquis and Naomi drove home; still the bustle in the streets continued, and the illuminations had not ceased.

"You sent me a letter," said Naomi; "every word in it is true. What do you wish should now be done?"

"That you should, whenever the whim takes you to disturb me in my pleasures, which every husband in Paris enjoys,

read that letter over again. For the rest, I shall take care that no scandal occurs. Next summer we will visit the North. I will see the beech woods of which you and your countrymen so often have told me. That may be a very interesting journey for us both, methinks; but take the letter with you, — take it with you! there may very easily be need of your having it there!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"O this life is an eternal resignation! And why? May it not be for a delusion? A crown of thorns for a faith, which perhaps is falsely rested? If now all that you thought, ye pale men, were only the cruel caprice of a dream? O pardon me this cruel doubt!"—GUTSKOW'S *Public Characters.*

"The stork is perched on the peasant's roof;
He looks the fields and meadows o'er.
So lovely a spring day will then be;
Now comes fair weather, I longed so for."—INGEMANN.

IN Denmark, in the hall on the Count's estate, sat the old Countess surrounded with her mixture-bottles, just about as near to death as she was twelve years before. "She is tough," said the people; "she may even outlast the doctor!"

The village church had got a new tower; the school-house was built up again anew from the very foundation; the white curtains within the bright windows looked very pretty. Two little boys were playing before the door; the dry twigs which they had stuck into the ground were to them quite a blooming garden. A woman sat at the door who might be turned thirty; her sewing was lying on her knee; she smiled kindly at the boys whenever they asked her about anything, and she frequently raised her hand to impress silence, because the father was reading aloud to her in the newspaper. It was Lucie and her husband.

"Is not to-morrow Sunday again?" asked the youngest boy, who, with his vivacious brown eyes and handsome face, made the want of personal beauty in the elder brother more striking.

"To-morrow is Sunday; then comes the fiddler with cakes and pictures! Last Sunday he was not here!"

"Yes, truly, my son!" said the father, as he laid aside his newspaper; "to-morrow Christian comes. He should come

gladly every Sunday that he might hear the sermon here, and not prefer going to the meeting. Mr. Pastor Patermann spoke to me lately about it. The magistrates have forbidden the holding of such-like holy meetings. They hold their conventicles at Peter Hansen's, and now and then Christian reads them a chapter out of the Bible. It is a regular hurly-burly! I have heard that they kept a young dog in a jar, which they kissed to show their humility."

"They are malicious reports," said Lucie; "where Christian is no such follies as those could take place, I know for certainty. If we were only all of us as good Christians as he! I have talked with him about it, and he has candidly confessed to me that he found the best edification for him in the Bible, and in the society of pious people. If there were a Judas among the twelve disciples of Christ, how easily may there not be in a little society one or another who gives occasion for scandal? Certainly it is better to believe too much than too little. They to whom the world is opposed in everything may so easily stumble. Well for those who only stumble in the Bible and the word of God!"

"What, then, are the adversities which Christian has gone through?" replied the husband. "He was, to be sure, a poor lad to whom your mother's brother stood in the place of father. That he was somewhat badly off in Copenhagen was a fate which many partake with him, and that he took his mother to live with him there was foolish on both sides. But that, however, is now over and gone! He brought her back again here, and Christian is now obliged to play to the guilds. It can never go very badly in the world with him who has learned something right well. He teaches music at all the better kind of houses, and his fiddle is desired at every wedding. He gets certainly a good income now."

"But it is not of so much consequence how it is about us in the world as how it is within us," said Lucie. "He set his happiness upon making for himself a name, and looking rightly about him in the world; but he had nobody who could help him on, and that certainly belongs to it. To be a fiddler in a country-place was not the goal of his endeavors. But I fancy that grace now has found its way to his heart. When

earthly hope disappointed him, he took hold upon heavenly hope."

"Yes, certainly," continued the husband, "but with just the same overstrained expectations. He ought to get married; that would be good for him. An old bachelor is, and always will be, a sorrowful sight. Such a good wife as you, Lucie, would have made quite another man of him, for really happy he does not yet feel himself; at least, now and then a state of mind comes over him which is good for nothing in the world. Formerly I did not like him, because I fancied that he loved you. Peter Vieck, too, would have been very well pleased if he could have made a couple out of you."

"Christian's thoughts, in this respect, were always far enough from me," replied Lucie. "As a boy even he was very fond of little Naomi, and when she was grown up his whole heart was devoted to her. But they, alas! were not suited in any way for each other. She was beautiful, and that made a fool of him. I told him that which was reported of her, and which was certainly true, that she was gone out of the country with a horse-rider. These tidings made such a powerful impression upon him, that I, since then, have never mentioned her name before him; nor has he either, from that time, ever spoken to me about Naomi. But that he thinks of her, often and hourly thinks of her, and lingers in thought upon her, of that I am convinced."

"But now people say of her," continued her husband, "that she is a lady of rank in France. I have heard it myself at the hall; they say that she is coming here next summer on a visit. Thus the old report must have been false, or else the rider perhaps belonged to one of the emigrant families who left their country at the time of the Revolution, and may now be come again to honor and glory. That may very possibly be the case, and thus there are sense and connectedness in both reports."

On the next Sunday came Christian, the fiddler, as he was accustomed to be called, and he kissed and caressed the children, especially the youngest, the prettiest, with the bright brown eyes. The exterior captivates us; that he felt truly. "If I had only been handsome," thought he, "I should now

have been much better off; the noblest and the best, also, they pay their homage to beauty. O, what a gift of God, what a fountain of happiness and satisfaction, does there not lie in beauty! To it the world is an Eden of love; people meet it with a friendly smile upon their lips; all love to be near it. His face attracts one — he must be an excellent man! they are heard to say; this countenance cannot lie! Here is soul, and here beats a heart in the bosom! Beauty is upon earth a better gift than genius and power of mind!" And he kissed the most beautiful of Lucie's children; to him he gave the prettiest picture, the largest cake.

"Has not your stork besought you to greet us?" asked the youngest boy.

"Yes, many greetings has he charged me with," replied Christian. "Now he is brisk and strong, and is certainly a match for his comrades at flying; and I am afraid, therefore, that he will go away with the rest when they set out on their journey. Storks and swallows are good creatures, and therefore they, too, may fly into warm countries when the crow and the sparrow are frozen to death. Have I told you the history of the stork and the swallow? On Good Friday, as the Redeemer hung on the cross, came three birds flying down: the first cried 'Plague him! plague him!' that was the crow; the second cried 'Cheer him! cheer him!' that was the swallow; the third, 'Strengthen him! strengthen him!' that was the stork. Storks and swallows, therefore, bring good luck and blessings; and therefore they live in peace, and everybody considers it a sin to do them any harm."

Whilst he was thus entertaining the children his thoughts tarried with the stork — that mystical bird, which was interwoven in all the recollections of his childhood: the stork upon the Jew's roof, the stork in the meadow which had enticed him out into the world, and now the stork in his own house, the only living creature which he had about him in his solitude. In the last autumn, when the storks were going away, he heard one evening a noise in his chimney, and as he examined it he found that a stork had fallen down into it, and that it had broken one of its legs in the fall. He bandaged up the poor animal, nursed it as well as he could, and in the

course of the winter it became so accustomed to him that it remained with him when the other storks flew away, and sought out a place for itself every evening in the stable.

Lucie's children clung to Christian, and sprang about him in the meadows, where he made them grenadier caps of rushes.

"One cap, however, shall be for your mother," said he to the lively boys; and he curled it at the top and filled it with lovely field-flowers. It was a very pretty cornucopia, and therefore Lucie took it and hung it up over her glass.

The dinner table was now spread; the table-cloth was as white as snow; and to-day there is something particular, said the children.

Every other Sunday, when the fiddler came, their mother had always a dish which she would not otherwise have had. He might also as well come every Sunday, as he had not so many miles to come, said they.

Christian was a child with the children, and bore patiently the hints of the schoolmaster, in which there often lay the sting of truth.

"You will become a rich man," said he; "you must, of necessity, lay up money. It is not good that man should live alone, therefore take a wife; who else have you to inherit what you have in your coffer? Not the society, surely, who would bring Catholicism again into the country?" And now the man was exactly in his element; he raved against the Pope and the Catholic clergy.

"Catholicism has effected a deal of good," replied Christian. "The seed has now produced its harvest, has given nutriment and strength. In the dark ages of barbarism it was Catholicism alone which watched over the arts and sciences; Catholicism engendered the idea of a universal human society; it opposed the spiritual to brute force."

"But now it is worn out," returned the schoolmaster; "it is become the oppressor of mind and of freedom."

"I think," said Christian, "it would be more rational to regard it as a hot-house, which in the winter of the Middle Ages was a real blessing. The tender plants of love for the sciences shot forth kindly in the convents when they were

hidden from the rude winter which raged without, and then developed themselves for the approaching summer-time. In this we are now living; mind and freedom have now warm sunshine without, everything now grows green here, and blooms far better than in the Catholic hot-house, in which the heat is artificial and the verdure has a sickly hue. With us, therefore, it is better in the open air; here everything attains full growth, whilst in the hot-house all remains as it has ever been: yes, there are fewer noble trees there, because many now grow out in the open sunshine."

"What, are you again having a wrestling match?" said Lucie, half-jestingly.

"He holds by the Catholics," replied the husband: "there is no longer any dealing with him."

"I only wish that people would cover all religious sects with the mantle of love," said Christian. "I will sometime bring with me a Catholic hymn, which I obtained from an Italian, who told me that it was sung at Easter by the peasants on the mountains. In that there is as true Christianity as in our church hymns."

The sun had set and the children were asleep when Christian took his way back to his solitary home, at a few miles' distance. It was one of those beautiful moonlight evenings which the painter seizes upon in order to fix it on his canvas, and which inspires the poet to beautiful songs. The splendid beauty of this evening made, also, the most lively impression upon Christian; he enjoyed one of those moments in which he again became aware that, as it were, a great intellectual treasure lay concealed within him, which, like a star, required only the favorable hour of midnight to be drawn forth out of concealment: but soon all was again extinguished around him, and the hope alone remained to him that in another and a higher world that hour would arrive. Before, however, he had gone half way he was no longer still and joyful like the beautiful scene which surrounded him. But could he not have been happy? No heart had attached itself to him with undivided love, and then faithlessly torn itself away from him. People loved him wherever he came, and he could look forward to the morrow without anxiety about his daily bread. Nor was

he one of those who are elevated through the influence of some powerful patron, who had to endure with gratitude being looked down upon ; nor the poor man who had to thank that patron for all that he was. Neither had he the pain of seeing how the object of his love daily received the kiss of another, how she incessantly dreamed of another whilst she was kind and gentle to him, and accepted, also, his homage. It needed not that he should smile to avoid betraying his sufferings. His life had had to bear no one crushing misfortune. The preacher might have said over his grave, "His days glided away in unpretending contentment ; no thunder-cloud hung threateningly over his head." No ! there lay a perpetual, never-changing mist-cloud before his eyes ; one might look at it so long that one at last imagined one saw the bright, blue heaven.

There was no one in his home to welcome him — he was here solitary. Solitary and forlorn he abode, as one day all will abide solitary and forlorn in their graves. He kindled a light, laid aside his hat and his stick, closed the shutters, and then looked after the stork, which he already found sleeping. He then returned to his room and opened the blue coffer : in the secret drawer there lay two heavy purses ; he emptied their contents slowly on the table, counted the bright dollars, wrapped them in paper, and smiled as he had smiled on Lucie's children.

"I have already saved so much !" said he to himself. "This treasure is for her ! She will come back some day or other in her great need ; her own connections will not acknowledge her — but I will then be a brother to her ; she shall not endure want !" And again he smiled when he thought on the prodigal Naomi.

Youthful folly had taken her out into the world ; that could come to no good end. Some time or other she would come back with a wandering troop, poor and sickly ; he had once dreamed so, and he believed it firmly and surely. How often he went to the public-house, or to the next village whenever he heard of jugglers being come there ! He sought for Naomi, because for her he had really saved the bright dollars.

The Bible, the fiddle, and the stork, were his three friends. The creature hopped out of the garden into his room, flew

into the birch wood on the other side of the meadow, and always came back again to its stable.

"But wilt thou stop with me over the winter?" said he to the dumb animal; "wilt thou not fly away with thy race toward the warm countries? Ah, fly! but who could fly? I at one time hoped to advance far, but I am compelled to stay here, and never shall go forth! Thou wilt perhaps see her! Perhaps thou wilt fly over the grave of my father!" With this he took a red ribbon, wrote upon it the words, "Greeting out of Denmark!" and binding it around the stork's leg said, "Fly now away, as far as I am concerned, with the rest, but come back again in spring! Thirteen years is it now since I saw her for the last time: she may have changed very much in this time: but she remains in my mind just as young and as beautiful, with the very same proud glance, as when she left me in the public-house. O, if I had but been as handsome as the horse-rider!" His thoughts flew far forth into the world.

"How often children, as well boys as girls, are ugly in their early youth, and after some years, when their features and forms become developed, we see that plainness in them changed into beauty, and we love them because of it. Thus will it also be after death; in the new life they, whose exterior repelled us here, will there win us to them and be beloved by us, when the hard forms change themselves into beautiful features. Our human bodies are, indeed, only a mask; the ragged beggar may be a stately nobleman when the clothing of poverty falls off." Such was Christian's quiet dream.

September, the glorious period of Danish scenery, was come; he then dreamed the strangest thing about Naomi, and as in so doing he woke, the dream was vividly impressed upon his mind; in the morning hour, however, the remembrance of it was gone from him. The only thing that he could recall was, that she had leaned her head upon his breast and had said, "I die! grant to me a grave in thy flower-garden!"

This dream depressed his mind. He read a hymn, and sought for words of consolation in his Bible.

On the following afternoon as he went through the village, he heard the sound of a trumpet and the merry cries and shouts of peasants and boys. Old women stood behind their garden doors, and looked along the village street.

"What is there to be seen?" asked Christian. "They are players who will exhibit their arts in the public-house," was the reply.

And now he saw a man in a dirty and miserable comedy-suit, riding upon a wretched horse. Upon the man's knee sat a little girl with beautiful dark eyes, who held a tambourine in her hand. He announced with a loud voice that the most glorious comedy, with movable puppets, would be given this afternoon in the public-house; and also, at the same time, all kinds of unimaginable sleight-of-hand tricks would be exhibited: all of which, as a matter of course, succeeded. His face was painted white; he made the most horrible grimaces. The little girl looked sickly, and as often as the father blew the trumpet she struck the tambourine.

Christian remembered his dream, and thought of Naomi. If that should be her husband, her child? He went to the public-house.

There stood in the yard the caravan of the juggler family, provided with its canvas covering; upon its tent-like top lay an old bed-quilt to dry. The wretched theatre was erected in the stable, and the dirty and tattered puppets lay and hung about. A stout woman with a dark countenance, and with uncovered black hair, which was turning gray, sat near it, and had a little boy on her knee. She was very untidily dressed, and was feeding the child. A somewhat younger woman sat near to her, who was occupied in fastening stars of gold-paper on the breast of a large wooden puppet. Christian spoke to her; his voice trembled; but he was soon convinced that neither of them was Naomi.

How often had he not already been deceived in a similar way! and yet he was glad that the lost one was not found again in this company. The view of so much poverty, and the recollection of his dream, moved him deeply.

When he returned again to his dwelling he missed the stork. "He will be coming!" thought he, and therefore left the stable-door standing open. "Who knows whether he be not already gone across the salt sea with the others! The leaves become yellower every day."

This night he slept very uneasily; he rose with the sun, and

went into his little garden. Yes, Naomi had besought him, in his dream, to give her here a grave. Suddenly he heard in the meadow beyond a strange rushing sound, and saw immediately how the storks were circling by hundreds in wild confusion in the air. They were trying and proving their strength, as the country people say. He saw how some of them were tumbled over by the others, and struck to death with their sharp beaks. After that the whole flock, amid a universal clattering, flew aloft in the air and vanished.

Christian went into the meadow. Here lay seven storks dead in the grass; the feathers which had been plucked out were still flying in the air.

"Nature did not give you strength enough, and therefore you must die, you poor creatures! You could not fly with them into warmer countries!" said he, pensively, as he looked around him. There lay one among the dead which had a red ribbon bound around its leg. Christian raised it up and took it in his arms: the creature was still warm, the blood flecked the white feathers, and the long neck hung down dead. It was his stork; he pressed it to his breast.

"Thus is my dream fulfilled!" said he. "Thee, not her, I hold in my arms! Thou shalt have a grave among the flowers of my garden!" And he kissed the dead bird, pulled a white and a black feather out of its wings, and placed them above his looking-glass. He then went into the garden, dug a grave, scattered it with green leaves, laid the stork in it, and covered it again with earth. The wild rose-tree, full of yellow-green fruit, stood above the grave of the bird.

"Now am I again alone!" sighed the deserted Christian. "Thou wilt not come back to me again when the spring returns! Dead liest thou there! — Dead? All of us will die one day! We shall lose everything! Why do we not live for the passing time? Why should we not be happy? — Certainly! I will rightly enjoy the last sunshine of this year; I will gladden myself with the cheerful frosty weather, and will greet coming spring joyfully."

But with the winter came only rain, thaw, snow, and dark days. The trees in the wood dripped with water; their

dark twigs looked in the mist as if they were wrapped in cobweb. The whole of nature was a larva, which not until months were passed would come forth in the warmth-giving beams of the sun.

Christian became poorly, yet still he was, every other Sunday, a certain and welcome guest in Lucie's house; but only every other Sunday. It surprised her, therefore, when he came during the week, and was looking uncommonly pale.

"I am very well," said he, "but I had not much to do, and I longed to see the children, and so I am come."

He had besides this also heard some news; but he did not speak of that until later. The gardener at the hall had told him that in the spring strangers were expected there; one of them a French gentleman of family, with his wife, and that this lady was Naomi. She had been married to this gentleman many years ago, was very rich, and of high rank. As he said this the tears were in his eyes. "No," said he, "I do not feel very well; every trifle goes to my heart."

Lucie offered him her hand.

How solitary and forlorn was his home to him now! How often had he counted his treasure when he thought on Naomi! Now the little secret drawer was no more opened; the bright dollars were no longer counted.

The winter was long, and so dark! — but it was a good winter for the poor, people said, because the frost was not severe. But there was so much mist, so very much mist; the air was always gray! It was an autumn which extended far into the spring.

When the friendly sun shone on the first beautiful day of May, Lucie's children stood mournfully by Christian's sick-bed; their mother nursed him.

"Thank thee for all thy love, Lucie," said Christian. "Here is it still good in the world, and the people are also good. I now am quite convinced of that which thou saidst to me many years ago: 'The common gifts to man are so great, that it is sinful to desire uncommon abilities from the Divinity.' He who is placed aloft is exposed to the sharp winds; we who stand lowly feel them not. Dost thou not know the beautiful hymn, —

'Within the vale grow roses sweet,
And Jesus there we meet?'

The man who distinguishes himself, stands in the beams of the sun; but those beams scorch him. We might, therefore, envy him, that to him was lent a greater susceptibility for the enjoyment of that which surrounds him, were it not that with this quick sense he is also more susceptible than we to that which gives pain. He gives with a warm heart what others receive coldly; he invites us to a feast, and we go, like the evil birds of which I have read — the harpies, to defile him."

Thus, no longer himself, he censured the whole human race, though he but a few moments before had called them good and full of love.

"Our thoughts are vain, our deeds are nothing," continued he. "That which we call great and immortal, will be one day like the charcoal inscription on the prison walls: it is visited with curiosity, and gazed at.

"When I am dead, give my Bible to thy children. There lies within it a treasure which can be corrupted neither by moth nor by rust. I should like to see Naomi before I die," said he with a glorified look; "yes, I shall see her again — that I feel!"

"Do not talk of dying," prayed Lucie. "Thou wilt not die yet; we shall still live many years together!"

The swallows were come and the stork sat again upon his nest: the Dane was proud of his green woods. At that time Lucie laid together the hands of the dead, closed his eyes, and showed the children, for the last time, the dear, good Christian; and the little ones wept aloud.

"It is well with him," said she; "better than it ever was before."

The coffin-lid was screwed down, and peasants carried the simple coffin from the house; Lucie, her husband, and her children, followed the body. The road to the church-yard was narrow; there came driving along it a gentleman's carriage with four horses. They were strangers who were driving to

the hall; it was the French Marquis and the honorable Naomi.

The peasants stepped into the ditch with the coffin, to give the great gentlefolks room to pass; they uncovered their heads respectfully; and the noble lady, with the proud look and the charming smile, looked from the window and bowed.

He was only a poor man whom they bore to the grave — only a fiddler!

THE END

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Only a fiddler.

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